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Frontier Times

September, 1974

47302

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Frontier Times
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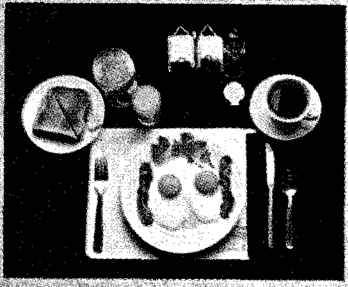

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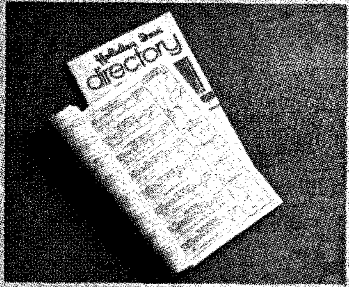

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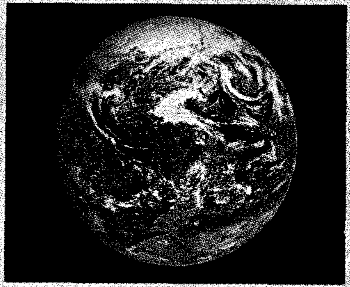

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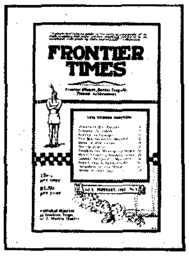

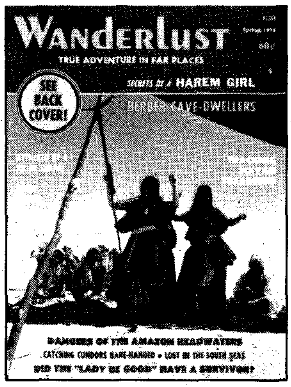

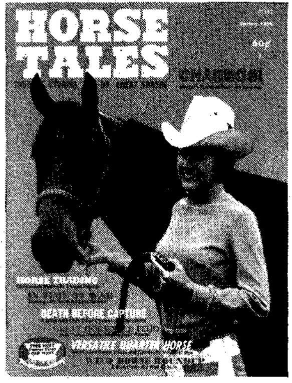

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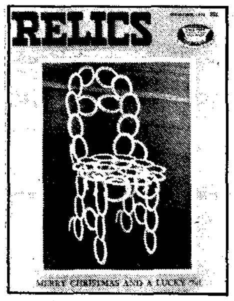

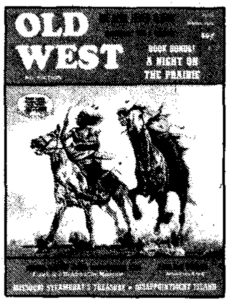

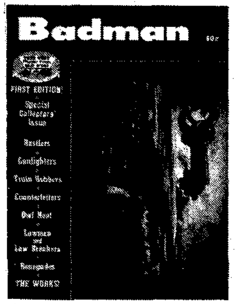

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

August-September, 1974
Volume 48, No. 5
New Series No. 91

True Stories of the West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Rader Roberts

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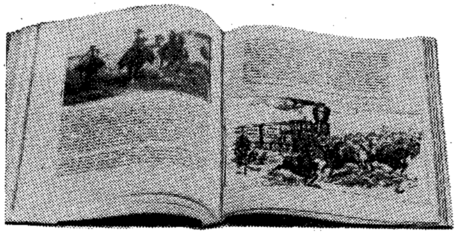

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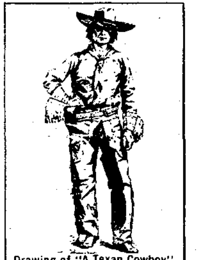
Drawing of "A Texan Cowboy" by Frederic Remington

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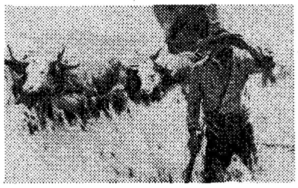
"Prairie Sun" by W. H. D. Koerner – reproduced in full color

If you want the current Selections, do nothing; they will be sent to you automatically (a shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment). If you want an Alternate, or no book at all, you simply fill out the enclosed form accordingly and mail it back by the date specified. You'll have at least 10 days to read *Spurs* and decide if you want the Selections. If because of late delivery you should receive Selections without having a 10-day consideration period, you may return them at our expense.

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COVER: Jivaro Indian Shrunken Head
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WANDERLUST
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47398
Summer, 1974
60¢
I FOUND TREASURE ON THE MERIDA
HEAD-HUNTING IS MY BUSINESS
MEMORY OF THE MARQUESAS
JUNGLE FEVER
FEM LIB —JUNGLE STYLE
MONTE CARLO MURDERS

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Here are some of the exciting locales in WANDERLUST #4: MEXICO, MONTE CARLO, VIRGINIA COAST, ECUADOR, HAITI, TIMBUKTU, PANAMA, JAPAN, SOUTH SEAS, AUSTRALIA, PERU, AFGHANISTAN. SUBSCRIBE NOW!

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Texas residents add 5% tax.

"10,000 SHALL DIE!"

THAT is what people *who should know* are saying about magazines and newspapers. With postage increases, paper shortages, and production costs going up like they are—10,000 magazines and newspapers (some of them your favorites) will have to pull up stakes and quietly die.

Dadgumit! I started out publishing a little old magazine in 1936 when I was just a kid. The Depression was still *very much* with us but if you had the guts, could go hungry a little, and had a hard enough head, you could do just about anything you wished. You were working in a country of free enterprise; now, seems like things have changed considerably. . . .

I just received a clipping from a highly respected publication, passed on to me by a highly respected person. The note reads, "Joe, I read this about three times and still feel that maybe I'm misinterpreting it—but it made me so darn mad! It's as if the post office is *determined* to work opposite to keeping down costs. If you make a move to conserve, postal rates just go up again. Anyway, I thought you might want to use it if you ever write another editorial about the 'perils' of publishing." Well, I am writing that right now and running it in all three of our Western Americana magazines.

I'm not giving this editorial a three-time play because of my immortal style of writing but because a great many different people read these three magazines and I would like to put the message across to as many as possible and MAYBE SOMEBODY WILL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! I suppose you would like to see the quote that the above note referred to. It reads, "The second-class rate boost is necessary, officials said, because a number of publications have cut the weight and size of publications to reduce their costs, *resulting in a loss of revenue to the Postal Service.*" [Italics mine.]

Would you like to do some reflecting on that yourself? From the articles passed on to me, sent in by readers, and which I have chanced upon myself in *Reader's Digest, The Wall Street Journal, Harper's* and many more—it looks like a once-booming press is headed for sorry days.

You *can't believe* postal rates! Here's a letter one of our readers wrote his state senator recently—he sent me a carbon: "I have a friend who is being released from prison next month after serving fifteen years for highway robbery. I wonder if you wouldn't help him get a government job? I think he'd fit in nicely with the U. S. Postal Service." The senator is on the postal committee. A few letters like that and we would get some action. The day has passed to "let George do it."

THE American people can RUN this country once more if they will let the men in Washington *know* they intend to do so. Just to talk to a neighbor over the backyard fence, at a cocktail party, at church, or wherever you meet people, and just bitch, bitch, bitch will do *nobody* any good—including yourself and your neighbor! If we would take 1/10th of the time we spend *talking* about conditions and write a note to our congressmen and senators, something would be done about the things that need to be changed. Politicians live from votes like a big tick lives off blood from a skinny old cow. I've seen a cow with so many ticks, filled with blood to the bursting point, that if she hadn't been dipped or treated, she would have died. Finally, the ticks would have died too but, of course, the cow would have gone first.

Naturally, all of our politicians are not like this, but *all* of them need votes. If you'll take out a few moments and write letters to your representatives and tell them your thoughts in a calm, sincere but *very convincing* manner—they listen. After they receive twenty or so letters on a subject, they start bending an attentive ear. They know that for every person who took the time to write in, ten thousand may feel the same way but just didn't go to the "trouble." Well, if we keep thinking that letting our voices be heard in the proper places is "trouble," then we don't have the faintest idea of what *real* trouble can be—but I'll guarantee you, we'll find out!

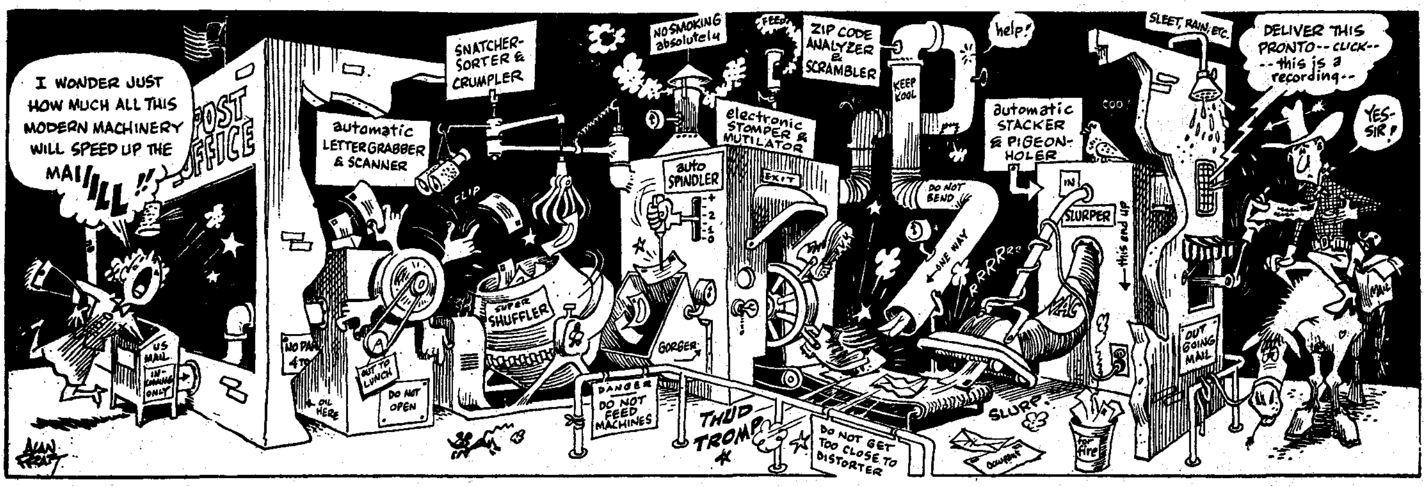
Relative to postal rates killing your favorite magazines, the ones Old Hosstail publishes might not be your *favorites* but if you even *like* them, then a letter from you to your representatives in Congress expressing an idea along the line—"Honorable Sir, If you do not feel as I do that the post office department is getting out of hand and something should be done about the runaway rates that are taking our magazines, newspapers, first-class mail—all of it passed on to us—then I am going to vote for another representative who *will* in the next election!"—then folks, that will bring some action. . . .

If you think I'm bellerin', crying doom and seeing boogers behind every bush for nothing, I'll quote a few recent releases from the magazines and newspapers mentioned above, and other media.

(Continued on page 61)

Step right up, folks—it's the only game in town!

Artist—Alan Pratt; Courtesy **Seattle Times**



I WONDER JUST HOW MUCH ALL THIS MODERN MACHINERY WILL SPEED UP THE MAI/ILL!!
POST OFFICE
US MAIL IN-COMING ONLY
NO PARKING 4 TO
OIL HERE
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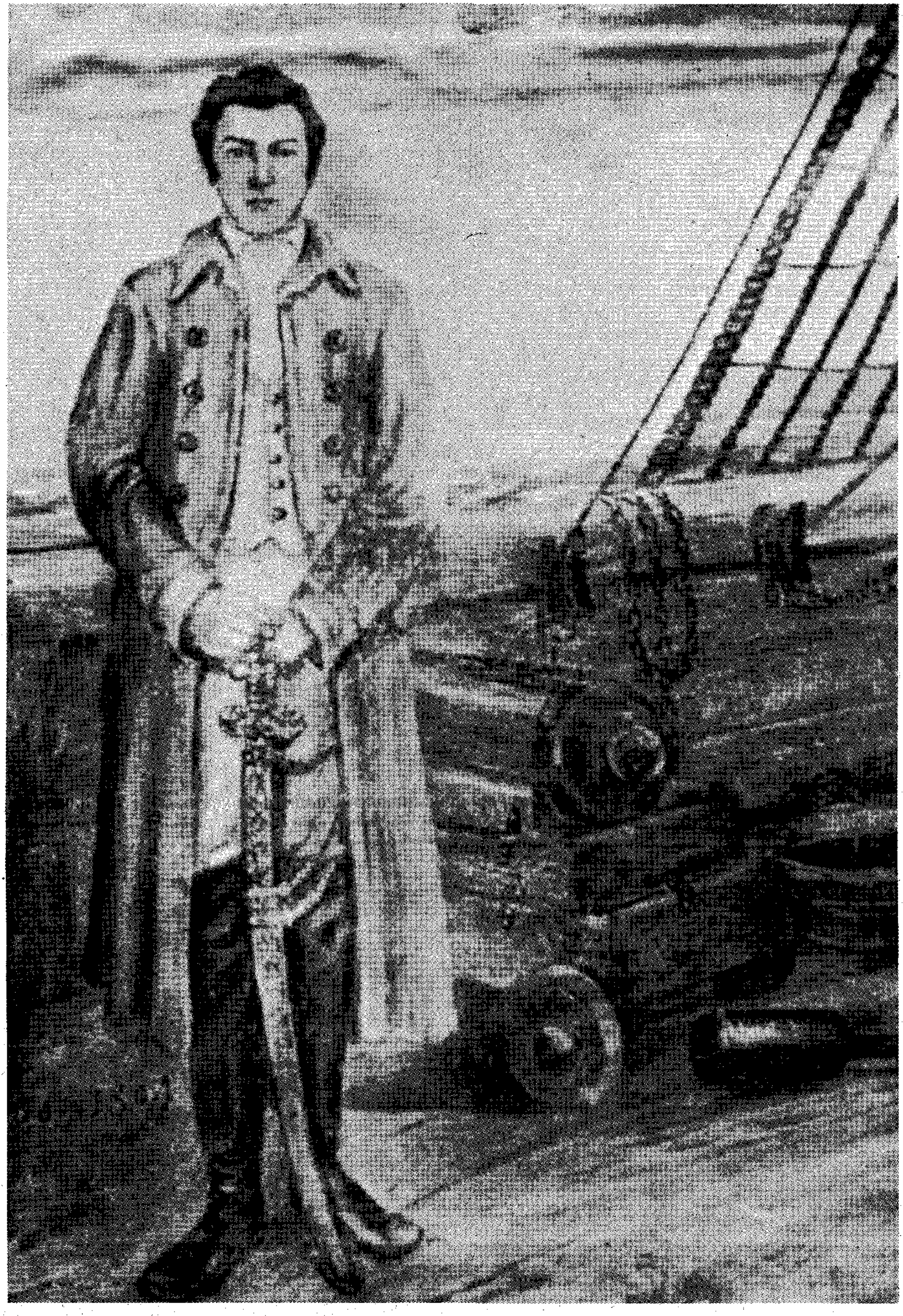
SNATCHER-SORTER & CRUMPLER
FLIP
SUPER SHUFFLER
NO SMOKING absolutely
auto SPINDLER
GORGER
DANGER DO NOT FEED MACHINES
THUD
TROMP
FEED
ZIP CODE ANALYZER & SCRAMBLER
electronic STOMPER & MUTILATOR
EXIT
KEEP KOOL
DO NOT BEND
ONE WAY
RRRRRR
help!
automatic STACKER & PIGEON-HOLER
IN
SLURPER
this end up
SLURP
DO NOT GET TOO CLOSE TO DISTORTER
for fire
COO
SLEET, RAIN, ETC.
DELIVER THIS PRONTO--CLICK----this is a recording--
YES-SIR!
OUT GOING MAIL
MAIL
ALAN PRATT

LAFITTE'S LOST

For him they raise not the recording stone—
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;
He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes.
—Lord Byron

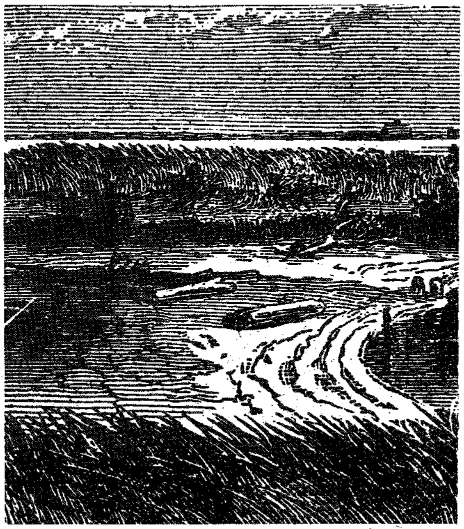
Courtesy Institute of Texan Cultures, Division of Texas University



FOR almost a quarter century in the early 1800s, privateers from the islands of Grand Terre (now Grand Isle) and Barataria, off the Louisiana coast, held dominion over the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean. Mostly they drew their commissions or letters-of-marque from the Republic of Cartagena in the Spanish province of New Granada. The head of this budding realm was Simon Bolivar, who is regarded as the George Washington of South America. At times he led an elusive life, but he never lost touch with the Baratarians, and more than once they were the means of his evading capture by the Spanish.

These men, for the times, kept surprising records that survive to this day. People in Louisiana take tales of the Baratarians very seriously, and have pored over every bit of information they can find about them. The Baratarians, whom some people call "Lafitte's Pirates," might have been, but probably were not *Jean* Lafitte's.

We are concerned with a fable of the lower Texas Coast, as repeated in several anthologies of treasure tales: *Treasures of the Buccaneer Sea*, by Riesberg, and Fell's *Guide to Sunken Treasure Ships*. There are several other lists of sunken treasure ships which also include this last galleon of Lafitte's, but they are not major lists or authors. A couple of years ago a treasure magazine told of a couple of oil men who in 1959 financed an expedition to Hendricks Lake, somewhat north of Carthage, Texas looking for the treasure that was supposed to have been thrown in this lake. The tale specifies that *The Santa Rosa*, a Spanish galleon, was captured by Lafitte's pirates and taken to Matagorda Bay, where she was emptied, scuttled, and burned. Two million in specie was supposed to have been loaded on wagons and hauled from



Above: Ruins of Lafitte's fort on Galveston Island. Left: Purported to be the only true likeness of Jean Lafitte.

GALLEON

BY FORD GREEN

Photos Courtesy Author

Matagorda Bay (say, from Port Lavaca, Texas today) about 600 miles to a lake some twenty miles to the north of Carthage. There, for some reason, the journey was abandoned and the treasure was jettisoned into this lake, along with the wagons, which would have made quite a splash.

The oil men, who used magnetometers and other electronic means of exploring the lake, were not very specific about what they found. One person claimed to have recorded a silver bar, but to date it has never been examined by a competent treasure expert to determine if, indeed, it came from the hoard of *The Santa Rosa.*

Of all the Lafitte tales this is the most persistent, and in the last eight years no less than four men from the northern United States have seriously written me for information so that they could come down and dive for the wreckage of the long lost *Santa Rosa.* All had overlooked the fact that the treasure was alleged to have been salvaged and then sunk in an East Texas swamp.

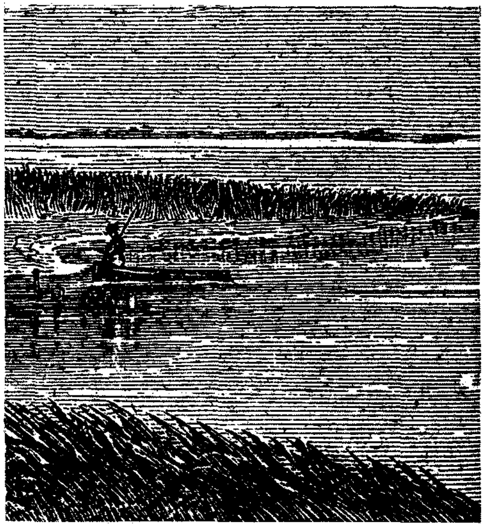
IF WE are to run down the tale of *The Santa Rosa*, first let us see what kind of men the Baratarians were, and where they eventually went.

The best known of the Lafittes were Jean and Pierre. They were the youngest of the eight children born in Port au Prince, Haiti, where the family had fled from the Spanish Inquisition (called the Holy Office) which was responsible for the death of Mrs. Lafitte's father. The oldest of the chilren was Frederic Alexandre who, under another name, actually became the most picturesque of all of them.

Mother Lafitte died soon after the birth of Jean, so the main influence on the thinking of the family derived from their Jewish grandmother who instilled in them an eternal hatred for the Spanish. Pierre and Jean were inseparable, and were educated by competent tutors at home until Jean was fourteen (1794). Then it was to private schools in Martinique and then to a military training school on the Island of St. Christopher, where Jean distinguished himself in the use of dueling weapons.

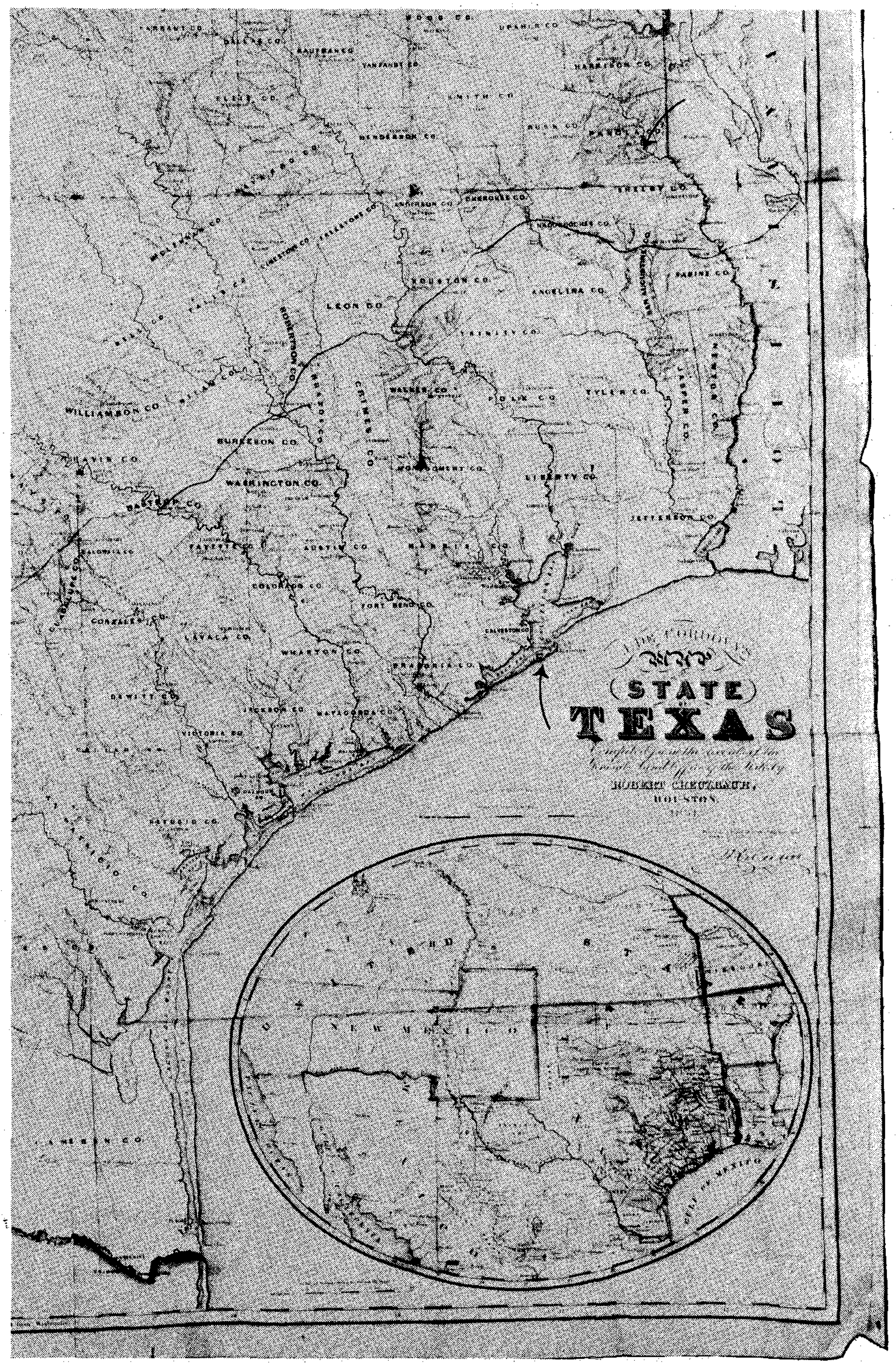
During this time, older brother Alexandre Frederic had gone to France, made a study of artillery, and had become a privateer preying on the enemies of France. In accord with the custom of that time he took an alias and never revealed his true name or origin, though he later became almost as famous as his brother Jean. By legend he is just another *nameless adventurer; only a few*

From **Conquering The Wilderness**



Right: Portion of an 1850 DeCordova map of Texas. Galveston Island and Carthage are indicated by arrows.

Courtesy Texas Archives



scholars know that the famous privateer gunner, Dominique You, was the oldest of the Lafittes.

The other brothers had a cousin from whom they learned privateer tactics while Dominique was harrying the enemies of France. This cousin was probably about the age of Pierre, though both boys called him "uncle." He is one to be remembered in our tale of *The Santa Rosa*. He looked enough like the rest, especially Dominique, for kinship to be recognized. His name was Renato Beluche.

The first conference of privateers seems to have taken place at Grand Terre and Barataria about 1805. The United States had not assumed full control over the newly purchased territory of Louisiana, and the British were gobbling up one French possession after another in the islands of the Caribbean. About this time the battle of Trafalgar finished the power of the Spanish and French fleets for all time, and freed the British navy to go after the privateers of the Gulf and the Caribbean.

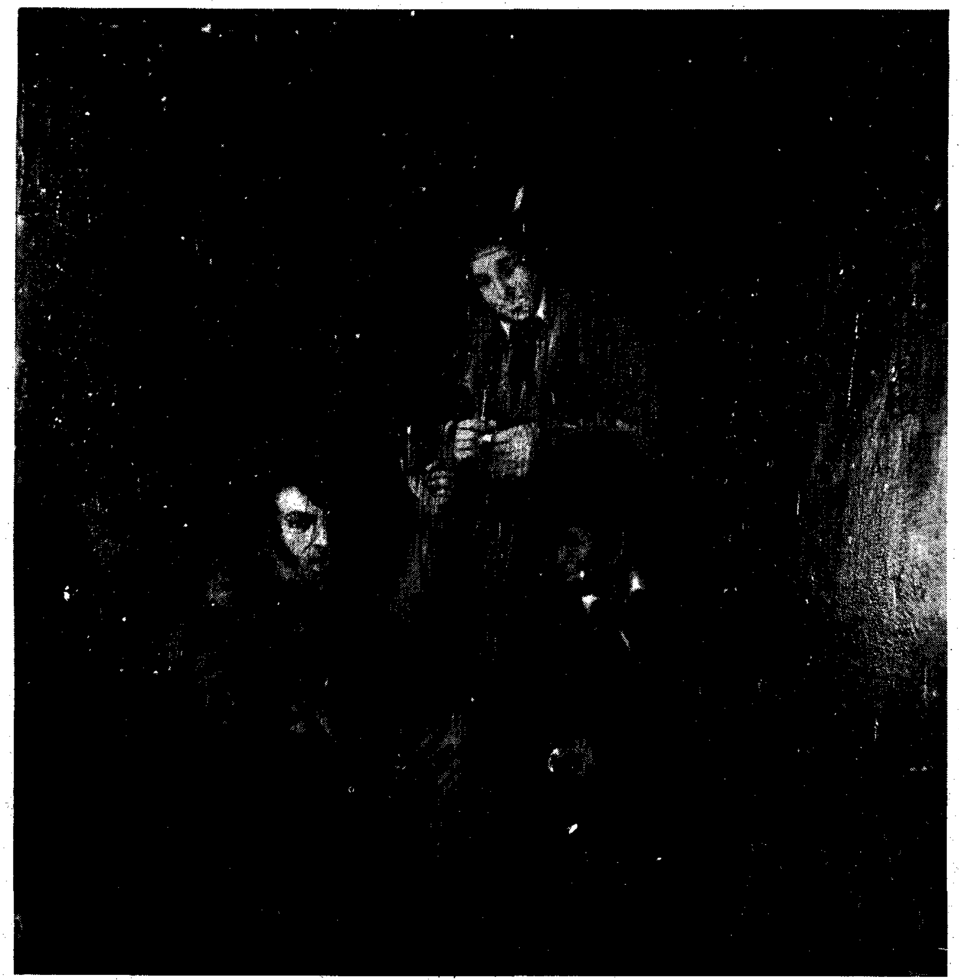
Rather than fighting with ships, the privateers felt that smuggling merchandise into New Orleans might be just as profitable, and not nearly so risky. A rash of revolutions against Spain was going on all the way from Texas to Cape Horn. Those in the northern part of South America were led by a hero who today is considered one of the all-time greats: Simon Bolivar. During all of Bolivar's ups and downs the Baratarians never lost confidence in him, and he never lost confidence in them. Several times they were his escape from the Spanish, and they also undertook daring landings under the nose of the Spanish.

WHEN the United States began to get technical about things smuggled into New Orleans, the revolutionary Republic of Cartagena issued most of the Baratarians impressive looking commissions or letters of marque to prey on the enemies of the Republic, especially Spanish ships. A large percentage of the fruits of such raiding was surreptiously sold in New Orleans, for the United States had not established sufficient governmental control to root out something that had been going on for years.

The letters of marque cleared the Baratarians of piracy charges, unless they happened to hit an American ship, but the smuggling of the loot into New Orleans was something else again. This gave trouble until the Battle of New Orleans, after which privateering sort of subsided.

The letters of marque did not always come from South American revolutionaries. With the advent of the War of 1812 the United States began issuing them too, and no less than six commissions were issued in New Orleans to members of the Barataria Fleet. The most successful of these members was Renato Beluche who seems to have been everywhere. Though Beluche took a couple of profitable prizes, British naval ships, in the main, were not easy pickings. Spanish ships were more prevalent and could expect no help from any quarter against the letters of marque of the South American revolutionaries.

The Lafitte brothers and Dominique You from a painting by Jarvis.



Courtesy Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans

The main hang-up was disposing of the loot in American territory. In November 1812 a large group of Baratarians were arrested by United States soldiers, and it started a two-year guerrilla-type warfare which at times was discomfiting to American authorities. On the eve of the Battle of New Orleans, most of the more notable Baratarians were in jail there in New Orleans.

It was late in 1815 before General Andrew Jackson realized just how unprotected and ill-equipped New Orleans was and also how ill-equipped his backwoods army was. Powder was the greatest lack and next was artillery. Men who could efficiently man the guns were all in jail.

Various diplomatic negotiations with the Baratarians soon changed the picture. Dominique You and Beluche were sprung and told to organize gun crews. Jean and Pierre Lafitte produced some fifty tons of first-rate powder, along with some respectable-sized artillery dismounted from the Barataria fleet. In those last weeks before the battle, emissaries from the British Fleet made all kinds of overtures and propositions to Jean Lafitte and the Baratarians. Most of these communications wound up in the American command's hands, and accelerated negotiations between the Lafittes and Andy Jackson.

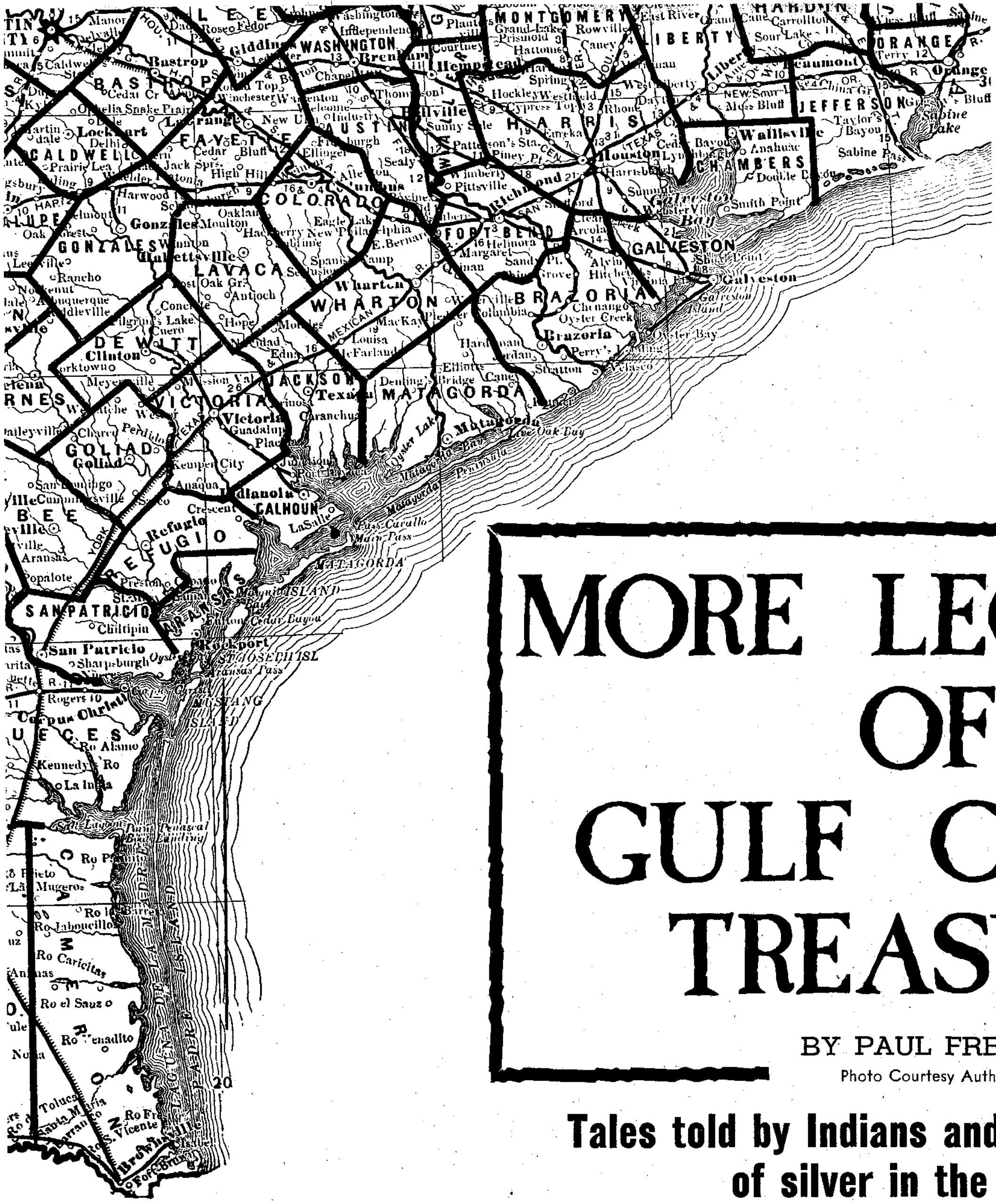
In the early action two armed boats, the *Carolina* and the *Louisiana*, largely manned by Baratarians, gave the British real trouble until they burned the *Carolina* by concentrated artillery fire. However, the crew was saved and the dismounted guns were moved into Jackson's line. Two weeks later came the real climax when the British were finally defeated. The two heavy guns that accounted for most of the damage done the British were manned by two reliable gunners: Renato Beluche and Dominique You. These two men and Jean Lafitte's powder made the difference. The date was January 8, 1815—just about a year before *The Santa Rosa* was captured.

PRESIDENTIAL amnesty made more difference to the Baratarians than is generally credited, as we shall see later. Some immediately moved to regain their Cartagenan commissions. Simon Bolivar needed help, and these men needed no incentive to fight Spaniards—only the means to do it legally, or anyway with a semblance of legality.

But even that situation was changing rapidly. Spain's domination of the New World had just about come to an end. Spain had several temporary victories, but in about six years Spanish rule in the Americas was over except for Cuba and Puerto Rico.

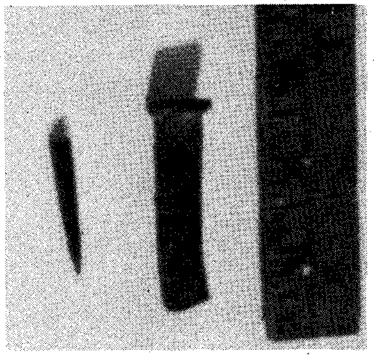
In 1821 the United States Navy visited the last stronghold of the Baratarians and firmly convinced them that an era had passed. Now let us get to the fable of *The Santa Rosa*. We are told that this ship was captured by Baratarians on January 5, 1816 and that she was Span-

(Continued on page 40)



Map from **Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888**

Left: The Gulf Coast of Texas. Below: Hold spikes from a wreck in the Lavaca River.



Courtesy Robert Meyer

MORE LEGENDS OF GULF COAST TREASURE

BY PAUL FREIER

Photo Courtesy Author

Tales told by Indians and white fishermen of silver in the bay...

THE TALE that Lafitte's treasure lies buried between two mottes in the salt flats on the east bank of the Lavaca River in Texas is related by J. Frank Dobie in *Coronado's Children* which was published in 1930. The treasure was marked with a brass Jacob's staff by Lafitte after his ship, the *Pride*, was damaged by U. S. Navy gunfire, and sank on the banks of the river. Early in this century the brass marker was jerked out of the ground after a cowboy on the Hill ranch had staked his horse to it, and the exact location of the treasure was forever lost.

The story to follow was related to me by Gottlieb Charbula of Six Mile in 1953. In November of 1972 and January of 1973 both Mrs. Gottlieb Charbula and Mrs. Vlasta Tucker of Six Mile corroborated this account, as they remembered the incident of 1922 or 1923—years before Mr. Dobie wrote of it in *Coronado's Children*.

Mr. Charbula said, "Like other residents of this area, I took hunting and fishing parties from other areas of Texas out on the bays and bayous of Calhoun County. Early in the 1920s I had a party from Hallettsville fishing on the east side of the Lavaca River. We were camped in the flats near Red Fish Lake. One of the men in my party wandered away from camp, and in the moonlight came upon what looked like a stack of bricks. He stuck one in his coat pocket.

"Two weeks later this man was back and enlisted me to help search for this pile of bricks. He had the bar that he had picked up analyzed and it proved to be silver. Many of us made searches, but the pile of ingots was never found. I heard that the man who found the ingot used it later for a door-stop."

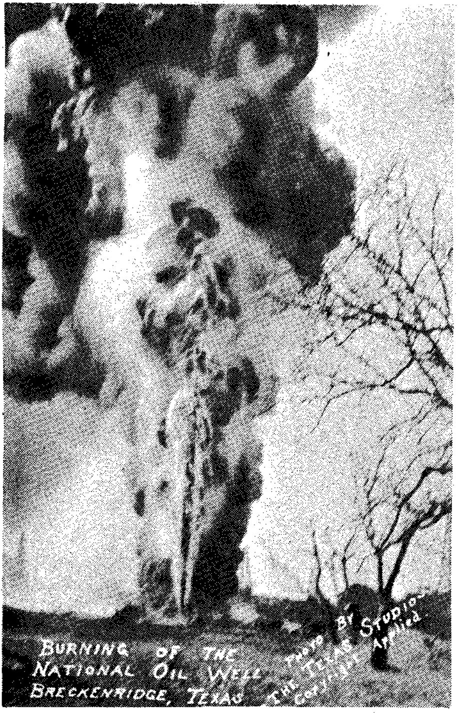
Mr. Ernest Levingston of the Sweetwater community remembered the man from up-country in the Charbula party finding the silver ingot early in the 1920s. Mr. Levingston hunted this whole country, and the same night the silver was found in the flats near Red Fish Lake Mr. Levingston had a hunting party camped on Swan Lake.

Mr. Levingston also remembers a sunken vessel in the Lavaca River supposedly proven to have been French. One story had it that ownership was traced to France, but the cost of recovery was prohibitive. Was it Lafitte's *Pride*?

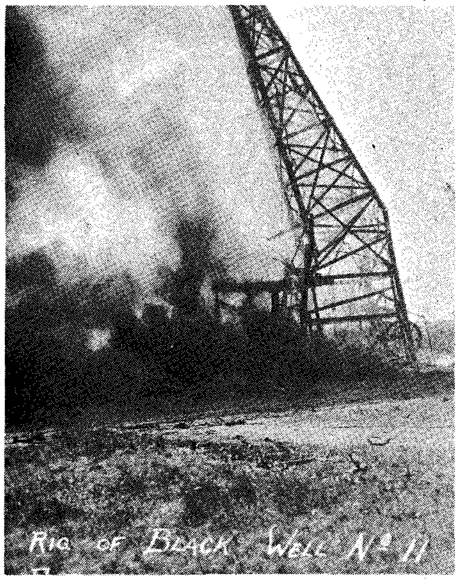
JUDGE PAUL C. BOETHEL of Hallettsville has reeled in fish from hot fishing spots from the Arctic Circle to Port O'Connor. At other times Judge Boethel has written the history of Lavaca, and about Lavaca pioneers who had interests in what was to become Calhoun County. "Lavaca" was not a specific place: it was a generic term for the Lavaca watershed. Calhoun County's own historian, John H. Brown, captioned a letter to his mother in 1842 "Lavaca, Gonzales County, Texas."

From Judge Boethel I learned that Jean Lafitte who sailed from Galveston in the *Pride* buried only part of his treasure in the salt marshes near the mouth of the Lavaca River in Calhoun County on the Hill ranch. The rest of his loot was buried farther upstream where in 1870 a man from Hallettsville named Bundrick, while stalking a turkey, struck and injured his knee on a brick lying

(Continued on page 53)

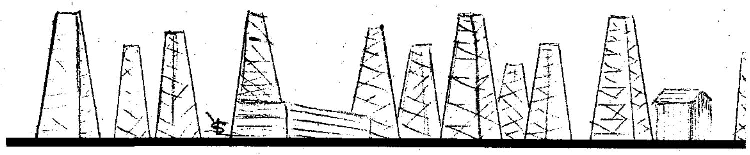


Burning of the National Oil Well above, at Breckenridge, Texas. The rig of Black Well No. 11, between Breckenridge and Ivan, below, as it was falling when 11,000 barrels of oil in the slush pit burned.



A street scene of Breckenridge, below, on a postcard mailed March 31, 1921 with a 1¢ stamp.

THE WILDCA



These men and old prospectors
grubstaking. But there, the similarity

BY ANDREW PHILLIPS

Photos Courtesy Author

THE WILDCATTER came in an unbelievable assortment of sizes, ages, backgrounds, operational methods, degrees of morality, and degrees of success. This is not surprising for the Wildcatter did not originate in the Old West; the settler and wagon freighter did not, either.

Pennsylvania, where Colonel Drake's oil well at Titusville brought an incredible, and at the time unrealized, change in the habits of the world, was the true birthplace of the Wildcatter. Nevertheless, he played a very important role in the West, at least in those states which now have producing oil wells, and oftentimes where wells have been nothing but dry holes.

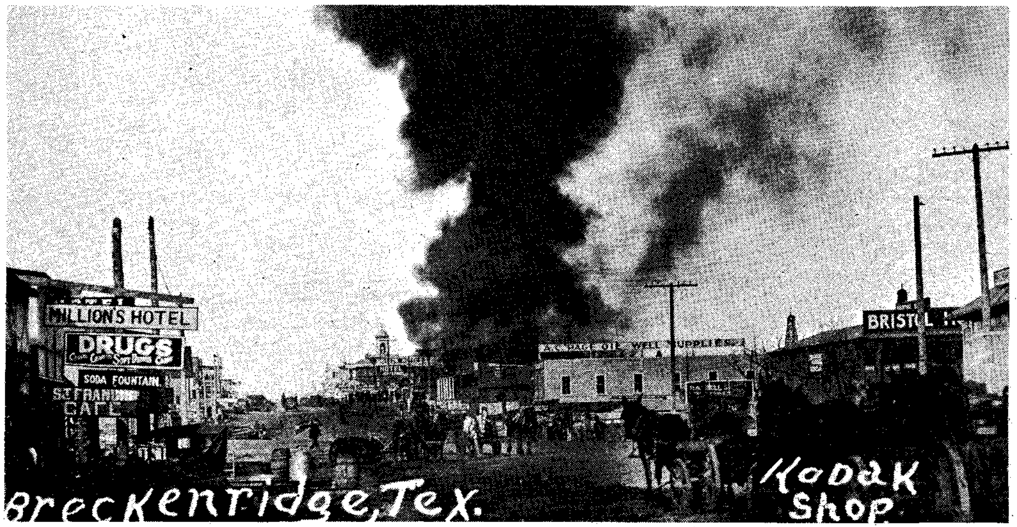
The term "Wildcatter" comes from "wildcat well," an expression denoting a well drilled for oil, away from proven production. If the six largest oil companies in the world were to decide to combine and spend a billion dollars trying to find an oil well in the waters of Long Island Sound, that would be a wildcat venture as much as if a lone promoter tried to drill a shallow well in the old sections of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, or New York. If it is in an *unproven area,* it is a wildcat well regardless of who drills it, and there is absolutely no term of reproach in the words. This country owes an awful lot to our Wildcatters as a class. Without them, our energy crisis would be much worse than it is.

In a sense the Wildcatter filled the same need in oil that the prospector did in mining. But there is an important difference. A prospector could, and usually did, operate with much less capital. A prospector with a burro or two, a few dollars' worth of tools, a supply of bacon, beans, flour, and a few other basic commodities could go into the desert or mountains and subsist for months without finding one grain of gold.

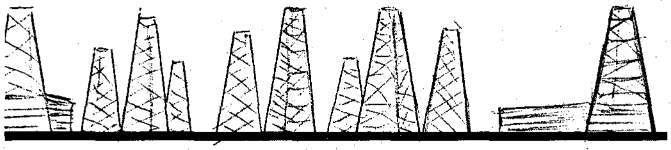
If the prospector were the right sort of person—that is, if he could convince someone with money that the man would get a fair deal—he could almost always get a grubstake in exchange for a share of future profits. If the prospector didn't find any minerals, he didn't owe the one who had grubstaked him anything. If he did make a strike, he owed the one who had grubstaked him an agreed-upon share of the mine or the metals.

In a sense, that is the way our Promoter-Wildcatter operated, for we are really talking about the men who had to finance the drilling of a well, not oil companies with the resources to drill without having to raise the money.

There was one more very important difference. It didn't take a lot of money to grubstake a prospector, but it did (and does) take an impressive sum to sink an oil well; and the deeper the well, the more it costs—not only for the total amount, but for the cost per foot.



A WILDCATTER might be young or old, large or small, rich or poor. He might have attended some of the more



TTERS

ad one need in common— runs out

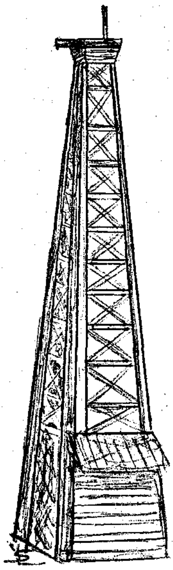
prestigious universities of the world, or he might be barely literate. He might have a degree in geology, or he might not know how to spell the word, and if he learned spelling, might not believe in it. He might consult fortune tellers or water witches before deciding where to put down a well, or he might be strictly a "hunch player." He might be completely honest, or completely dishonest, or anywhere between the extremes.

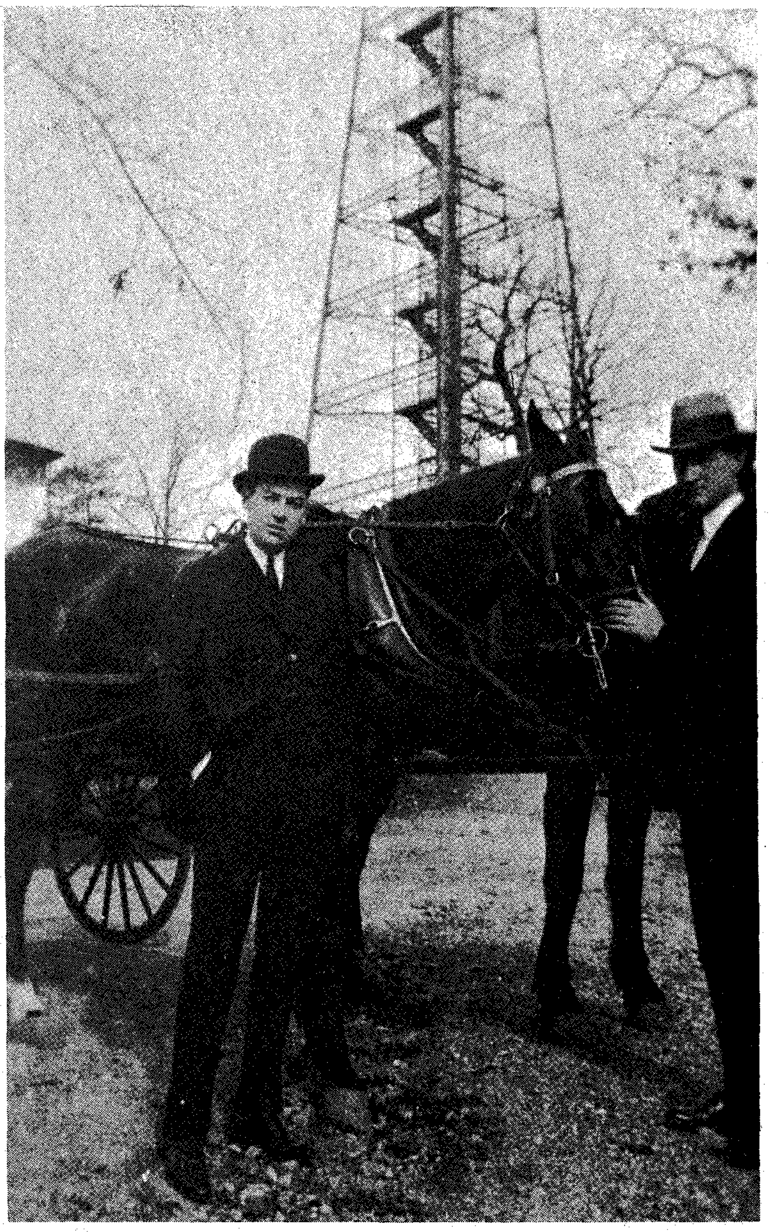
Turning the clock back, say sixty some years to 1913, imagine that you are anxious to take a fling in the oil business. You have, let's say $5,000 in cash. You want to drill a well that will cost perhaps $25,000. When the well is completed, you still want to have your $5,000, and maybe a little bit more, even if it is a dry hole. You don't want to have any trouble with any law enforcement agency; you want to come out with a clear conscience and the respect of the folks you will deal with, including especially those who may lose money in your venture.

Believe it or not, it could all be done, but it was a big help if those who put money in the venture were oil people. They knew the risks, had figured the odds. If they lost, it was all part of the game. Amateurs who lost money, even in a very legitimate operation, were not always so charitable.

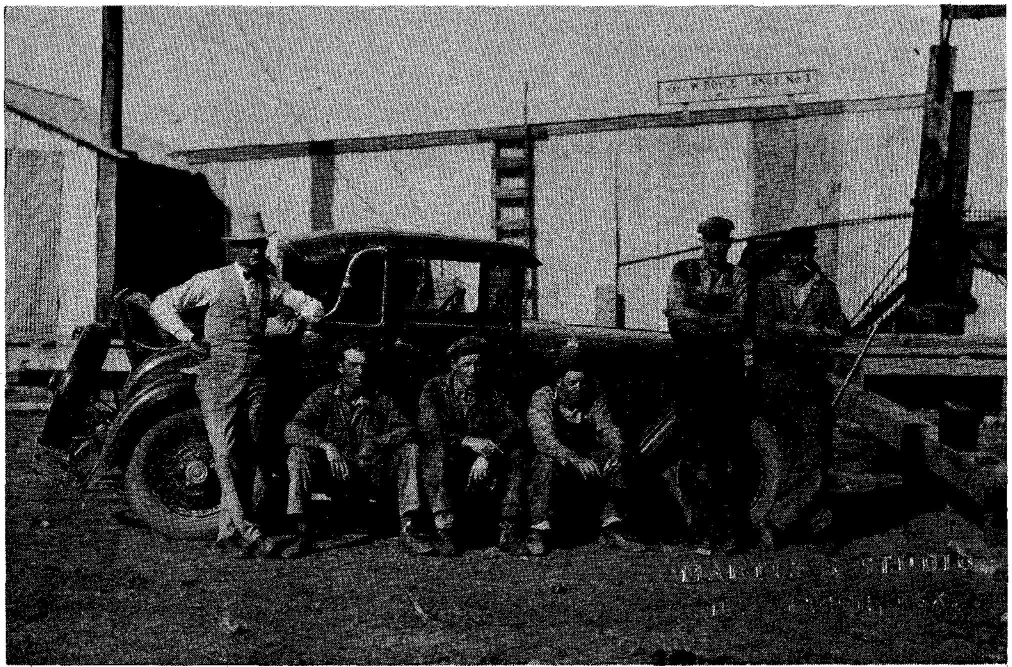
Your first step in drilling the wildcat would be choosing a place to drill, then getting leases on the land to be drilled. The farther west you went (that is, if you were going into ranch country) the fewer land owners you might have to deal with—which had some good points, and some bad points. Let's say you were going into a wildcat area where there were medium-sized farms, and you decided to try to block up an area four miles by five miles, or twenty sections of 640 acres each. If you could get it all, that would be 12,800 acres. Though the chance of getting all the land is remote, you are going to try.

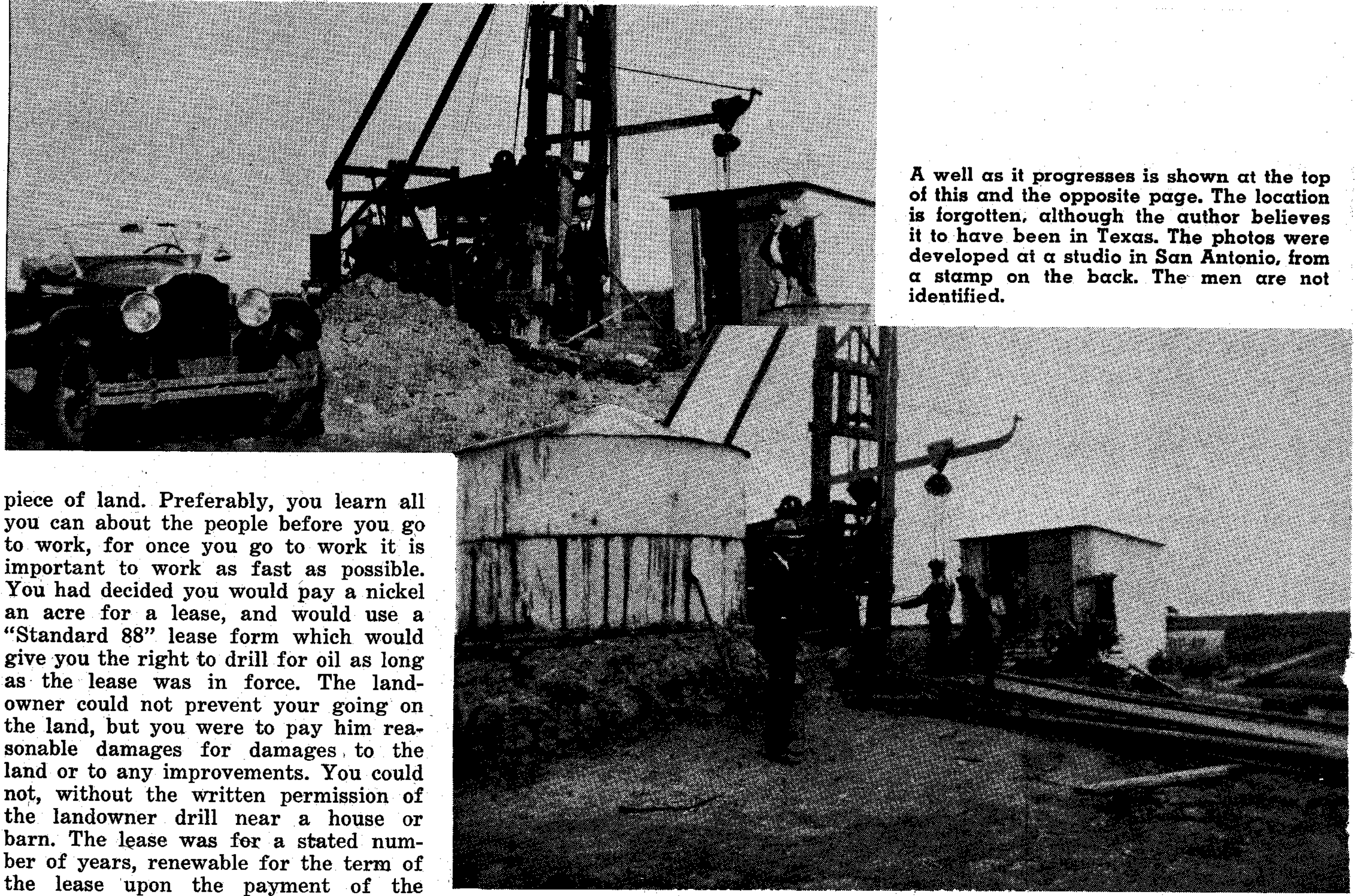
After choosing an area, you secure an ownership map, showing who owns each





Typical of the "Promoter-Wildcatter," the men above are unidentified. The top line of the sign on the building below reads, "Geo. W. Boyce—Lange No. 1." Embossed in the lower right corner is "Martin's Studio—Ballinger, Tex." Men's names are unknown.





A well as it progresses is shown at the top of this and the opposite page. The location is forgotten, although the author believes it to have been in Texas. The photos were developed at a studio in San Antonio, from a stamp on the back. The men are not identified.

piece of land. Preferably, you learn all you can about the people before you go to work, for once you go to work it is important to work as fast as possible. You had decided you would pay a nickel an acre for a lease, and would use a "Standard 88" lease form which would give you the right to drill for oil as long as the lease was in force. The landowner could not prevent your going on the land, but you were to pay him reasonable damages for damages to the land or to any improvements. You could not, without the written permission of the landowner drill near a house or barn. The lease was for a stated number of years, renewable for the term of the lease upon the payment of the "rental agreed on; in return, the landowner received one-eighth royalty on all oil or gas produced. If oil or gas were found, the lease was good as long as the oil or gas was being produced.

All in all, it was a pretty fair deal for both parties. If there was an unfair feature about it, it was that the landowner was bound for the term of the lease, if the lessor paid his rentals, yet the oil company, or lease-holder, could be released any time he failed to make his rental payments. But there was no practical way of getting around this.

As to what you might pay for the lease, at that time you could pay whatever you wanted, whatever you had to pay—or you could pay nothing. Paying some price, however small, helped in getting the leases and, in case of a court suit, was a very valuable thing to have on your side. So you decide to try for a ten-year lease, paying a nickel an acre, and a nickel an acre annual rental.

ONCE you have decided where you are going to lease, what you will pay, and have an ownership map, you plan your strategy. That is, you decide whom you will contact first. Generally speaking, it will be the man with the most land or the most influence—which might or might not be the same man. You approach this man for a lease.

Perhaps you tell him that you are, in effect, giving him a lot of tickets to a big sweepstakes, and actually paying him to take them, for if the well is drilled on his land and comes in a gusher, he may become an instant millionaire (all of which is true).

The reason for trying to complete the block as quickly as possible is that sooner or later, someone with land in the block is going to decide he is going to hold out on you. If you drill the well, and his land is not leased, the lease you are trying to buy for a nickel an acre could well be worth thousands of dollars an acre, if the well proves to be a big producer. In other words, you are gambling for him as well as yourself. How to handle this problem can well decide if the venture gets off the ground. You might tell him if he refuses to lease, the well will probably never be drilled, and this can well be the truth. If you have the block solid it is a lot easier to promote. With too much unleased land it becomes harder and harder.

You might offer the landowner a little more money for his lease, or you might give him an over-ride; that is, an extra share of the oil—say three sixteenths rather than one-eighth. Or you might try to sell him on buying an interest in the well, putting in his leases and some money to get the well promoted. Quite often this was not only the best solution, it was the easiest to sell; and sometimes you might get him to put up some "bottom hole money" if you couldn't buy his lease, particularly if he thought the well was going to stop otherwise.

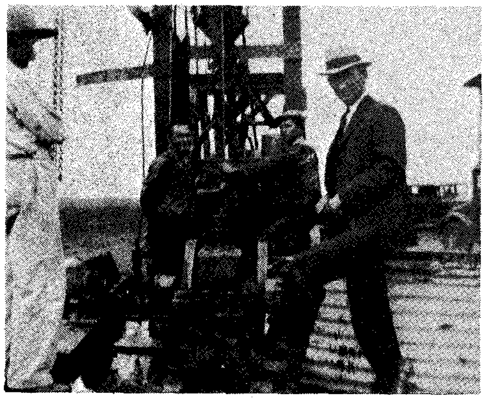
At the close of your whirlwind leasing campaign, say you wind up with 12,000 acres. Some of it might be outside the block you planned, for occasionally a landowner will say, "take it all, or nothing," and you have to take it. You now have to make arrangements to have the well drilled, and figure a way to get the money to pay for the drilling and to live on while drilling is going on. Let's say you have spent $2,000 of your original stake at this point.

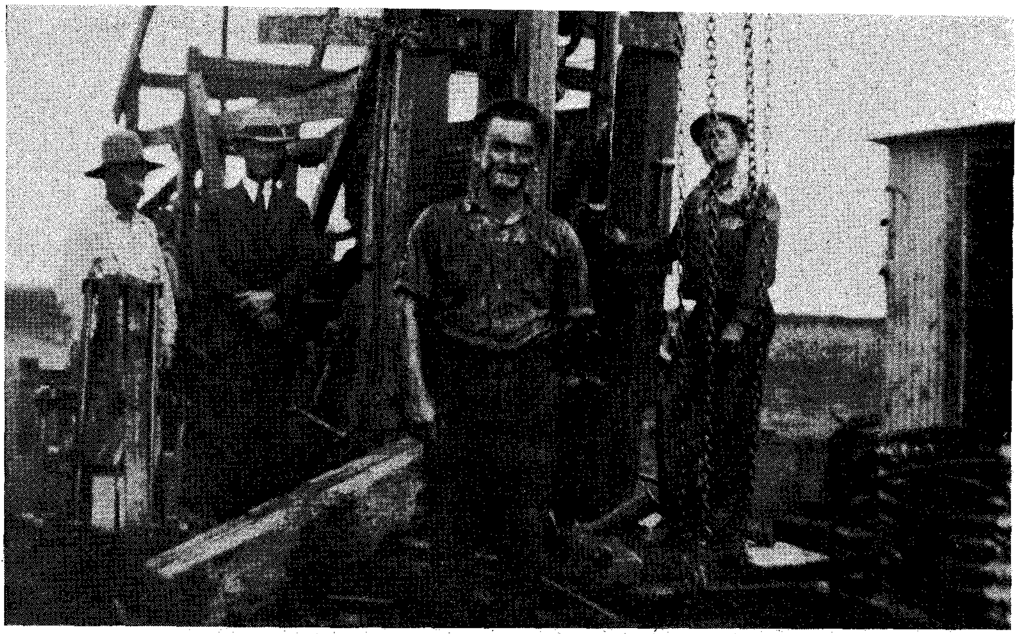
It is much easier to raise money on a wildcat venture if you have a rig on the ground and drilling is underway, so you start to get the rig. At this time the rig would be a cable-tool outfit, with a very heavy bit being lifted by a walking beam and dropped into the hole. Such a rig drills very, very slowly, which gives you more time to raise money. The crew consists of two drillers, each working twelve hours a day, and two "tool dressers" who help the driller in many ways, and who heat and sharpen (or dress) the very heavy drills over a forge. They are also responsible for the boiler that provides steam for the operation. The boiler may be fired with oil, gas, coal or wood, depending on availability and cost. You also would have a "tool pusher" which is oil field language for a drilling superintendent (a drilling rig was generally called a "string of tools"), though you might do this yourself, if you knew how.

A drilling rig was not terribly expensive, unless of course you bought one new, and even then they were not high. You could buy a used one quite reasonable.

You could contract the well; that is, pay so much to have it drilled, if you had the money or the credit. You could lease a rig and furnish the crew. Or you might promote the rig by giving the owner a share in the well, or part cash and part share in the well.

If you owned a rig, you could "Poor Boy" the well—get a crew to do the drilling in return for expenses, a very small salary, maybe a dollar a day or less, plus a share in the well. Many





wells were drilled this way. (Of course, you couldn't do that today. Someone from Washington would have you in jail, or at least out of business, real fast.)

ONCE the well is being drilled, you may hear of an oil company that might be interested in a piece of the action. You could approach them with a "checkerboard, bottom hole deal" which could mean that the company would get every other forty-acre lease in, say, two miles of the well. If the well were to go down 4,000 feet, the company might pay you 15% at a thousand feet, an additional 20% at 2,000 feet, 25% more at 3,000 feet and the balance at 4,000 feet. It would have the right to examine all geologic specimens from the well, and possibly the right to take the well deeper when it was finished, or if you could not go to the contract depth.

Another wildcat rig taking shape, probably in Texas. A completed rig can be seen in the center background.

This was a completely legal, completely honest deal. If the well was dry, everyone knew it was just a dry hole, no gyp of any kind. Often it was possible to sell enough leases this way to come out with a handsome profit.

If the Wildcatter could not raise enough money from the "professionals" he might work on "outsiders"—the local banker, or a rich landowner. And he just might be a little less considerate in the process. The professionals knew what they were doing; the amateurs did not and, by exciting their greed, it was often possible to get more money from them. This was a form of insurance, for in the case of a dry hole, if there was amateur money in it, the losers often would be a most unhappy lot, anxious to wreak vengeance. Being local, and having a lot of influence with the courts and law enforcement people, they could sometimes do it, too!

When a well was drilling, the leases under and near the well increased in value, just on the chance production might be found. The Wildcatter could sell a lease to anyone interested, or could use a lease for barter. A story is told of a Wildcatter who was also a cotton buyer. While drilling a well in Oklahoma, he bought a bale of cotton from a local farmer, giving him a check. The farmer was very busy and didn't take the check to the bank for several days. When he did, it bounced, and the farmer went to the promoter, demanding the money for his check. The promoter offered him a lease on an adjoining forty acres to tear up the check. The farmer refused, so the promoter promised to get the money and pick up the check in a day or two. The Wildcatter was as good as his word.

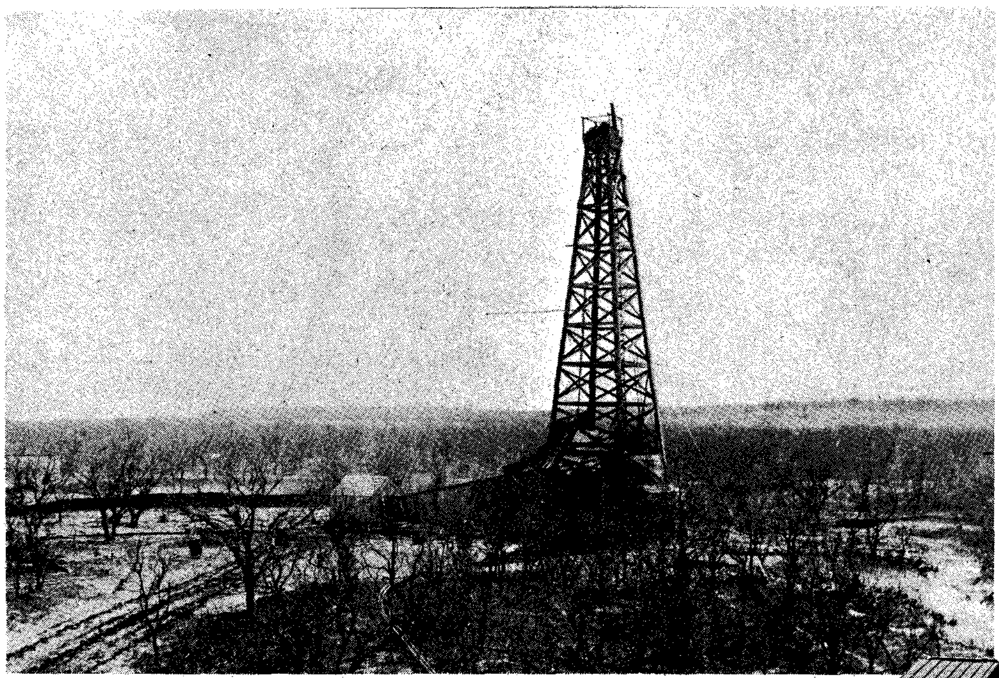
He later traded the forty-acre lease to someone for a string of second-hand pipe to put in the well. When the well came in as a gusher, the man who had traded the pipe for the lease sold the same lease for a million dollars. And the farmer ruefully admitted he was probably the only man in the history of the world who had ever owned a million-dollar bale of cotton and hadn't had enough gumption to keep it!

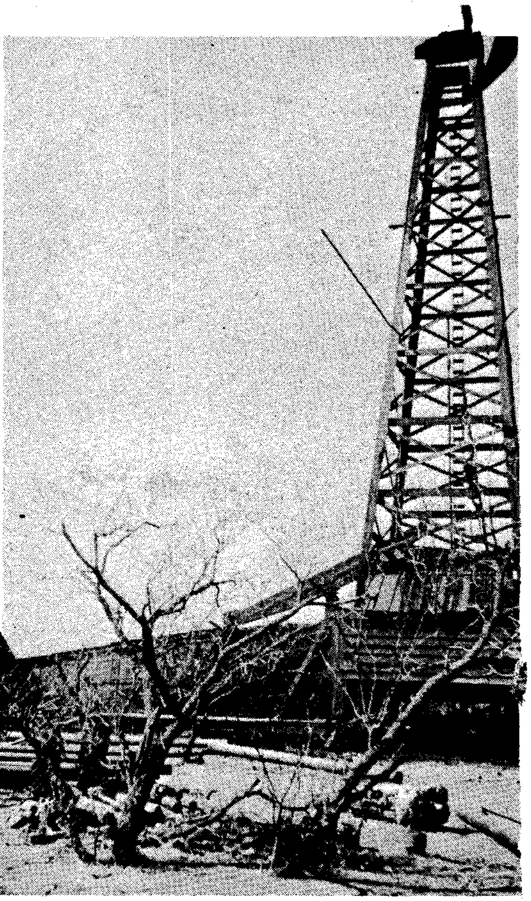
ANOTHER popular method of promoting a wildcat well was by selling shares. The Wildcatter might sell a person a fractional share of the well. They tell a story of the man who founded one of the big oil companies, who sold eleven men an eighth-interest in his first wildcat, and then had a hard time preventing the well from coming in a producer. He is supposed to have said, "It's a lot easier to satisfy eleven people, each owning an eighth-interest in a dry hole, than it would be to satisfy them if the well is a producer. If that well had come in, I likely would have wound up in jail."

(A sequel to this story is that the driller who helped *not* bring in the well did so only on the condition that the Wildcatter would never try another well on that block. Well, a few years later the driller went back, re-leased the land and put down a well, getting a very nice producer. However, I cannot say for sure that this really happened.)

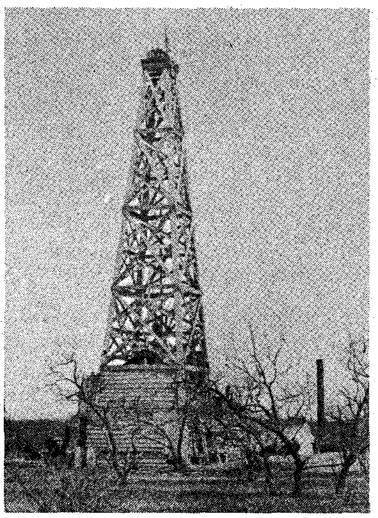
Another way of promoting a wildcat well was by incorporating, selling stock, and going from there. This required keeping a pretty good set of records in case someone complained to the authorities, and many Wildcatters kept books out of their hip pocket; that is, if one had money it was in his pocket. Uncle Sam was, and still is, notoriously unhappy about anyone using the mails to defraud; and, in spite of what the law says, if you are charged in a Federal Court, you are *guilty* until you can prove otherwise. There were many fraudulent oil stock schemes, but I am quite sure some men were sent to prison who were really guilty of only two things: one, *not bringing in a producer on the wildcat* well they drilled; the other, *not* keeping a good set of books.

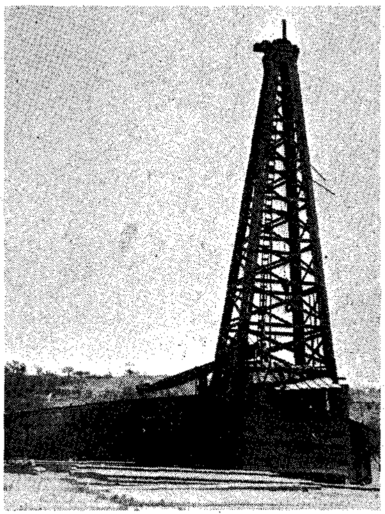
At least one man promoted a well by selling stock, but was so slow in starting the well that postal authorities were about to file charges on him. He hastily sent a drilling contractor to put down a well on some leases he owned in West Texas. This well achieved two desired effects: it kept the promoter from going to jail; and it did come in a good producer. Still, there was one fairly serious defect—in the haste to get the well started, it was drilled on land *not leased*

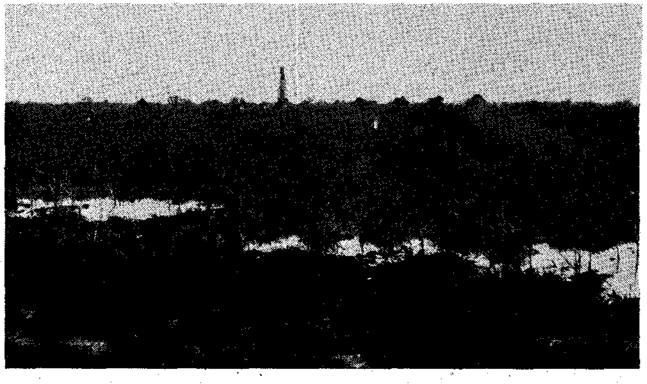




The author thinks the wells on this page were in Texas. On the back of each photo in hand-writing they are identified as: "Jones #1," above, with a close-up of it on the right; "Cosden #2, 100 barrels from matched sand offset to our #2," below left; "Ty. cap #2," below center; and "White Oil Corp. #1," below right.







to the promoter. Ah, the waste of too much haste!

Some of the stories told about the old-time Wildcatters are classics, and some are true, or at least partly true. Like the one about the man who ran out of money while drilling a well. It seemed there was absolutely no way for him to go on, but he did have an accident policy on himself. So he shot himself in the leg and used the money to finish the well, which did come in a producer. The company this man founded is still one of the largest in the world.

One Wildcatter who had hit it big—well, moderately big—ran into a series of dry holes. Then, putting together a nice string of leases, he was drilling what he hoped would be his big "come-back" well.

As very often happened to most Wildcatters who were also promoters he ran out of money. He tried and tried to get more, but it seemed no one was the least bit interested in his problem, or in his well, and that was really a shame, for our Wildcatter knew this was a good thing. This well was going to be a producer.

Finally, as a last resort, he packed his bag, caught a train and went to New York City. He had made some acquaintances there when he was in the money. Everyone was glad to see him then, for, after all, he was an "oil millionaire" (and for some reason, to most people oil millionaires are the richest kind on earth!). But this time it was different. A lot of folks who had been anxious to see him before were now just too busy, were out of town, or so their secretaries said. Those he did see were not interested in investing money with a loser. Finally, with less money than when he arrived, he took a train back home.

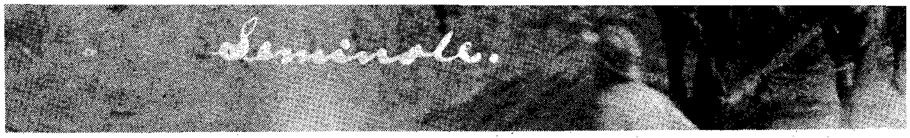
But before he left New York he made some arrangements. A telegram was waiting when he got off the train, sent to him in care of the local bank. The wire said in effect: "Have reconsidered proposition. Depositing five thousand dollars your credit in City National Bank New York. Check on it." The signature was that of one of the richest men in the United States, so well known that the name struck awe into the small-town banker.

The banker cashed a check without question for the Wildcatter, who hurried out to the well, paid off his crew, bought some supplies, paid off the most pressing debts, and told his men to keep on drilling in spite of hell or high water—or anything else.

Our hero was not afraid of hell or high water, but he knew what was going to happen when the check he had given bounced. He hid out in the woods waiting. That well just had to come in, and he knew it would come in; but, still, lots of things could happen—a "fishing job" caused maybe by a broken cable, or a tool dropped into the well.

He knew his crew wouldn't quit until they were forced to do so, for bringing in a wildcat was an occasion to them as well as the promoter and landowner. One driller told me he was on a wildcat well that came in and said, "Folks were sure nice to me. People I never knew would stop me on the street and insist I allow

Scenes of Seminole, Oklahoma on picture postcards during the early wildcatting days. "Pushing on the U.S. Mail" is written on the card above; a busy intersection at the top right; and "Seminole when it rained before she paved," on the card at bottom right.



INTERNATIONAL SUPPLY CO.
DRUGS

'em to buy me a new suit of clothes or a new Stetson hat."

But to get back to our Wildcatter who was hiding out in the woods. The check bounced, as he knew it would; the banker hit the ceiling and swore out a warrant for his arrest on a number of charges, including forgery and hot check writing. Of course, the story had a happy ending. The well came in; the banker forgot all about that little old warrant and asked the Wildcatter to do a lot of business with his bank.

Once back on top, this man made nothing but money the rest of his life. He kept the common touch, which enabled him to get leases from farmers when the Big Boys couldn't. Yet he had some eccentricities too, one being his aversion to geologists. He had once had a block of leases in what was to become one of the greatest oil fields ever found in the country. A geologist talked him out of drilling on it, assuring him there was no oil there. There was, and the Wildcatter never forgave not only the man who had given him such bum advice, but the entire profession. He also did not like golfers, and is supposed to have said, "I won't have one workin' for me. I want men who spend their time thinking about how to get more oil out of the ground instead of how to get a little old white ball into those silly little holes."

I ONCE had the opportunity of seeing and hearing this man in operation. I went into a bank to make a deposit. The bank was busy (most oil-town banks were) and I had to stand in line. Our Wildcatter King was in the president's office, talking with some farmer on the phone. He had a deep voice and if the farmer had lived very close, a telephone would not have been necessary.

"Don't let them big boys get your lease," he said. "Let me have it. I will pay you what they will, and I will treat you right and drill a well for you right away." A pause, then, "I don't have science? With my luck, who needs science? And I'll tell you one thing, the most science they know is the science of gypping the little landowners and the little fellows." Another pause, concluded with, "I'll be right out and see you. I'll bring a thousand cash and a present for your wife and give you a check on this bank."

With that he hung up and walked out of the bank. He looked as if he had slept in his clothes for a week, and he well might have. They said he would sometimes stay a week on the well, sleeping on a board under the boiler, if the weather was cold. If the well came in, he didn't want to wait for the information. He wanted to get out, right then, on his own and nail down anything in the area that needed leasing. He didn't want anyone else to do it; he wanted to do it himself before the news leaked out.

They said this was not a mere idiosyncracy, as he had once been a scout for a major oil company. Unexpectedly he got a hot tip on a well, mailed in his resignation, and rented every horse and rig in the livery stable in the nearest town so no one else would have a chance. (This was before the automobile was trustworthy enough or the roads good *enough, to be used in the oil fields.)* With a monopoly on available information and available transportation, he signed up everything that was loose. That was how he got his first start in the oil business—all strictly legal, but one might question his ethics a bit.

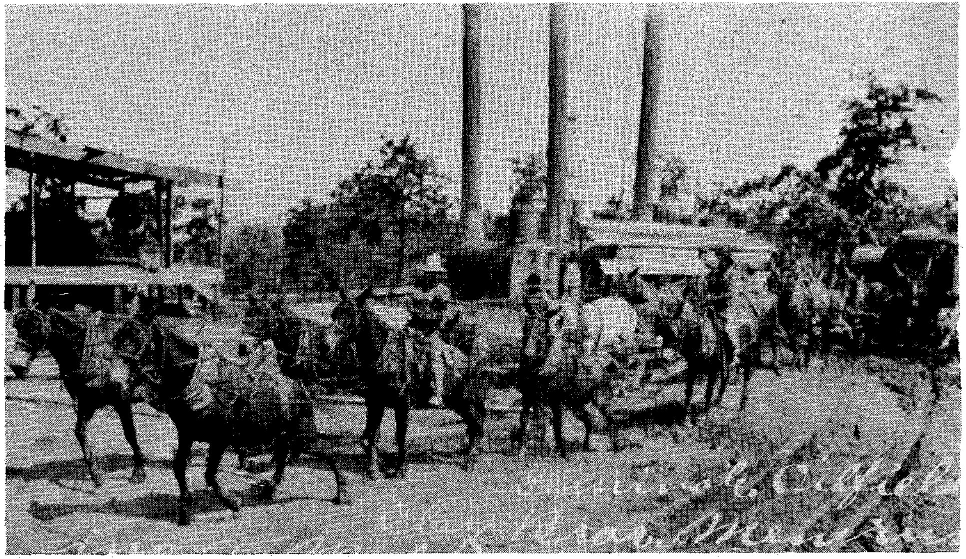
This man was either mighty smart, had some mighty good advice, was just lucky, or maybe what the gossips said about his doing nothing before consulting an old Negro woman fortune teller was true. But he sold his vast holdings just before the crash in 1929 to one of the major oil companies, holding back a few unexplored leases. That oil company has since disappeared from the scene, probably as a result of this deal. Our Wildcatter started in again soon after the crash, and had almost as much production as he had sold within a relatively short time. He is now deceased.

Another colorful character was "Dad" Joiner, who had spent a lifetime wildcatting. Finally, in his old age, he put down a well that brought in the vast East Texas oil fields around Kilgore. Here luck played a part, as his well was barely on the "structure." If he had been a hundred or so feet off, it would have been another dry hole.

With plenty of money Joiner went on a *trip, hunting up everyone he could find* to whom he had ever owed money. Many of these debts were legally outlawed by the statute of limitation, and others

Seminole.
Before She Paved.

More picture postcard scenes from Seminole at the top of this and the opposite page. Written on the pictures: "Seminole Highway jammed as far as you can see," above; "Rock Island Depot. Before she paved," right; and "Seminole Oilfields, Clay Bros. men rushing a Mabel Pat to Little River Location," below.



were not really justified as the people had given the Wildcatter credit with the understanding that if the well were dry, the debt would not be paid. But Joiner did not feel that way, and paid off everyone he could find whom he had ever owed.

OF COURSE every story told of a wildcat that hit can be matched (at least) by stories of those that missed, sometimes barely. Two young men promoted a well north of Oklahoma City before that field came in, and drilled down and down and down, considerably below the depth they could reasonably expect to find oil. Finally they did hit a small well, and put it on a pump. It was commercially profitable to pump this well, but not profitable enough to warrant drilling any more.

One of the men went to work for a major oil company. Later it was found they had been on top of an enormous field—if they had only drilled a few feet farther!

Another man I knew put together a block of leases in New Mexico and tried to promote it, but in vain. He just couldn't get anyone to go along with him. And that was a shame, too, as he had under lease the entire area that later was to be the huge Hobbs field.

There are many similar cases, but those are enough. After all, folks are only interested in the winners, not the losers. If you wonder if I ever had a chance to get rich in oil—well, I did once—no, maybe twice—but once I am sure of.

I had absolutely nothing to do with this opportunity. I was a small boy, living in a small town in Oklahoma where my father owned a pretty good-sized general store. Somehow or other he was in touch with a man who tried very hard to trade him a ranch in West Texas for his store. My dad was interested enough to go out and look over the ranch. When he came back home I remember his saying, about the ranch: "Heavens no, I wouldn't trade for that ranch! All it has on it and all it's good for is goats and grass burrs, and I don't like either one."

I am sure he was right about the top part of the ranch. What he didn't know was that the bottom part had one of the largest oil fields ever discovered in these United States, and he would have had every foot of it! If he had traded and kept the ranch, he would have become one of the wealthiest men in the country, and I am sure a considerable fortune would have trickled down to me. I am not an only child, either; there are seven brothers and sisters.

The other chance I had is a "Who came out, the lady or the tiger?" sort of story. I had graduated from high school, had gone to college some, then ran out of money and went to the oil fields to get a job. I had a good chance to go in business there, mostly on my father's credit, and I did. I did all right, too; made some money which I invested in oil ventures that didn't pay off.

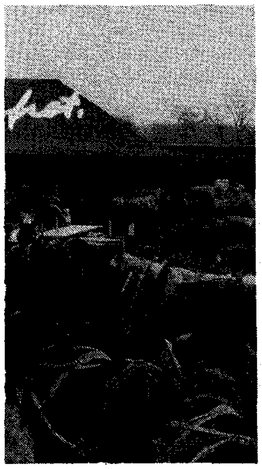
I decided it was time for me to get back in school, and a week or ten days before time to leave I was walking down town one day when I ran into an old acquaintance I had known in the oil fields. When I'd first known him he was a super-salesman and a promoter who had put down several wells, all of them dry. Yet I had heard of his making over $30,000 in two days on one deal, all of it strictly legitimate. At that time he had been a sharp dresser who oozed confidence.

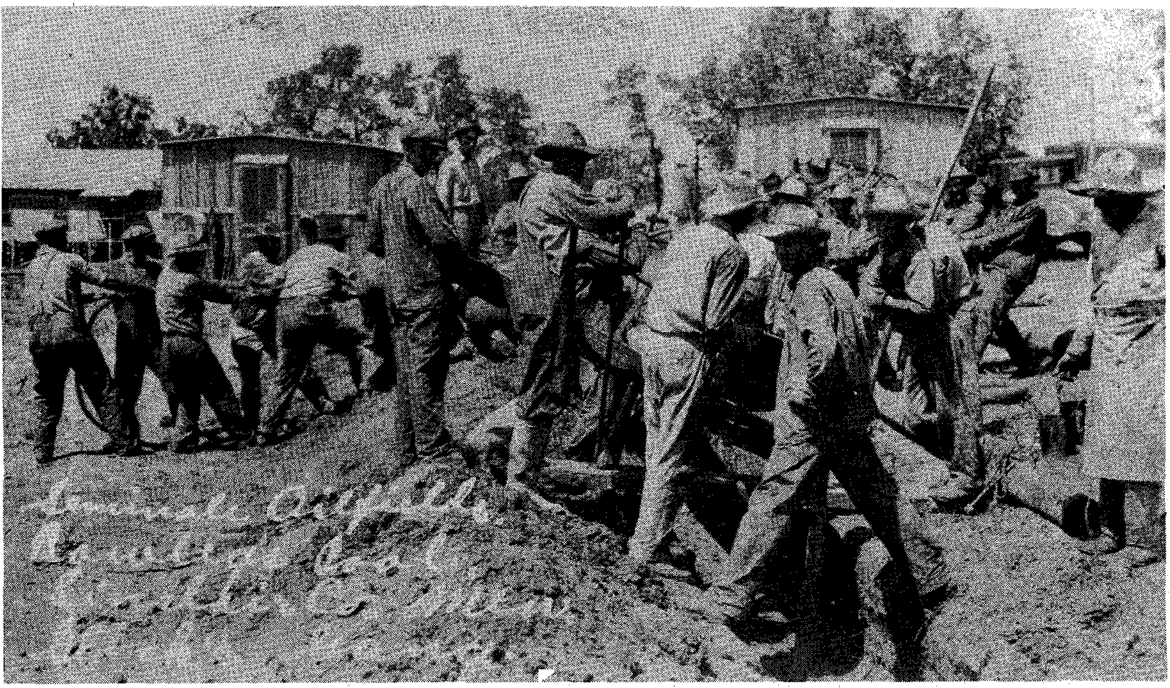
Now it was obvious that something had happened, something very bad. For my friend was seedy and the old confidence was not there, which was no surprise as the Depression was on us, and a lot of people were not doing well at all. I took him into a cafe for a cup of coffee, and he told me the story.

He was now so down and out he was living in a garage of some friends, rent free. He was working a couple of hours a night in a small cafe in payment for his meals. During the rest of the time he sold a rinky-dink insurance policy. He had lost his car and was doing his selling on foot. He really was down on his luck, but he hadn't given up. He and a partner were trying to promote a wildcat well in Kansas.

I asked him for details. They had a block of over 6,000 acres. He had a partner who was a driller and owned a drilling rig. They had the rig on the drilling site. They had all the tools they needed, except a drilling line. All that was required to start the well was the line, some fuel oil, and some money. They didn't need much cash, but they did need some, and it was very obvious they were not likely to get it.

Finally the proposition I knew was coming, came. Would I be interested in going in with them? My friend knew I had some good contacts (meaning people with money). I was young, only twenty years old at the time. I had a car, some good clothes, knew how to meet people, and was a pretty good salesman. Above all I had confidence, which they didn't, having lost it. I told him I wanted to meet his partner, then would want a little time to make a decision.



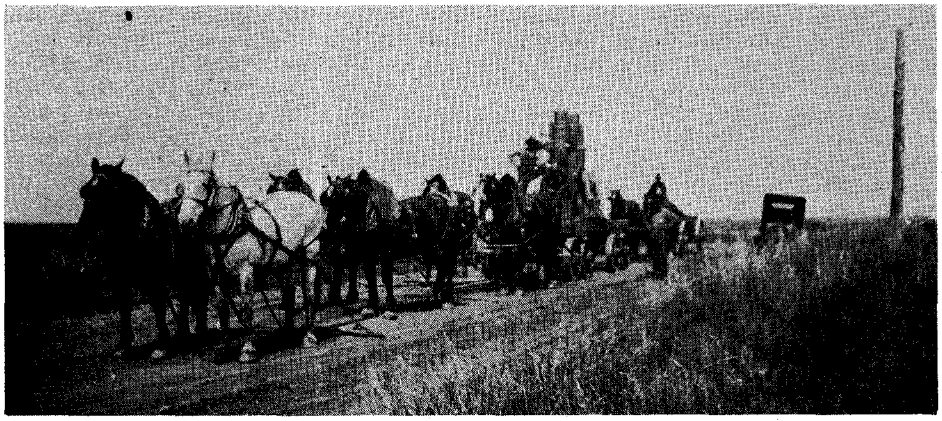


"Seminole Oilfields.
Bowlegs Pool.
Sinclair Co. men.
Glick's gang."
on the right.

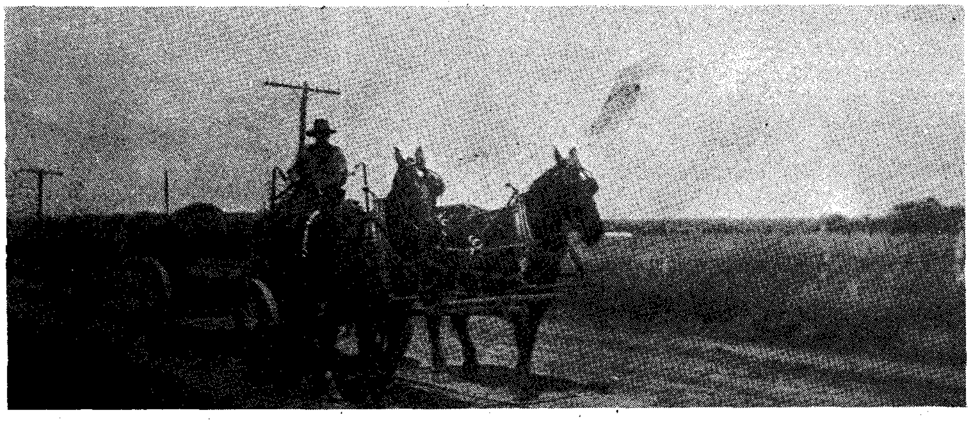
I MET the driller, and was well impressed with him. If you have ever been around oil fields you can tell a driller when you meet one. I am not sure what it is, but it is there. This man was a driller, and a very good one. I told them I would think it over that night and would let them know my decision the following day.

My mind was already made up. I had known of a judge's son who left college one summer to work in the oil fields and got a chance to work on a wildcat well in return for an interest (a "Poor Boy" drilling deal). The well hit and the judge's son didn't get back to college for awhile—about four years, as I recall—after he had sold his oil interests for about four million dollars. I could see myself going back to school, driving a Stutz Bearcat, maybe a little late but really in style.

I drove home that night. My father was still in business, not really big, as the Depression had hit him hard too, but he was still very solvent. I told him of the offer. He knew the promoter, but not the driller. I suggested to him that he come in, making it a four-way deal. We would go up and drill the well, getting some drillers and tool dressers to help us for a piece of the well. The promoter and I would go and do whatever needed doing that we could do best. We would camp on the lease. Everyone on the well was to get food, a place to sleep, tobacco, and fifty cents a day, plus of course a good interest in the well, if it came in. My dad was to furnish the groceries for his quarter share. It was several hundred miles to the well, but I figured that I (or one of us) would be in the area often, trying to raise money, and could take back a pick-up load of groceries.



Hauling oil field equipment in the early days of wildcatting. The author thinks this was in Oklahoma.



The other two jumped at the opportunity, and I forgot about college and started to work. I traded a lease for a used drilling cable, "in good shape" the man said, and our driller agreed. I made a deal with an oil company for fuel oil for our rig. I made a deal with the superintendent of an oil company for a surplus truck with a tank. I stressed the need for a good truck, saying one that was not in good condition might jeopardize our hopes of success. He said it would be overhauled in the company garage, and would be in tip-top condition. He specified the lease was to be made out to him, not to the oil company, and I wondered if there was any hanky-panky in the deal, but that was none of my business, so I didn't ask.

All of this left us pretty well set except for money, real folding money, and we would have to have some of that. I had some very good prospects, one well-to-do doctor, another a farmer who had gotten very rich just having his farm in exactly the right place (that is, atop a good oil pool). I had several other good prospects but these two were almost cinches.

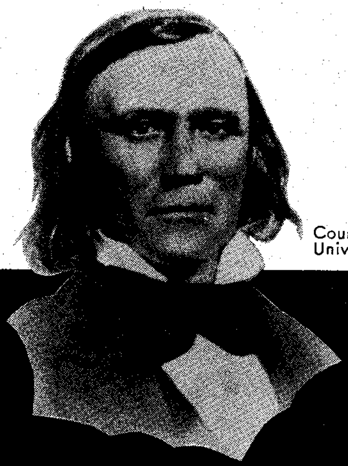
Unfortunately, time on the leases was getting so short we would almost have to have a year's renewal for free. Drilling a cable tool well usually took a long time, and it wouldn't be wise to go ahead without a renewal.

I did a lot of pondering and decided maybe my dad or our promoter might do a better job selling on the renewals than I could. After all, I was pretty young. Dad was a good salesman, who got along well with almost everyone. I felt he could

(Continued on page 45)

BY RUFUS L. PORTER

Photos Courtesy Author


Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Kit Carson, famous scout and Western plainsman.

KIT CARSON'S

ONE morning in late February 1972, I was busy at my desk when the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver and a male voice asked, "Rufus Porter?"

"Yes."

"How would you like to meet Kit Carson?" was the quick reply.

I receive all sorts of phone calls, and I figured this guy was another one trying to be funny. "Kit Carson died in 1868," I reminded him.

"You're wrong," said the voice. "This is Dr. Sampson speaking, and I have Kit Carson as a patient. I performed eye surgery on him and he is now resting easy at St. Francis Hospital, but he will be going home in a day or two to Alamosa. You have my permission to visit him, if you like. This is Kit Carson III, the grandson of the original Kit Carson of early Western fame. He is eighty-nine but still spry for his age."

I thanked the good doctor, whom I'd never met, and hurried down to the hospital, no more than a mile away. And, sure enough, I met Kit Carson III. He looks very much like his famous ancestor, judging from pictures of Kit I. His mind is keen; his memory is clear; and we hit it off well together.

He talked freely of his life, which has been varied and interesting. Carson's maternal grandfather, Tom Tobin, was a noted frontiersman and scout, and was famous as being the "best damned tracker in the West." There were those among his admirers who swore he "could track a rabbit through miles of sagebrush."

Nearly everyone is familiar with his paternal grandfather, Kit Carson, as hundreds of books have been written about him, many of which were pure fiction, and many of which tried to give a true picture. Kit Carson's oldest son, William, married Pasqualita Tobin in 1878 and they became the parents of Kit Carson III. When William "Billy" Carson was killed accidentally while Kit was still a lad, the boy was taken and raised by Tom Tobin.

Tobin was of Irish descent, as was Kit Carson I. Born in Missouri, Tobin came West at age fifteen, living for a while with his half-brother, Charlie Autobee, in New Mexico. In 1844 he married Pasquala Bernal. In 1861, the Tobins settled in Trincheria Valley, a short distance from Fort Garland, Colorado.

Tom Tobin was living in abandoned old Fort Garland when young Kit went to live with him. It was a big fort and several families occupied the various building for years. Although Tobin could neither read nor write, his ability as a tracker was legend. It was in 1863 that Tobin undertook a manhunt that would make him famous.

THE "Bloody Espinozas" during two forays into Colorado brutally murdered thirty-two white men from the border to as far north as South Park, the geographical center of the state.

On their first killing spree, one brother was himself killed. But the other brother soon returned with a young nephew (about fifteen), and they continued their "holy war" against the Anglos. Yet in their last killing they took the life of a Mexican woman.

The commander of Fort Garland sent a dozen cavalrymen in the wilderness west of Garland, with Tobin along as tracker. In a week they returned empty-handed. Next morning Tom Tobin told the troops to stay at the fort and he'd bring the Espinozas in. Nobody believed he could do it alone, but he was back before the week was out.

The Commandant greeted him with, "Well, Tom, any luck this time?"

Tobin took a big sack off his pack mule, brought it out and dumped the two heads of the Espinozas out on the floor. He had cut off their heads in order to collect the $2,000 bounty that was being offered by the Colorado Territorial Government.

According to Kit Carson III, they paid his grandfather only $500. Many years later, they gave him another $500. In 1890 the state legislature agreed that he should be paid the balance, but he never got it. He died at his ranch home near Fort Garland in 1904 at age eighty-one.

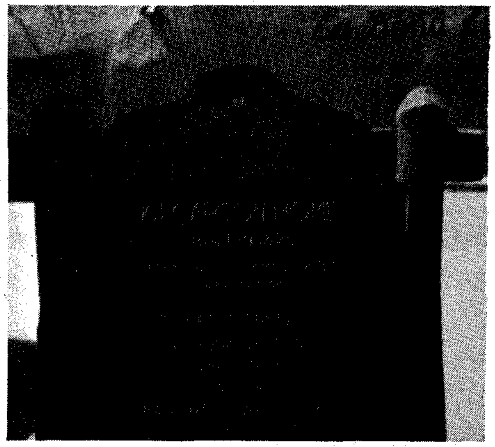
In describing the fatal accident of Kit's father the Alamosa newspaper stated that Billy Carson had been "shot by his horse." He had served as sheriff of Costilla County for a number of years and was living at Fort Garland when the tragedy occurred. Kit's father was wearing a gun when he went into a barn to saddle his horse. The horse kicked the gun, which discharged; the bullet entered Billy's thigh and came out below the knee. Gangrene set in and he died in three days. This was in 1889.

KIT CARSON III, was born June 4, 1882, was a trackwalker on the railroad at age twelve. At sixteen, he became freight hauler. While still very young he worked for Billy Adams on his huge ranch in southwestern Colorado. Later he helped build the San Luis Railroad, a standard-gauge road which runs between Center City and Monte Vista, a distance of twenty-three miles. It is still in operation.

In 1913 he became manager of a furniture store at Alamosa. After managing the store for two years, he bought the business from its owner, Billy Mitchell. Kit ran this store until about 1925 and then became manager of a general store in Sanford, Colorado in 1927. Two years later, he bought the store and operated it until 1944 as "Kit Carson's Trading Post." That year he moved back to Alamosa and soon after bought a furniture store, which he also named "Kit Carson's Trading Post."

Kit married Elvisa Valdes in 1931. It was the first marriage for each of them. They had four children, two boys and two

Marker in front of Kit Carson's fourteen-room home, Taos, New Mexico.



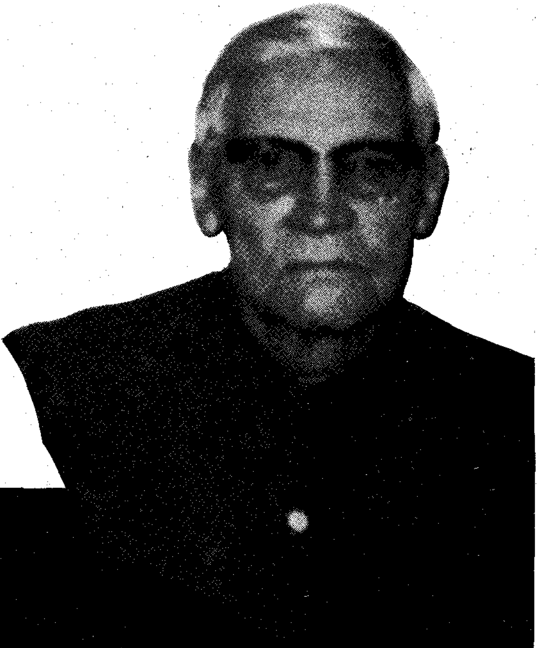
girls. One daughter, Mrs. David (Ellie) Labouisse, lives in Alamosa; the other daughter Mrs. Emmett (Elaine) Maloney, lives in Monte Vista. Both sons served in World War II in the U. S. Air Force. William, the eldest, returned and went into business with his father. He now lives in Colorado Springs.

The second son, Kit Carson IV, was captured by the Japs and was imprisoned at Tokyo. Four days before the Japanese surrender, a group of American prisoners of war were dismantling an old building when the walls collapsed and killed three American POWs, Kit IV being one of them. But the name has been carried on. William now has a fourteen-year-old son whose name is Kit Carson.

a single descendant of Kit Carson anywhere in the West. One old-timer in Arizona represented himself as Carson's oldest son; on investigation, however, he was proved to be a phony. He had assumed the role because someone had told him he "looked like Kit Carson."

When the promoter for the movies was in Denver for its premiere, he mentioned all this to Governor Ralph Carr, who said, "There are hundreds of Carson's descendants here in Colorado. Why, I used to play with his grandson, Kit Carson III, all the time when we were kids. He is still living in Alamosa."

The promoter couldn't believe it, but Carr finally convinced him, and he went to Alamosa and looked up Kit Carson



Kit Carson III at his home in Alamosa, Colorado, May 5, 1972. He bears a remarkable resemblance to his grandfather, the original Kit Carson.

GRANDSON

—who also is Tom Tobin's grandson. What a heritage!

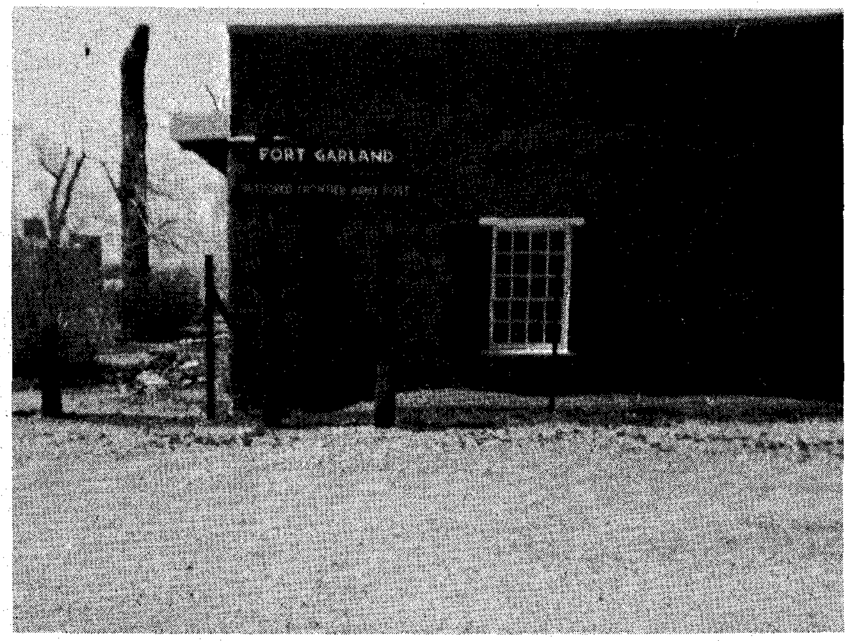
Kit Carson III has long served as vice-president of the Frontier Association. He is also an honorary president of the Pikes Peak Historical Society of Colorado Springs, and was Grand Marshal of the "Pikes Peak or Bust" Centennial Celebration in 1956.

During the 1930s, Hollywood made a movie of the original Kit Carson's life and times but the studios couldn't find III. Then he hired him and took him on a tour of the entire country, boosting the movie of the original Kit's life—a movie which, according to his grandson, "stunk." He said, "They even had Kit and Fremont fighting a duel over a Spanish woman on one of their trips together to California. And that was a rank untruth."

But he did say that he enjoyed the trip and the first-class treatment he received on the tour, which lasted for several months. He lectured, was wined and dined and put up in the best places, and was well paid for his trouble. He became a celebrity in his own right and was written up in many newspapers. The movie company wanted him to stay in Hollywood as an advisor on Western films, but Kit couldn't see it. "Too hectic a life," he said.

Right: Fort Garland, Colorado, where Kit Carson III was born in the Commandant's quarters, June 1882. His grandfather had commanded here in 1867-68. It was abandoned by the government in the 1880s and the buildings fell in disrepair. In 1943 the Colorado Historical Society restored the fort to its present state. Below: Historical marker across the road from the museum.

FORT GARLAND



Photos this page Courtesy Zeb Pike

IN 1956, Kit III was called upon to help promote the "Pikes Peak or Bust" Centennial Celebration in Colorado Springs. The sponsors asked Kit Carson III, Zebulon Montgomery Pike Jr., who lives in Golden, and Kenny Englert, then president of the Pikes Peak Historical Society, to drive a team of mules pulling a covered wagon from old Fort Bent on the Arkansas in the southeastern part of the state, as a publicity stunt for the celebration.

Englert, who now lives in Salida, took along his son Steve. The trip took two weeks. Not one of those men had handled a mule team before. Pike could only devote a week to the trip, so his wife picked him up in Pueblo, and they drove up to Colorado Springs to spend the night before going on to Golden.

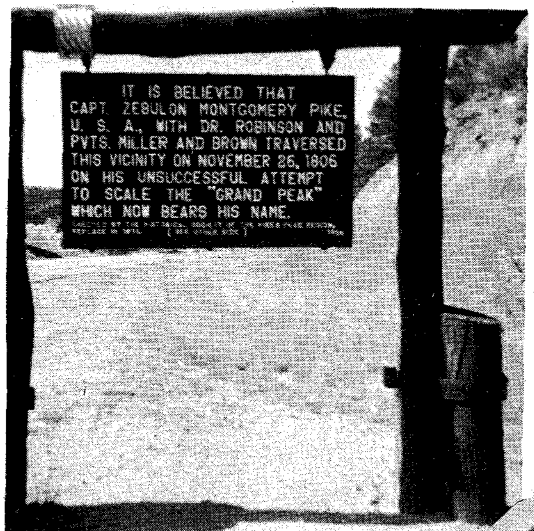
Pike tells this anecdote of their night's rest. "I wanted to take a bath and get the mule smell off me and get into some decent clothes for a change. So we went into the old Antlers Hotel and asked for a room. The clerk cast a jaundiced eye over me, took a long look at my raiment, stuck his nose haughtily in the air, and said, "Sorry, all rooms are taken."

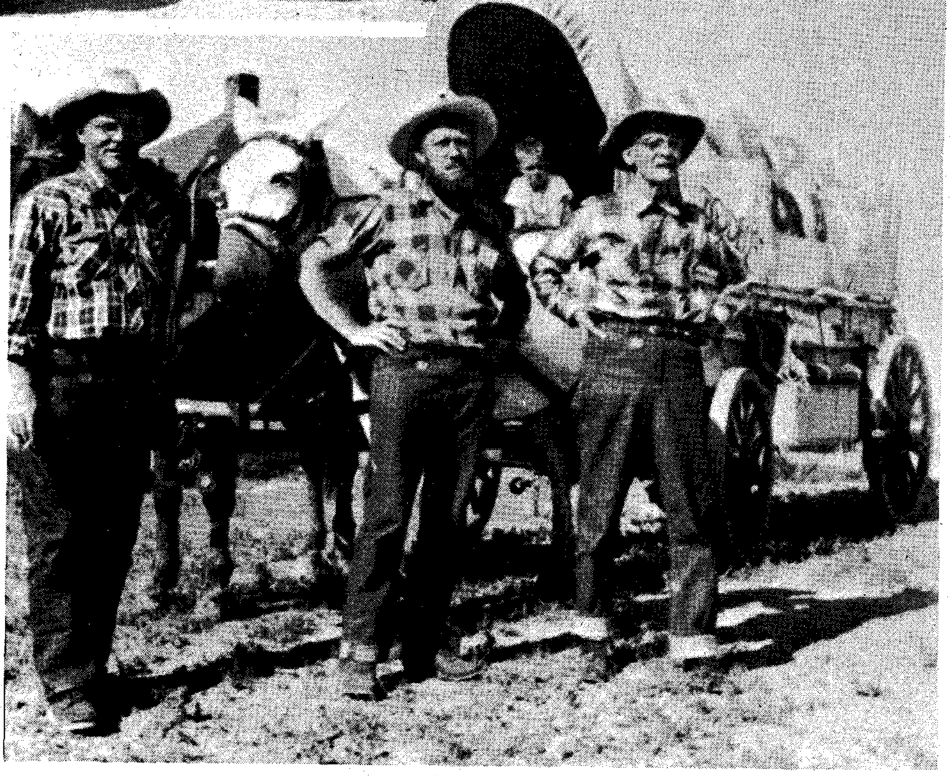
"This was a little unsettling," said Pike, "but we didn't make an issue of it. We just went off to another hotel that wasn't so snooty. But I've often wondered what the Antlers management would have done if they had learned that their clerk refused a room to Zebulon Montgomery Pike."

This famous covered-wagon trip of three of Colorado's most illustrious citizens did create a lot of publicity. Many newspapers ran stories and pictures of the famous journey from Bent's Fort to Dead Man's Canyon, ten miles southwest of Colorado Springs, where Lieutenant Pike spent the night with his men before they attempted their aborted climb to the summit of "Grand Peak," as Pike called it in his journal, but which was later renamed in his honor.

Since Kit Carson III's retirement in 1967 he has given lectures to many historical societies and schools, but when asked to make a talk before the Colorado Springs branch of the University of Colorado, he said he wasn't up to speaking to "so educated a group as that," and declined the offer.

He lives with his wife in Alamosa where he has a daughter who watches over them. As Kit says, "When I was twelve years old I saddled my horse and rode twenty miles from Fort Garland to Alamosa, and I've lived close around here ever since. I figured it was far enough West."

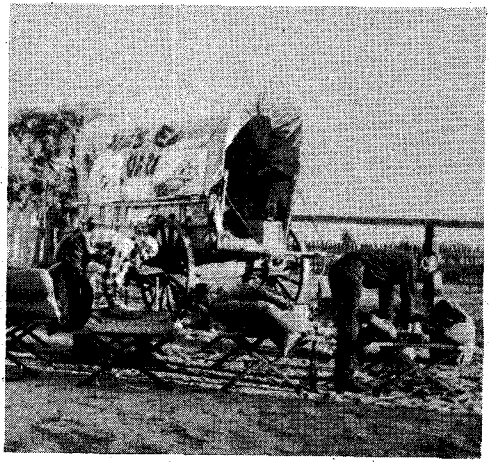

IT IS BELIEVED THAT
CAPT. ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE,
U. S. A., WITH DR. ROBINSON AND
PVTS. MILLER AND BROWN TRAVERSED
THIS VICINITY ON NOVEMBER 26, 1806
ON HIS UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT
TO SCALE THE "GRAND PEAK"
WHICH NOW BEARS HIS NAME.

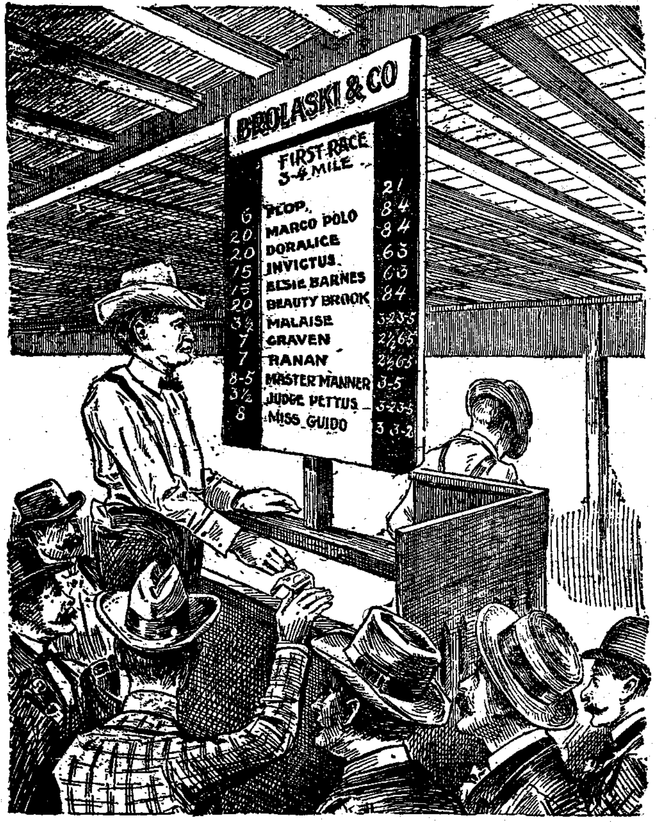


Left: Marker on Highway 115, purported to be the campsite of Pike's abortive attempt to scale the "Grand Peak," 1806. Below: Z. M. "Zeb" Pike, Kenney Englert, and Kit Carson III (left to right) with Steve Englert on the wagon seat during the famous 1956 "Pikes Peak or Bust Centennial Celebration."

Below: While on the 1956 wagon trip Englert, Howard Munsell, and Zeb Pike (left to right) stand by the ancient Jackie Moore cottonwood log cabin situated on the Arkansas River. Steve Englert is in the shadow of the door.

Carson and Pike (right) rolling bedrolls during the trip.





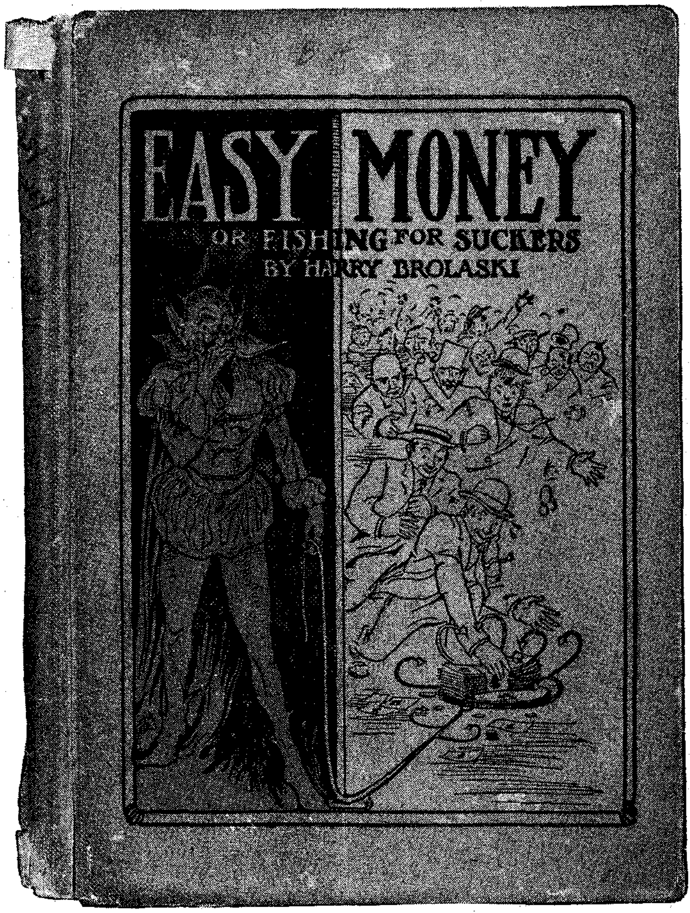
Pool-Rooms and Horse Racing

(Written in 1911)

**A Frontier Times Bonus:
In case we can't steer you to a sure-fire treasure, maybe we can steer you away from losing what you've already got!**

BY HARRY BROLASKI
courtesy
HAROLD H. REEVES

Taken from the book, pictured below, the illustration above is titled, "Bookmaker's Stand and Slate."



A POOL-ROOM is an ordinary room in any building, shed or tent, into which is run a telephone or telegraph wire, over which is conveyed information from a race track of the races and results.

The interior furnishings of the room are a blackboard, on which is written the names of the horses, jockeys, weights and prices—or as used in Eastern pool-rooms, one piece of cardboard instead of a blackboard—a telegraph instrument, telephones, a few chairs, a couple of tables, the Chicago Racing Form or the New York *Telegraph*, with tips on the races, and slips on which to register bets.

The pool-room proprietor employs a cashier, a man who receives the money from the public, a ticket-writer, a sheet-writer who registers the bets made, a telegraph operator, a doorkeeper or lookout, and a couple of touts to advise the bettors how to lose their money.

When the racing commences at the track, the odds are telegraphed into the pool-room and called out by the pool-room proprietor. Then a description of the race is given.

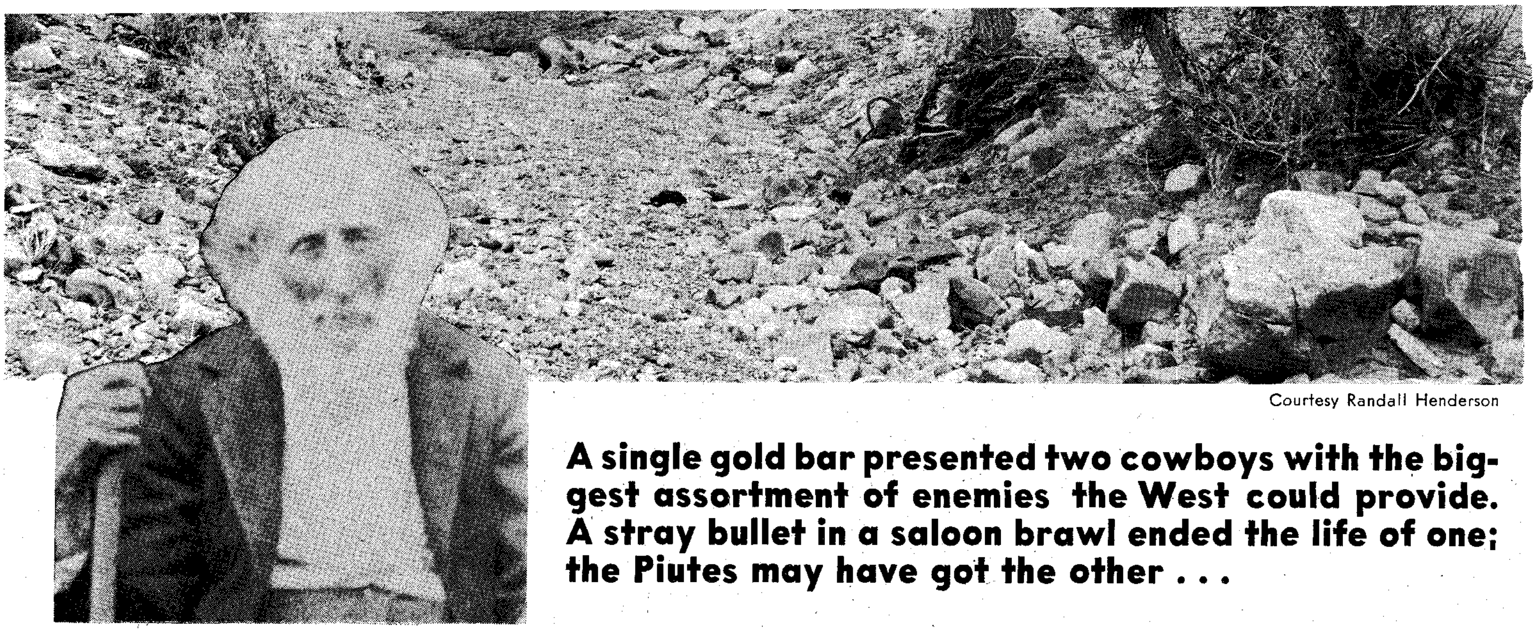
The track correspondent, in sending the odds to the pool-room, cuts them in half, so that the pool-room player receives only half the money he may win on a horse that is won by a bettor at the race track.

The people who patronize pool-rooms are of a class that can ill afford to lose. They are not aware that they are up against one of the strongest sure-thing games on earth, and that only about five percent of the outsiders or players ever win. They are betting on a race that is run a thousand or more miles away from the pool-room. They do not know that in many cases, where a heavily backed horse and a favorite in the race has lost at the track, and the pool-room proprietor has received this information, he continues to take in money on the horse and then gives a fake description of a race and announces that the horse has lost, which fact he had known for some minutes.

But if everything were honest, the straight prices laid in a pool-room will average a percentage in favor of the pool-room proprietor from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. The place, or second, prices will average from thirty to fifty per cent; and show, or third, prices will average as high as one thousand per cent against the player.

Will the poor individual who has the gambling fever stop and consider? In some pool-rooms they have as many as three sets of races a day. Figure it up for yourself and see how long it would take you to lose $1,000.

(Continued on page 68)



Courtesy Randall Henderson

Recapture Creek, Utah was named by Peter Shirts (inset).

A single gold bar presented two cowboys with the biggest assortment of enemies the West could provide. A stray bullet in a saloon brawl ended the life of one; the Piutes may have got the other . . .

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

YOUNG Andy Laney rode down into the canyon to water his horse from Recapture Creek. While replacing the bridle bits in the dun's mouth he glanced idly into the shallow, clear flowing stream. A small, long object showed yellow in the bright sunlight.

Puzzled, Andy retrieved it from the water-packed sand. About eight inches long, the heavy bar was flat on one side, rounded on the other, and had oval-shaped ends. Realizing it didn't get that way naturally, Andy put it in his slicker roll.

He rode on through the canyon looking for strayed Scorup cattle, the outfit he worked for out of Bluff, Utah. Leaving the creek by noon he rode west, gathering in several cows with calves on Cottonwood Creek. They were driven to a grassy flat. By the time he reached the range camp from where he and two other riders worked, it was well after nightfall.

"Grass is sure poor this year," he remarked to the strawboss while dishing himself a belated meal. "All Scorup's critters are scattered to hell and gone."

Tired from long hours in the saddle he hit bedground, forgetting all about the curious metal bar. In fact, Andy scarcely remembered it again for a month. Then one day, while riding south to Bluff with Elmer Blaine, a wanderer, it began raining and they donned their slickers.

While getting his on, Andy grabbed at the small bar before it could roll out to the ground.

Riding by his side Blaine exclaimed, "Hey, what's that?"

"Found it some time ago," Andy replied, handing it over for inspection.

Several years older than tow-headed Andy, Blaine examined the bar critically as they jogged along. The rain soon began slacking off. In the rugged high country of southeastern Utah rain often fell in swift downpours and ended as quickly.

"In my opinion this here is gold," Blaine finally announced, returning the bar. "Was I you, I wouldn't say anything about it. Maybe there's more where it come from."

When they reached Bluff, then headquarters of the Scorup Cattle Company, bad news awaited Andy. Al Scorup was stewing in another of his tight financial spots, and Andy was laid off. Going to the village store he found Blaine dickering for a pack horse and grub.

On hearing Andy was out of a job Blaine suggested, "Why don't you throw in with me a spell? I'm going prospecting just for the heck of it."

"Well, ain't got much else to do, I reckon. How about—"

He was stopped from mentioning the gold in public, Blaine pushing him outside to their tied horses.

"Don't say *nothing* to *nobody* about that gold bar!" he exclaimed. "Now that you ain't got no job, why don't we go up to Recapture Creek?"

"Do you think my little bar is *gold*?"

The older cowboy grinned broadly. "It's gold!"

While Blaine completed his horse

trade, Andy bought some grub. Within an hour they were packed and riding north. Blaine, who had been over much of the West, asked, "Do you know how Montezuma Creek got its name?" Montezuma Creek, larger and longer than Recapture Creek, lay east following a parallel north-south course into the San Juan River. "Do you know about old Pete Shirts?"

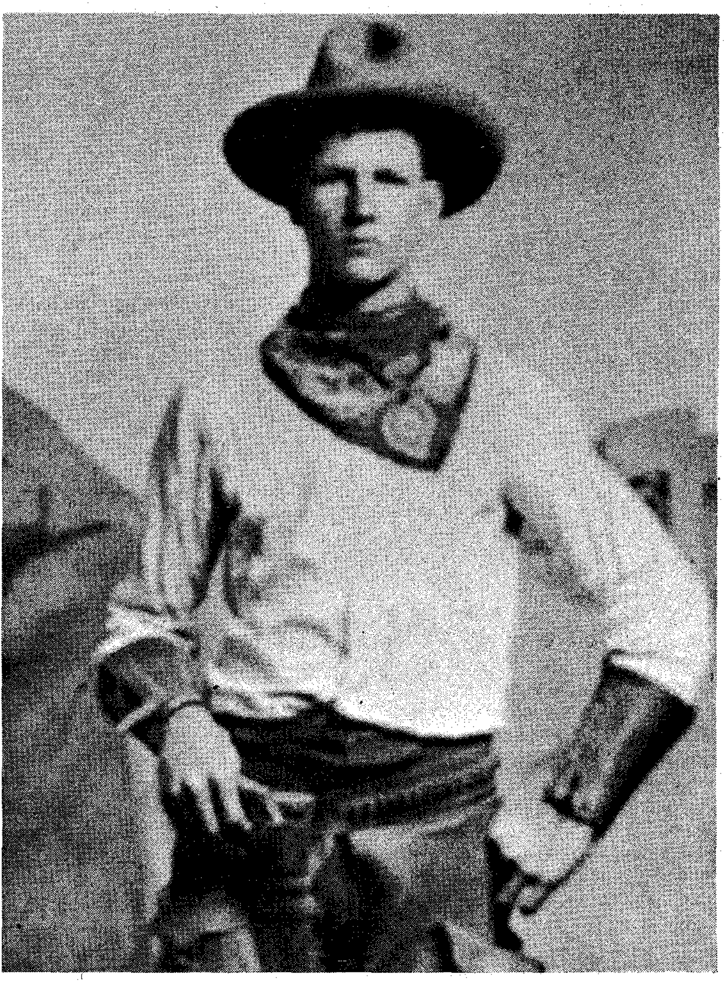
"The hermit that was supposed to have been the first white man in these parts?"

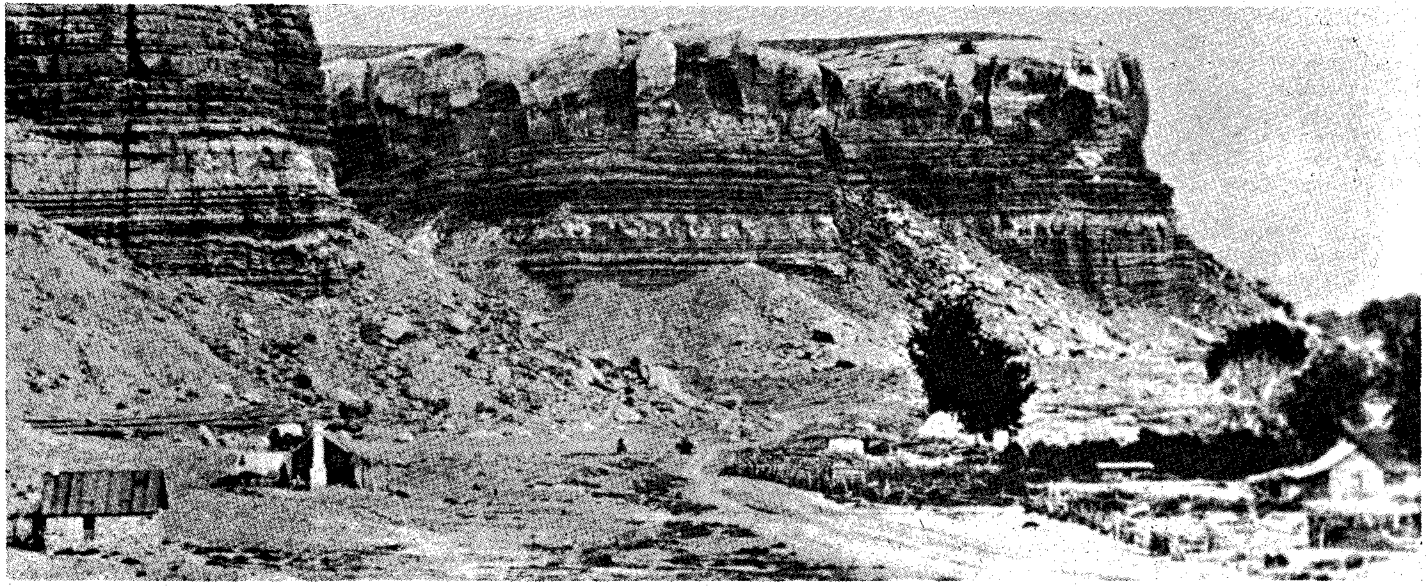
"That's the one."

PETER SHIRTS started living in San Juan County in 1877, or so he said. Actually he couldn't remember the exact year of his arrival. For many years he lived in hovel-like cabins on Recapture Creek, which he had named before Mormon settlers arrived in the 1880s.

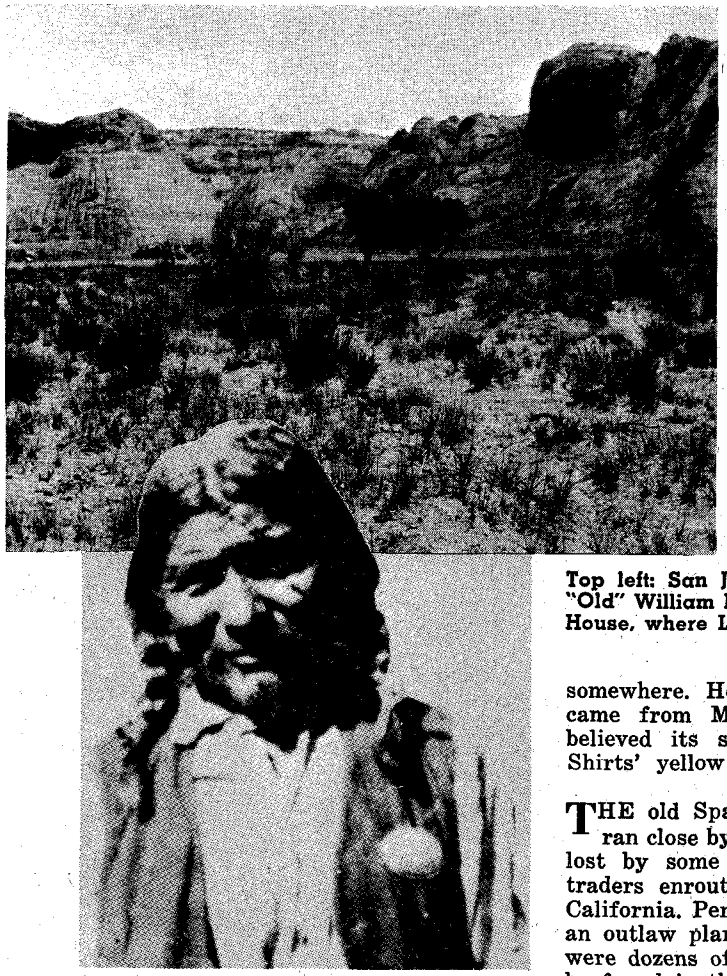
Shirts called the creek "Recapture" because he believed devoutly that Montezuma escaped his Spanish captors and fled that far north before being recaptured on the creek in that desolate land of great red colored buttes, sagebrush canyons, and stretches of barren sand.

The old hermit's convictions tied in with the great legend of southern Utah—that an endless pack train of animals carrying gold and gold cast objects, supported and protected by a vast army of Indians, came out of Mexico with Montezuma and was halted somewhere in what is now Utah. The valuables were deposited in long tunnels dug into the mountains, and the openings were sealed. This supposed treasure could be any-

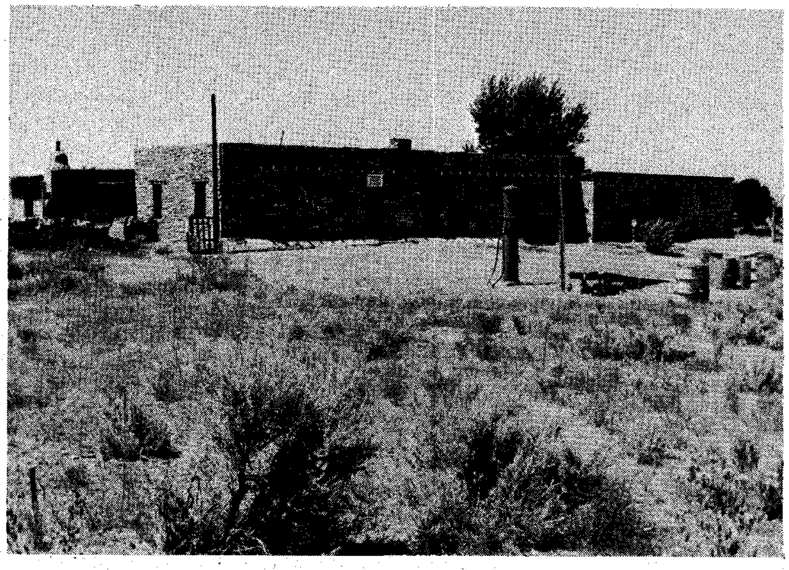




Above left: Elmer Blaine, 1906. Above right: Andy Laney when he started out as a cowboy. Below: A corner of Bluff, Utah with Scorup Cattle Company headquarters on the left, 1905.



Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology



Top left: San Juan country where the gold stampede of the 1890s took place. Inset: "Old" William Posey. Top right: The isolated trading post in Navajo country, Inscription House, where Laney had friends he visited.

where west of Durango, Colorado to near Kanab, Utah.

No Spanish records have ever come to light substantiating this. There is no basis in fact or any perceivable reason why and how the great legend was born fully bloomed. Nevertheless large numbers of people in southern Utah are fully convinced Montezuma and his army did come that far north, and that buried somewhere in the area is the wealth of ancient Mexico.

When Peter Shirts began haunting Recapture Creek he knew this legend. Apparently he also believed it. And he did find gold, for he used some of it to keep himself supplied with the necessities.

After the country settled up (if a population of one person to a hundred square miles can be termed such) he appeared infrequently in town. One time it would be Bluff, next Blanding or Monticello. He was also sometimes seen as far east as Mancos and Durango, Colorado.

Shirts swapped gold for money and provisions. Occasionally it would be raw gold. But he really excited people when he traded in chunks that had obviously been chopped off a bar or some other form of cast gold.

Down through the years men watched him off and on. Yet he never led them to the source of his gold. For days at a time he didn't stir from whichever one of his several huts strung along Recapture Creek he happened to be in.

Talking to Andy about this, it was Blaine's theory that Andy had picked up a bar washed out of a main cache somewhere. He scoffed at any idea it came from Montezuma's treasure. He believed its source was the same as Shirts' yellow metal.

THE old Spanish Trail through Utah ran close by. Maybe the gold had been lost by some early expedition. Or by traders enroute the long, hard way to California. Perhaps the stuff came from an outlaw plant after a robbery. There were dozens of reasons why gold might be found in that area.

Andy took Blaine directly to where the small bar had been picked up. Pitching camp, they set to work. Edges of the creek were searched along the trickling water. Gravel and sand beds were raked over. They were still at it when the stream dried to small waterholes.

One morning when the sun came up red they ate breakfast and packed, intending to move up the creek. From his saddle Blaine glanced casually downstream, and froze motionless.

Riding at a trot toward them was an Indian wearing tattered white-man's clothes. A black hat was pulled down tightly over his face.

Andy spotted him too, but by then Blaine was examining the overhead canyon rims intently, worried about what he might see up there.

"It's Old Posey!" he whispered in dismay. "The varmint's men are likely already on both sides of us!" Forthwith Blaine put spurs to his horse and slapped his pack horse with a rope end.

Andy fell in behind him, anxiously considering the immediate area. They raced upstream, expecting any instant to catch a bullet. It was Old Posey's favorite trick to approach a camp, openly pretending peaceful intentions. Then by the time he reached it, having distracted the occupants' attention, his men would be in bushwhack position.

This time the Piute renegades did not quite make it. As they rushed forward to the rims of the canyon, the two cowboys were plunging out of the death trap.

Old Posey, the bane of Kane County who lived in the Abajo (Blue) Mountains, had levied tribute at will on stockmen ever since their first arrival. He did not murder them and their families, preferring to let them raise cattle and horses for his benefit. Lone travelers and small parties like Andy and Blaine were different. Those he attacked suddenly, killing them for their few possessions.

Once clear, Andy and Blaine continued in a run until their horses tired. Breaks in the east wall ahead gave assurance they could get out. However, if the Piutes had managed to get down into the canyon and start after them quickly, the boys might be forced into a desperate last stand.

Considering this likely, Blaine dismounted to secure the pack horse. He started leading it and his mount in under the overhanging wall. Suddenly he stumbled over some hard object. Glancing down, Blaine stooped over and brought up a piece of yellow metal. An inch thick and having one right-angled corner, it appeared to have been broken off a plate or slab of gold.

After one look, Andy dismounted also. Despite impending danger the two cowboys dug their feet into the sand and searched quickly. They found no other pieces of the same substances.

"At a time like this we would find more gold!" Blaine exclaimed bitterly. "When we got no chance to get it out!"

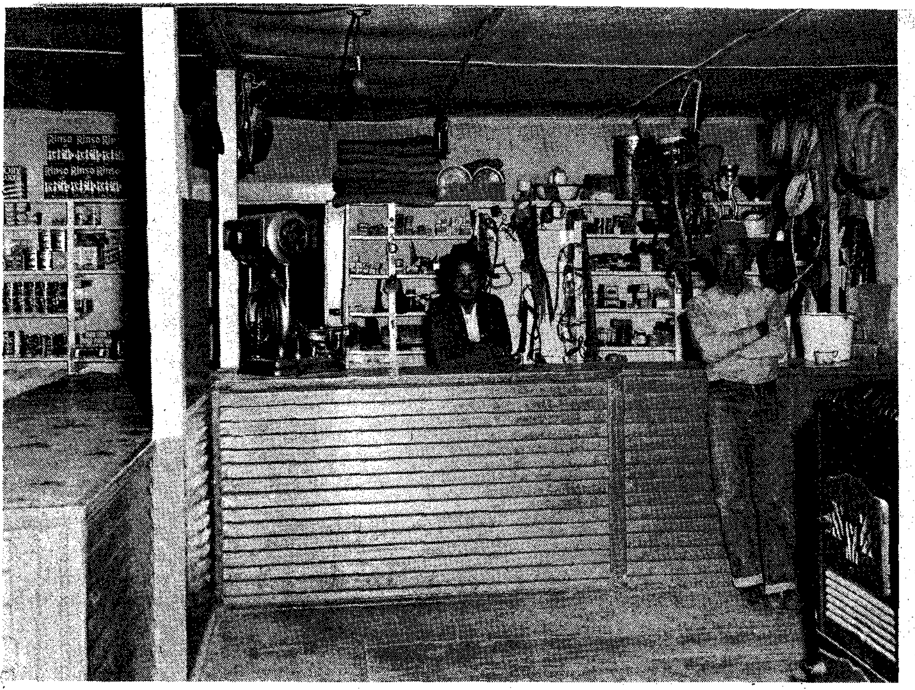
Handing the pack horse halter rope to Andy he said while hitting the saddle, "I'll go on top for a look-see."

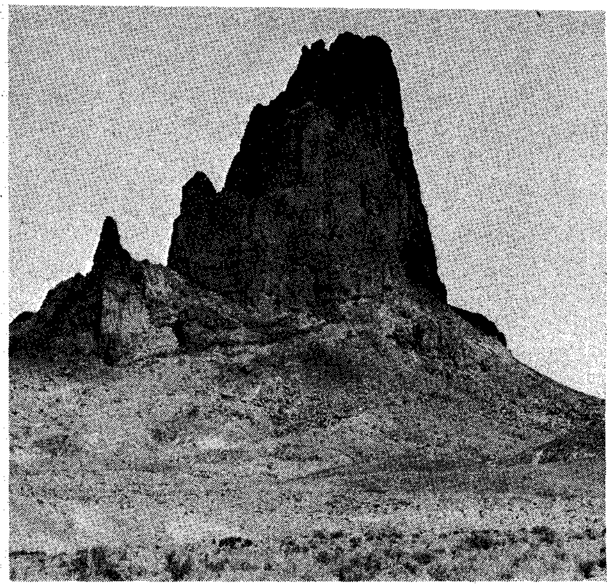
Ascending through a steep defile in the wall he reconnoitered quickly. No Piutes hove into view, so he signalled Andy to rim out.

When they reached open country they lit a shuck east for Montezuma Creek, driving the pack horse. On reaching it, with still no pursuing Indians in sight, they crossed and cut southeast for Colorado.

"We'll rest a spell some place," Blaine said. "Give Old Posey time to be chased back into Blue Mountains by the law, and then we'll return for more of this stuff!"

Old Posey had long been sought by federal and county officers for his murderous dealings. Yet he always managed





Left: Over this counter Laney bought his last supplies. The men are not identified. He camped that night near El Capitan (above) before vanishing into the unknown.

to elude capure by fleeing to the Abajo Mountains west of Blanding and Monticello.

AT Mancos the cowboys sold the two pieces of gold. The bar brought $1,800 and the chunk Blaine picked up, $950. It was not 24-carats fine or they would have received more.

Just to kill time they visited Durango. In both towns they asked around about likely spots to prospect, but no one offered any local yarns or mentioned Recapture Creek. So the source of their gold on Recapture Creek remained a mystery to them—but it was there and that was all there was to it.

Andy and Blaine waited until spring weather set in to resume their search. Reasoning that the gold must have come downstream they proceeded to Blanding as a starting point. This time, with two pack mules and mining tools, they entered the canyon and creek south of Red Bluff. (This was early in 1906.)

Considering it likely that some of the scattered gold might be in nugget form they panned likely spots and recovered half a dozen nuggets averaging $15 each. However, neither believed these came from any lost or buried treasure cache. It was the same type of gold that caused the San Juan stampede to that corner of Utah in the 1890s.

So far as they could learn only the old hermit had ever come off Recapture Creek with any gold, and what they looked for surely came from a lost treasure.

On arriving in Bluff in the fall they heard that Old Posey had again broken out on the rampage. A large force of federal officers pursued him. Andy and Blaine barely escaped being impressed into a local posse. Going to Colorado they worked the winter, feeding cattle on a ranch. In the spring their quest was resumed. This time they followed down the San Juan River where it flowed through open country rather than in its distinctive canyons farther west.

Entering Recapture Creek at its mouth they pitched camp a mile north of the river. No ground sign gave warning that other men were then on the creek. Working out the first mile, camp was shifted upstream for convenience.

One morning they rounded a bend right into four men living in a brush shelter. The quartet came up fast with drawn guns, and Andy and Blaine in their surprise started retreating. They were ordered to halt. A bearded surly man walked down to confront them. His words were terse and suspicious. He said he and his companions were on the creek first; any others coming in were unwanted and had better be gone before another dawn or there would be shooting trouble.

Andy was scared; Blaine was plain mad. Their guns had been left in camp. Walking back to camp, Andy mulled aloud, "I don't think they're prospectors."

"Whatever they be, most likely thieves, they don't own the dadblamed country!" Blaine declared hotly. "Tonight I'm going to show them a couple of tricks." After good dark he planned to take a rifle and slip around to their camp, he said.

WHEN Blaine figured the hardcases were bedded down, he rose from the campfire to get his rifle. But he didn't get to pick it up before a man who had sneaked in on them ordered hands up. Five more soon appeared from the darkness. One yelled a signal and some riders plunged along the creek leading the horses of the men in camp.

Andy and Blaine demanded to know what was going on but no one answered. Their hands were tied behind their backs. Their stock was saddled and their stuff was gathered and thrown haphazardly on the pack mules. In a short time the cowboys were in the midst of a citizens posse, for that is what the group turned out to be, riding for Bluff.

Reaching a pole corral on the outskirts of the village the band halted. Three men rode on. No sooner were they out of sight than a big, belligerent fellow took charge.

"No need us wasting time on horse thieves!" he ordered. "Put them under the gate cross-piece."

The cowboys were led over on their horses. Ropes were thrust forward and nooses fashioned around their necks. In spite of the confusion and noise Blaine finally shouted them into silence.

"We're prospectors off the creek, you damned fools!"

From the edge of the group a rider spurred his horse inside yelling, "Hey, better hold on! I'm sure the young one is Andy Laney. Didn't you use to work for Al Scorup?"

"Sure I did!"

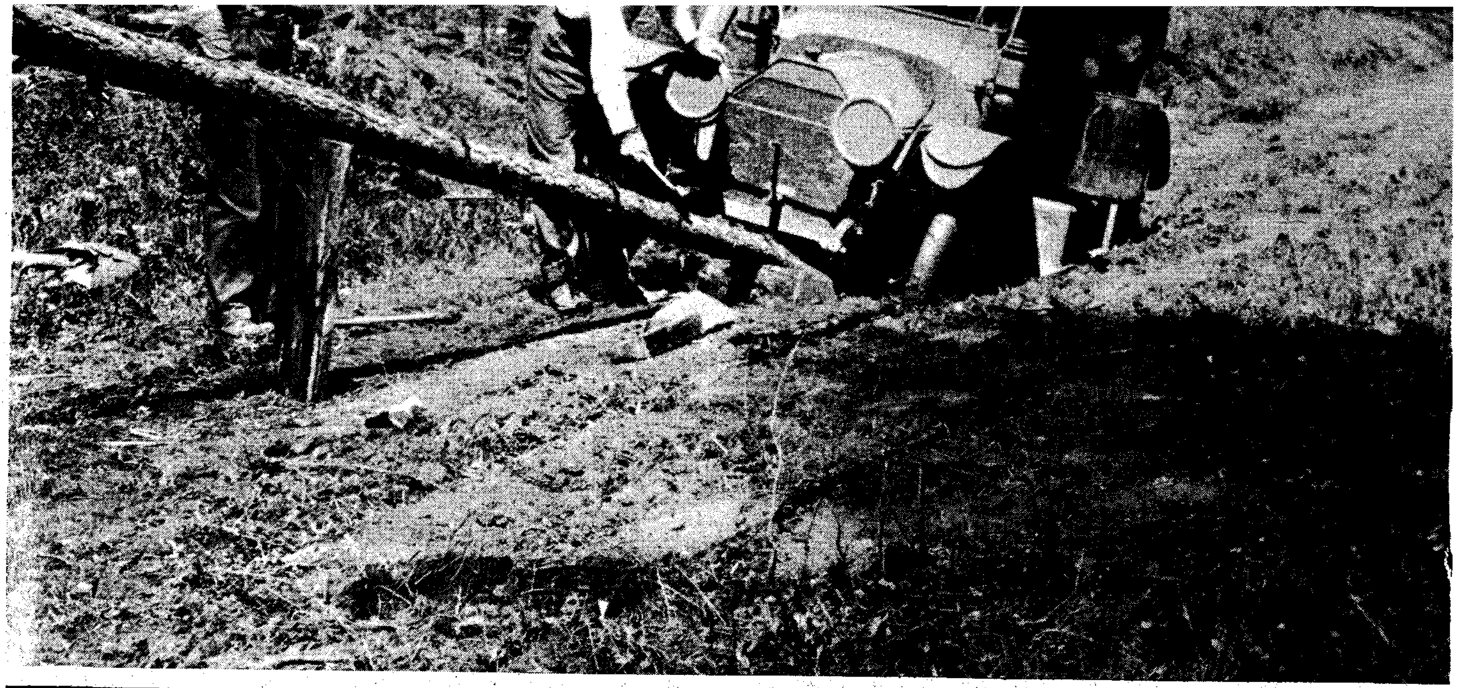
Suddenly everyone hushed. Blaine told them angrily, "You men who packed our stuff saw the pans, shovels and picks. Had you asked we'd have told you where there's four hardcases on the creek. They must be the stock thieves you want."

At this point the men who had gone to town returned with a deputy sheriff, and Andy and Blaine were released in considerable chagrin. Many fine horses had been missed around Bluff and from open ranges. Riders finally traced them east, finding a pocketed bunch on Montezuma Creek. A citizens posse was assembled to scour the country. That night they spotted the thin threads of a cooking fire. Easing in on Andy and Blaine, they were certain the culprits were captured.

The posse, led by the deputy sheriff this time, raced back to Recapture Creek, but the four hardcases were long gone. They must have heard the noise of riders and broke camp in a hurry.

THE discouraged Andy was ready to leave the country; he stayed on only because the older cowboy wanted to. Returning to Recapture Creek they soon encountered more trouble. In a week's time several groups of two and three men moved in on them. Exaggerated stories had spread from the posse that two prospectors had found a lot of gold on the creek.

(Continued on page 48)



FIFTY-SIX MILES FROM A DOCTOR

Sometimes you didn't get there in time; sometimes you didn't get there at all. And on occasions it just seemed easier to give up and die than endure the trip

LIFE, on a ranch in the Blackfoot Valley of Montana in 1913, could be rough and often taxed our resourcefulness. Among the hardships was the lack of medical aid. The nearest doctor and hospital was in Helena, fifty-six miles across the Continental Divide. People took care of the sick and injured at home, using tried and true home remedies and treatments. The training we received in doing without a doctor is still a habit with us.

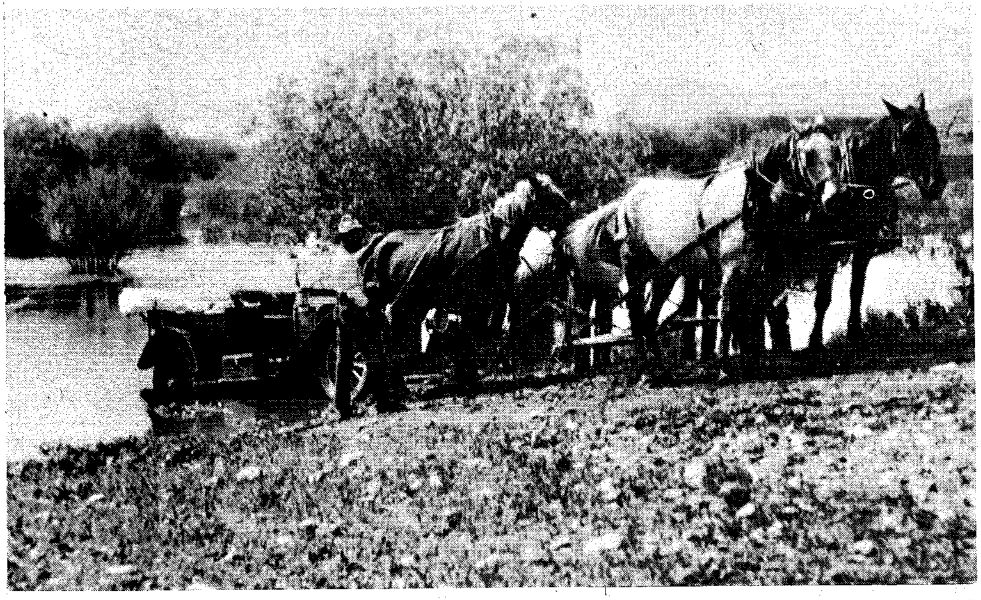
Cuts, bruises, sprains, colds, flu, measles and other ailments were treated at home and very few people were taken out to Helena. But when it came to broken bones, appendicitis or some such, we had to take the stage or go in a private rig, since a doctor would not make the trip to Lincoln on call.

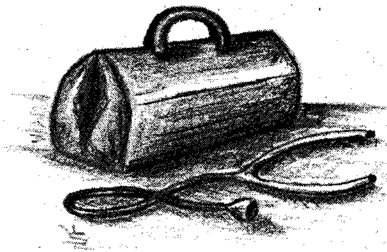
In October 1914, my wife Babe and I were living in an old, one-room log cabin on our ranch. We had been married less than two months. The weather had been stormy and snow covered the hills and mountains. One of the local boys, Freddie Hooper, rode in one noon just as we were finishing dinner. He had come to stay a few days and hunt deer with me. We were glad to see him, and Babe got something for him to eat while he put his horse in the barn. While he was eating, Lela Roberts, a schoolgirl who lived about four miles up Stonewall Creek above our place, rode up on a horse bareback and rushed into the room all out of breath. She told us that her little brother had accidentally shot their father in the back with a .22 caliber rifle. Their mother wanted me to take the wounded man to Helena in my car, a four-cylinder Buick touring model and the only car in the valley.

I agreed to try it, so Lela lit out for home. Freddie offered to go with me, and we got ready as quickly as possible. There were no service stations and I hauled my gas from Helena in a case containing two 5-gallon cans, when I made infrequent trips to town. Once in a while our store had a barrel of gas shipped in for use in lights. I was short of gas to make the entire trip, as I had planned to put my car away for the

BY CARTER V. RUBOTTOM

Photos Courtesy Author





Left: **At times it took additional horsepower to ford a stream.**

Below: Freddy Hopper with his mare, Jenny.

Opposite page: The Buick used to take Jim Roberts to Helena, being pried out of the mud in 1913.

winter. The roads would soon be closed to auto travel.

I poured in all the gas I had and we drove up to the Roberts' place. We loaded Jim into the back seat, wrapped in a feather bed and blankets. Mrs. Roberts squeezed in beside him and we returned to my place and on to Lincoln. I tried to get gas there but all they had left was in a small tank that supplied their lights. They gave me that and we left for Helena.

There are two roads over the Divide and they join at Wilborn on the east side of the mountains. At that time the stage was using the Flesher Pass road, and most travel went that way. The road was muddy from the rain and melting snow and I drove in low gear most of the time, a little in second, but never hit high gear on the entire trip.

We stopped at the Flesher post office at the Tucker ranch, about twelve miles from Lincoln. Tucker gave us a small amount of laudanum, which we doled out sparingly to Jim to give him a little relief from the pain. He suffered terribly, groaning and calling for water constantly. No one had thought of bringing water. The only container we had was a cup and the four-ounce laudanum bottle when it was emptied.

We had left Lincoln at 2:30 p.m. and by the time we hit the heavy pull over the Divide it was almost dark. Here about four inches of snow covered the mud. When we reached the hairpin turn a half-mile from the top, the radiator had boiled dry. The car would not make the turn. I lit the acetylene headlights and Freddie poked snow in the radiator. I thought sure we were stuck for the night with a dying man, but after a few more tries we made the turn. Freddie, who had been pushing, jumped in and we crawled to the top.

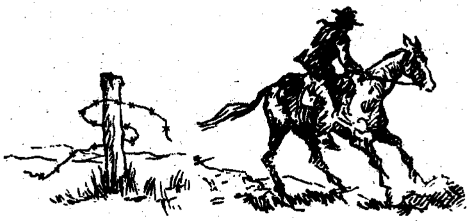
From there to Wilborn it was better going and we stopped at 7:30 for water. Mrs. Price Davis warmed some coffee left over from supper and we drank that, but didn't wait for anything to eat. Mrs. Davis stood by the stove with a young baby on her arm and held the coffeepot on some hot coals. She pointed to a hole, torn in the wall beside the chimney, and told us that while she was cooking supper that evening, one of her boys came in from hunting with a shotgun and it went off, missing her by inches.

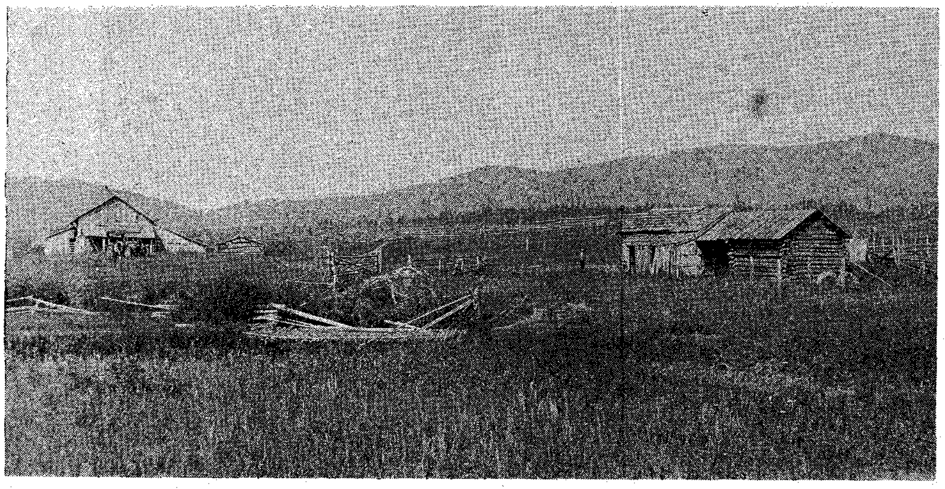
She lent us a lantern to use in searching for water, and we went on. The road grew worse as we got out of the mountains into the valley. At the Canyon Creek stage station I got a few gallons of gas. Then we made a steady grind through the mud in low gear. We got water for the radiator from a ditch once. A little later we hit a belt of fog, so thick I could not see the road at all, just the fences on each side. Poor Jim was in misery. The jolt and sway of the car was killing him. We hit a four-mile stretch of mud just out of Helena, called the Ledgerine Lane, that was hub deep, and my car had 34-inch tires. There was one deep, crooked rut, and we couldn't have passed another vehicle. This piece of road was so rough that I thought it would finish Jim. It nearly did, but he was still alive when we drove up to St. Peter's Hospital at midnight.

As soon as the attendants had rushed Jim to the operating room, Freddie and I hunted for a place to leave the car. By that time I was all in. The strain had been terrific. It had taken ten hours to make the fifty-six miles and we had eaten nothing since noon.

We found a place to eat and made up for lost time. Then we returned to the hospital. They opened poor Jim and found him full of blood. The bullet had gone through his kidney and liver, lodging in the solar plexis. Nothing could be done for him and he died at 3:30 a.m. The doctor said that our trip had been in vain from the start—that Jim would have died at home, but he would have been saved the terrible suffering sustained on the trip.

The next day Freddie and I drove back to Lincoln. We stopped at the old town of Silver where Jim wished to be buried, and arranged for his grave to be dug in the old pioneer cemetery. Sun and wind had helped the road a little and we made the trip home with less trouble.

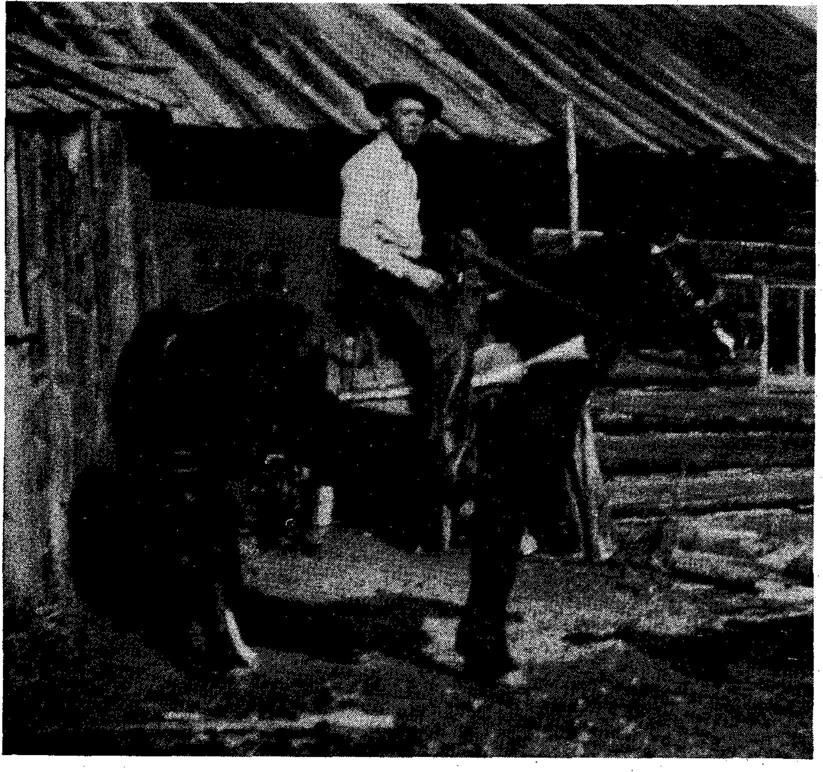




Right: The Rubottom ranch, 1913.

Below right: Nora "Babe" Rubottom on her mare, Kitten, in 1922-23.

Below: The author on his mare, Peggy.



My car never worked as well after this rough experience.

EARLY in January 1915, I pulled a good one. I went out to the barn on Monday morning to feed the stock and climbed into the hay loft to push hay down to the team below. I must have been about half asleep, because my left foot slipped on the edge of the hole above the manger and I fell through, striking my left side. I climbed out and went on with my morning chores, but my side hurt a lot more and got worse. Babe was worried and urged me to go to Helena or Great Falls to a doctor.

I figured I had only bruised my side and it would soon get well, and besides we had very little money. The stage, having left Lincoln that morning, would not leave again until Wednesday. Tuesday I got as far as my easy chair and stayed there, while Babe did the chores. We decided that I would have to go out the next day, catch the train at Silver in the evening, and go to Great Falls. My folks were living there and I could stay with them.

Babe took me to the village before daylight and I boarded the stage. She had to go home alone and feed the fifty head of stock while I was gone. I was feeling tough and had trouble breathing.

The stage stopped at a mailbox about fifteen miles up the Flesher road. The driver looped the lines around the stake on the dashboard and got out to load some freight the rancher had left for him. When he dropped the stuff into the sled, the team thought he was ready go and they started. I was seated beside the driver and made a pass for the lines with my left arm without thinking.

With that twist I nearly passed out from pain, but it soon passed and as we went on our way I felt better. By the time we pulled in at the Canyon Creek stage station for supper, I was much better. I went on to Silver, caught the train, and arrived in Great Falls that night.

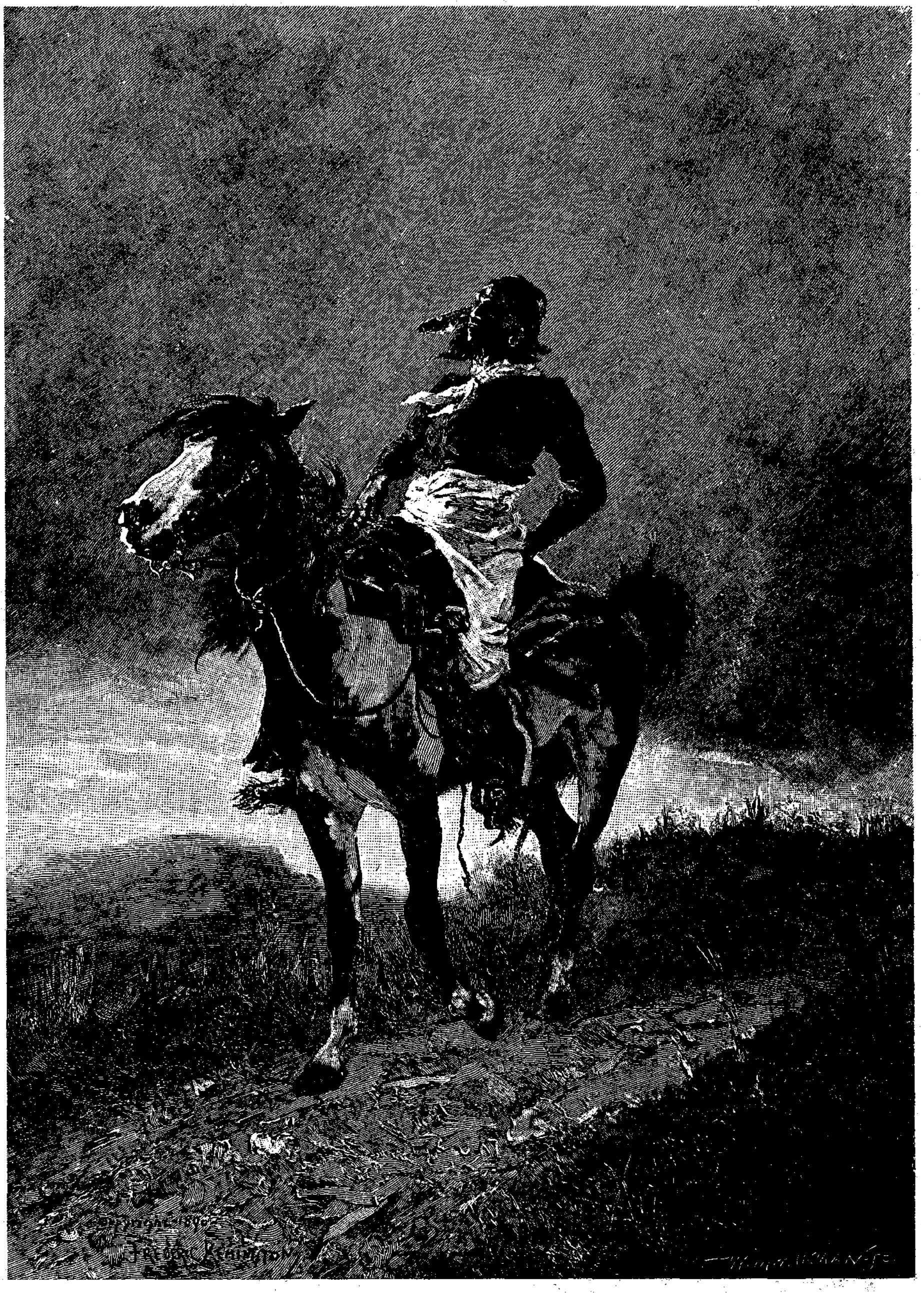
The next morning the doctor looked me over and said there were no breaks, but taped me around the middle until I could hardly breathe. I think that the floating ribs on the left side had been sprung under the first fixed ribs and, when I reached for the lines, twisting my side, they slipped back into place. The doctor wanted me to stay a few days for observation, but to cap it all off, Babe got into trouble at the ranch.

A Northeaster storm hit the valley and caught her alone with all the stock to feed. She wouldn't stay alone at the ranch at night, so she rode her pony four miles to a friend's place each evening. After the storm hit she had to face the cutting wind going up at night, and it was pretty bad coming down in the morning to feed. She rode bareback for the added warmth of the horse, but she froze her feet and was bothered for years with chilblain in both heels.

When I got word from her about the tough time she was having, I was in a sweat to get home. Although I was in no shape to work, I would at least lend moral support and she wouldn't have that cold ride twice a day. The weather in Great Falls was quite cold too, but I pulled out anyway. I had Father's old buffalo-hide coat, which was a little small for me, overshoes, mittens and a good fur cap, but I was none too strong.

(Continued on page 40)

From Harper's Monthly, May, 1891



COMANCHE TRAIL

When "treasure" was horses, the Indians laid out this road, laughing all the way to their Mexican "bank"

BY EDWARD N. TODD

SCARCELY more than a century ago Mexico had a distinctly hostile attitude toward tourists from the north. The reason for this unfriendly attitude lay in the nature of the visitors. Instead of waving cameras and dollars, these earlier tourists were more likely to be brandishing tomahawks or lances; they spread death and destruction over a large part of northern Mexico. As mementoes of their trip they returned home with horses, mules and captives.

These earlier tourists were of course Indians, mostly Comanches. Kiowas and Apaches raided into Mexico but Comanches gained the most notoriety for their feats in this regard. A full moon in late August or September, the times most favored for those raids, is still sometimes referred to as a "Comanche Moon"—one authority reports that Comanches referred to the same phenomenon as a "Mexican Moon"—and the trail they followed across West Texas and into Mexico is called the Comanche Trail.

Unfortunately for those who like their history completely documented, with every fact tacked into place, the Comanche Trail must remain somewhat vague. One team of researchers described it as resembling "a short section of rope badly frayed at both ends." One end, the northernmost of the short section of rope, began at Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos River and followed a southwesterly course to Comanche Springs, or the present site of Fort Stockton, Texas, then turned south to the vicinity of Marathon, where it began fraying once again. The Comanche Trail, considered as a precise, unified concept, thus covered only some fifty miles.

There were good reasons for the Trail's failure to abide by the ordinary rules of thoroughfares. Horsehead Crossing was a very popular spot in its day, since it offered one of the few safe places to get across that sometimes turbulent body of water; travelers could count on it at almost any time of the year. Likewise, Comanche Springs—now the site of a very pleasant park in a small west Texas town—had a deserved reputation for reliability and thus attracted travelers of many descriptions.

North of the Pecos, however, the game was dealer's choice. The Comanches could and did approach it from almost any northerly direction, depending on their point of departure. Once they reached the vicinity of Marathon they again had choices to make, depending on where they intended raiding and the state of grass and water in the area.

One well used branch of the Comanche Trail led from Marathon to the San Carlos crossing of the Rio Grande, near the present town of Lajitas. Lajitas is perhaps better known today as the jumping-off place for those who wish to try canoeing or rafting the Rio Grande through Santa Elena Canyon of the Big Bend National Park, but a century ago it offered an easy crossing of the big river.

Another branch of the Comanche Trail took a more easterly direction and crossed the Rio Grande probably in the vicinity of Mariscal Canyon, though it is still an open question whether they crossed the river at the eastern or western end of the canyon; either is a good possibility. No physical evidence of the trail has been found at either location and researchers have to depend on a combination of traveler's reports and investigation of the terrain to decide on likely sites for the crossing.

There were sound reasons for passing through this general area. The Sierra del Carmen Range, a forbidding and inhospitable barrier, combined with a Mexican

(Continued on page 49)

FRONTIER POST

Stagecoach Savvy

I don't know if you still remember me or not, but I am the fellow who sent you the letter about the stagecoach that you printed in your September 1973 FRONTIER TIMES. Since the article appeared, I have been getting mail from all over the country. Got a letter from a a fellow in California who has a chromite mine and also a gold mine. I've gotten letters from a cattle rancher in Oregon, an eighty-seven-year-old fellow in Iowa; a young fellow in Texas who is in the Texas State prison at Weldon; a fellow in Michigan who wanted me to build him two full-size coaches; from a fellow in Butte, Montana who just wrote and told me how much he liked my letter—you know, all these letters asking for plans came from out in the West. They are asking an Easterner like me, to tell them how to make a stagecoach! But, when you stop to think about it, the stage coach came from the East and like everything else, moved West.—Herbert Bayer, Jr., 3918 Eddystone Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45239

Coincidence or Clue?

The story, "Slaughter of the Innocents" in the May issue of FRONTIER TIMES by Don Buchan was a strange one. In the spring of 1914 a Mrs. Kelly came out to Bonesteel, South Dakota to keep house for my dad who was a widower with five kids, and it was at least a month and maybe longer before her husband arrived. She called him Lyn and my dad called him George. While there is much I don't recall, as I was four years old at the time, there are things I do remember. Lyn spent his days writing letters, stopping only for meals and bedtime. He must have written at least twenty letters a day. I don't recall anything in particular he ever said to any of us kids, other than to ask my older brother Joe to please post his letters. The mailbox was about a quarter of a mile from the house.

Around two years ago Joe (now dead) was visiting me and we got around to talking of the Kellys. Joe said that Lyn Kelly had been charged with killing a family with an axe but, due to his small size and frail build, they didn't think he had the strength to do it. I don't think Lyn Kelly weighed 100 pounds but when they stayed with us, Joe said one day while putting the letters in the mailbox, he noticed one letter addressed to someone in the British government. I don't believe there was anyone around there who wrote more letters or received more letters than Lyn Kelly. I have no idea how our two families got together. The murders took place just about ninety miles from Mapleton where my family once lived. They moved to Bonesteel in April of 1902 and farmed. We moved into town in the winter of 1914-15 and the Kellys were gone. I have often wondered where they went. Mrs. Kelly usually said at least once a day what sounded like, "Willud, deah boy, you are a soulid blawck." Lyn Kelly was strange and his correspondence even stranger.—Willard Evans, Route 1, Box 2657, Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

Charley Hansen

I enjoyed a story by Mel Vieths called "Bloodshed on Lightning Creek" in the November 1973 issue. He tells the story the same as Uncle Charley Hansen told it to me way back in the summer of 1929. When I first met Charley Hansen I was working for the Niobrara County road department. I and another man, the late John Bryant, were sent out to put in culverts and build some parts of a new road the county was putting in for the folks who lived in the South Fork of the Cheyenne country. We had two four-horse teams with one wagonload of horse feed and another wagonload of fresnos and other necessary gear. We missed the road—or I should say trail—and wound up on top of the Cheyenne River breaks. As it was getting dark, we put chain plough locks on the hind wheels of the wagons and headed straight down the steep hills for the river bottom. We wound up in Charley Hansen's yard. Charley bade us welcome and insisted we come into the house for supper. We had our own bedrolls and grub but Charley insisted we had to take supper with them. He told us the story of the Lightning Creek battle and many other old-time stories.

We worked on the roads in that part of the country until the weather got too cold and the ground too frozen to work. We visited with Mr. Hansen and his wife and son a good many Sundays and became good friends. They were of the old Western breed where you were always welcome to come in and eat and stay the night. I came through that part of Wyoming on Highway US 85 in October 1971 between Lusk and Newcastle, Wyoming. I looked upstream when we crossed the South Fork of the Cheyenne and wondered if any of the good folks we met in 1929 still lived there—all wonderful people.

Mel Vieths' story had a picture of himself and Mr. Hansen taken in 1957, standing in front of the the old log building—part of the old Bridlebit ranch. I have stood in that very same place a good many times. Thanks for the story, as I often wondered if Uncle Charley was still alive and it brings back many memories of the good old days.

I will be seventy-two myself this April 30 and hope I can still be around and as spry at ninety-six as Uncle Charley.—Walter T. Prelle, Lorane Route, Box 228, Cottage Grove, Oregon 97424

How Cold Is Cold?

Cerainly not meaning to be overly critical, but I do believe there was one real truth-stretcher in the May 1973 issue—"The Grave on the Hill West of Laramie." The birthplace of the main character was given as the town of Wooten-under-Edge and goes on to say that "that section of England suffered from very severe winters"—"heavy snowstorms blanketed the countryside," etc. Severe by what standards? My late father was born and brought up about fifteen air miles from that town, eighty-eight years ago, and he used to tell us that it was a most memorable day when the canal froze over sufficiently that they could actually skate and that this pastime would only last for a couple of hours—then the ice would be gone. Having seen that area during World War II, I find it very difficult, if not impossible, to believe that they suffered from very severe winters. If the main character found England cold, Lord only knows how he could have survived in Wyoming, or any of the northern plains states or adjacent ports of Canada, during the winter months! It would appear that the writer of this story was indulging in a little "poetic license." Regardless, the story was interesting and I really do enjoy your magazines—it is to be expected that some little misrepresentation is bound to show up from time to time. After all—who's perfect? Keep publishing and I'll keep reading.—J. W. Larner, 201 Strathnaver Avenue, Selkirk, Manitoba R1A OH4

A Good Friend—A Good Citizen

You mentioned that many people don't know your magazines exist. About six years ago I gave the library a big stack of your magazines; they were labeled to be loaned and returned. They were used up quite thoroughly. Last August I took a stack of about sixty, mostly your magazines, and some others to the Rocky Hill Veterans Hospital at Rocky Hill, Connecticut.

You should be able to see that I am doing my little bit to get your magazines to be known.—Edmund Chapulis, Lorraine Terrace, Middletown, Connecticut 06457

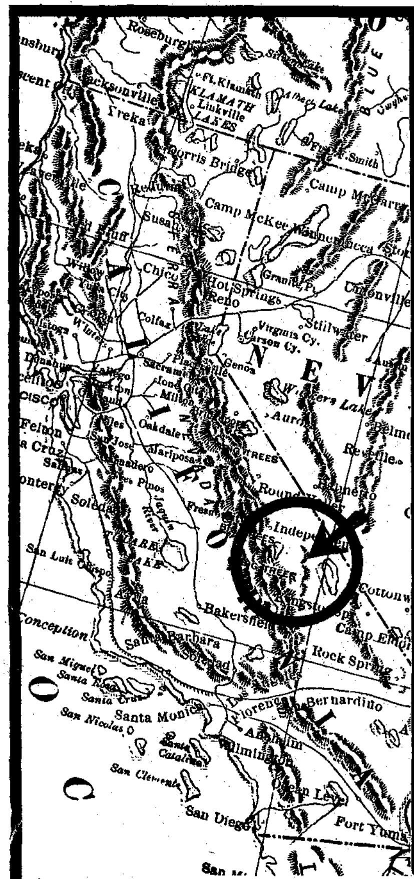
Waterloo Boys

I can recall back in 1910 when my grandpa's house in Waterloo, Iowa was attacked by starving Indians. They looked real hungry and very thin. How many I don't know, for my brother Martin and I were trying to keep one brave from coming through the bedroom window. Grandma had a basket of darning blocks under the bed. My brother and I were told to hide there when a big brave came to the front door and asked for food. Grandpa refused him, and expected trouble. He said, "Martin and Robert, hide under the bed. We're having trouble."

My father James got his ball and bat as he was a baseball player on the

(Continued on page 59)

Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888


Roseburg
Jacksonville
Treka
Ft. Klamath
Klamath Lakes
Linkville
Camp McKee
Susanville
Chico
Reno
Virginia Cy.
Carson Cy.
Stillwater
Colfax
Sacramento
Genoa
Aurora
Oakdale
Mariposa
Independence
Bakersfield
Santa Barbara
Rock Spring
San Bernardino
Santa Monica
Wilmington
San Diego
Fort Yuma
San Luis Obispo
Conception
San Miguel
Santa Cruz
San Nicolas
Catalina
San Clemente

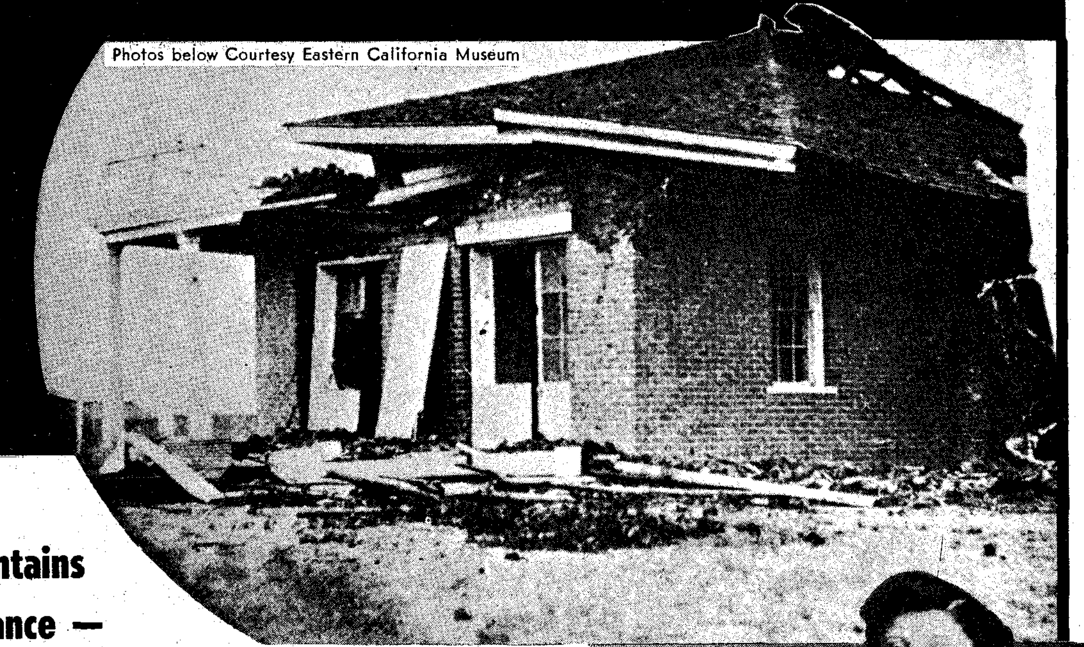
The area of Owens Valley is indicated above.

OWENS VALLEY

PLAYGROUND FOR EARTHQUAKES

BY LAURENCE CONNOR

Photos Courtesy Author


Photos below Courtesy Eastern California Museum

The Inyo County courthouse (above) was built in 1869 for $9,800. Of this $120 was recovered from salvage after the earthquake. It may look like a one-story building here, but it was two stories. The second floor fell inside the first.

At 2:30 a.m. the mountains began their macabre dance — and for 27 people there was no dawn

IN early morning, on March 26, 1872, disaster struck Owens Valley near the California-Nevada border on the east side of the Sierra Nevada.

The valley was rocked by an earthquake of major proportions, one that was felt as far away as Salt Lake City to the east, Oregon to the north, Mexico to the south and all along the Pacific Coast of California. Had the valley not been so sparsely populated, the toll in life and damage to property would have been much higher for scientists now believe that this may have been the most severe earthquake in the recorded history of North America, possibly stronger than the San Francisco quake of 1906 or the Alaska quake of 1964. It takes little imagination to see the consequences of a temblor of that magnitude occurring in a population center.

Residents in the valley were roused from their beds by the first shocks and noise at 2:30 a.m. The noise, a deep, gutteral rumbling, awakened many; soon the violent shaking of the earth jolted those still asleep to consciousness—by which time the walls and roofs of their homes were falling in on them.

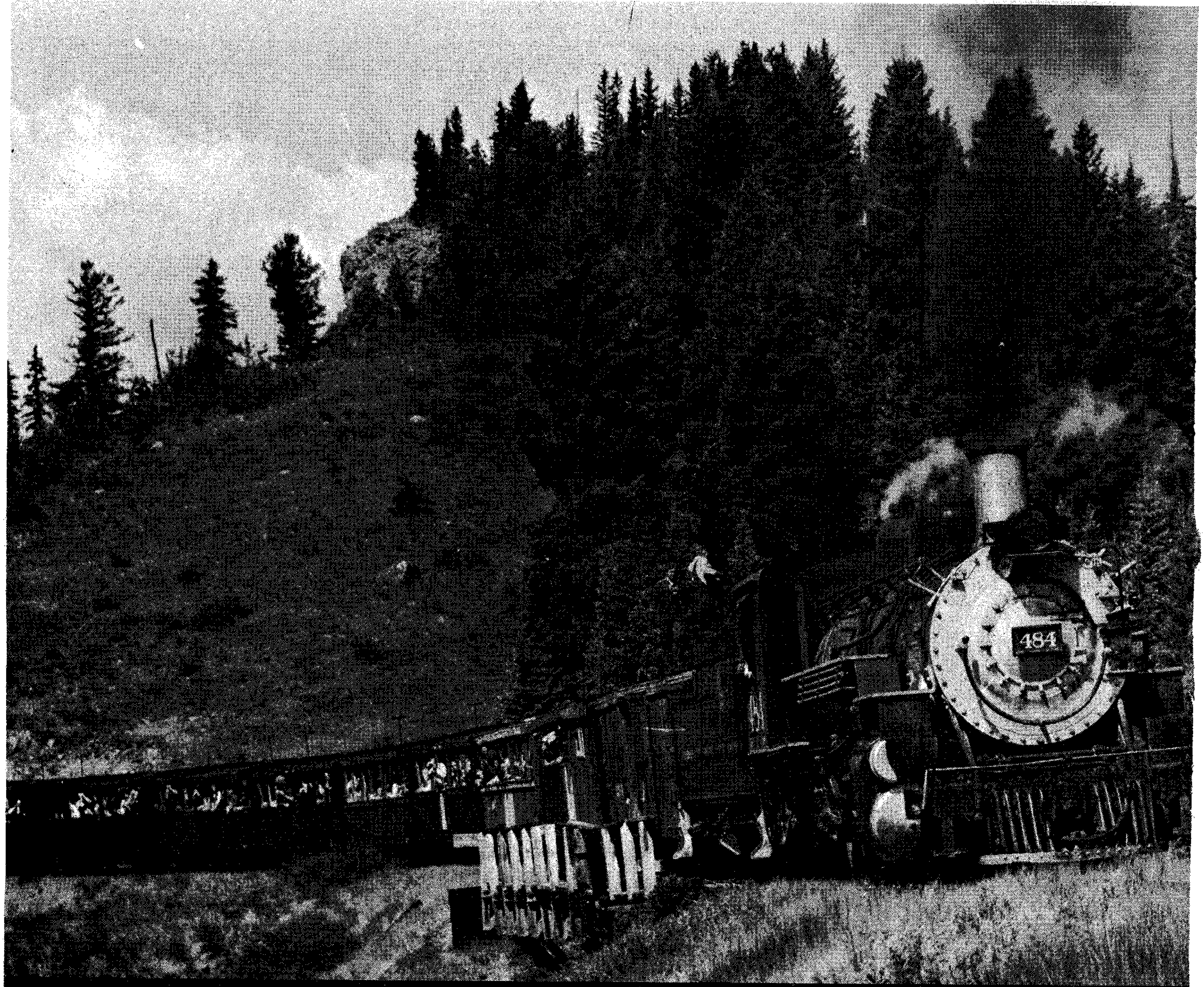
John McCall who lived near Lone Pine recalled his experiences, typical of many, in a letter to a friend. "My wife and little daughter, as well as myself, were buried in the ruins for an hour and a half; there were four feet of adobe upon us. We were living a mile and a half from anyone, and were nearly dead when taken out. . . ."

The Burkhardt family had a similar experience. Mr. Burkhardt had managed to scramble free of his collapsing house but his wife and young son Fred were not quick enough. Burkhardt and his neighbor, Lubken, could hear the screams of Mrs. Burkhardt but not a sound from Fred. Burkhardt cried to Lubken that the old lady was all right since she was screaming, and to let her lie and dig up the boy. They unearthed Fred and revived him before turning their efforts to Mrs. Burkhardt. She was extracted from the rubble unhurt but rather irate, having heard her husband's comments!

Little Eva Lee Shepherd was very fortunate to have escaped harm during

(Continued on page 67)

Alice Meysan, born in 1861 in Colombia, eleven when she smothered in her father's store. Later, a local doctor said she might have been saved if someone had "blown in her mouth."



THE CUMBRES & TOLTEC RAIL

Where else could you take a Moonlight Special to Tanglefoot Curve, Windy Point, the Whiplash, and the Mud Tunnel?

BY JOSEPHINE ROBERTSON

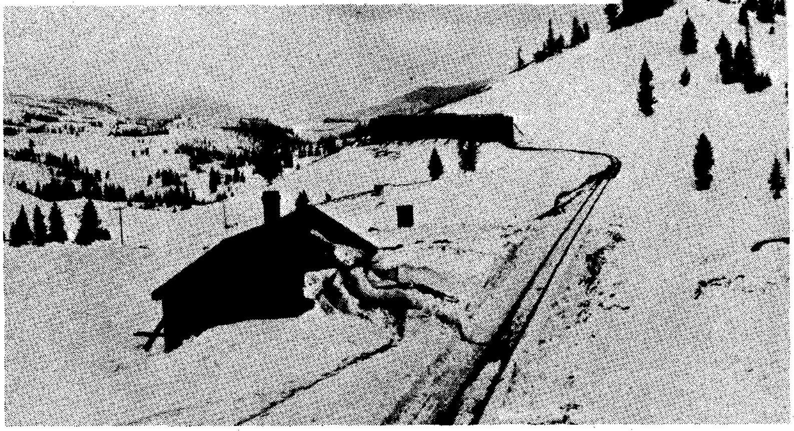
Photos Courtesy Author

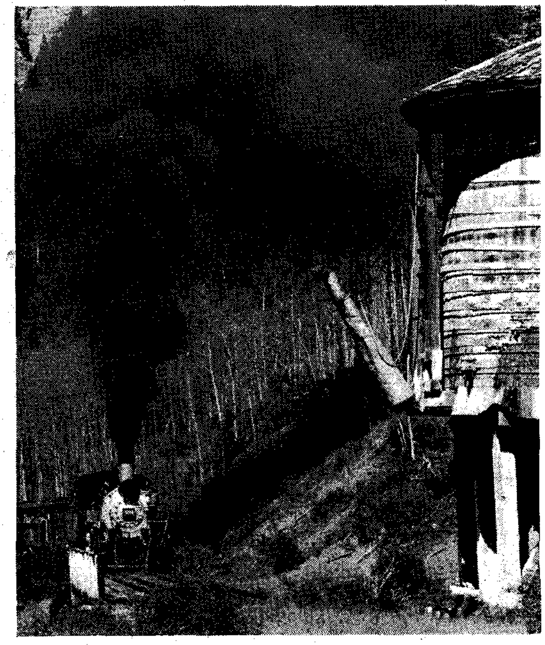
CUT THROUGH the wilderness almost a century ago, the San Juan extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad climbs higher than any other narrow-gauge in the country as its steam locomotives chug across the 10,015-foot Cumbres Pass of southern Colorado. All but abandoned in recent years, it has been rescued by groups of concerned citizens and rail buffs and today has the distinction of running full steam, the unique child of two co-operating states, with the new name, the Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad. Operating from late in May to mid-October it carries thousands of tourists over sixty-four scenic miles between Antonito, Colorado and Chama, New Mexico.

It's an exciting trip. Leaving Antonito, the train at first follows plains where jackrabbits show their fleeing heels, then crosses gorges, snugs around cliffs and goes through black tunnels. Startled deer look up in the aspen groves; glossy leaves brush the sides of the coaches. In upland meadows one can almost lean out to pick the penstemon, scarlet gilia, larkspur and golden potentilla. There is no other traffic, no sign of people, except at an occasional crossing. The only sounds are the chuffing of the locomotive, the clicking of wheels on the track, and the occasional voice of the long-drawn, nostalgic whistle.

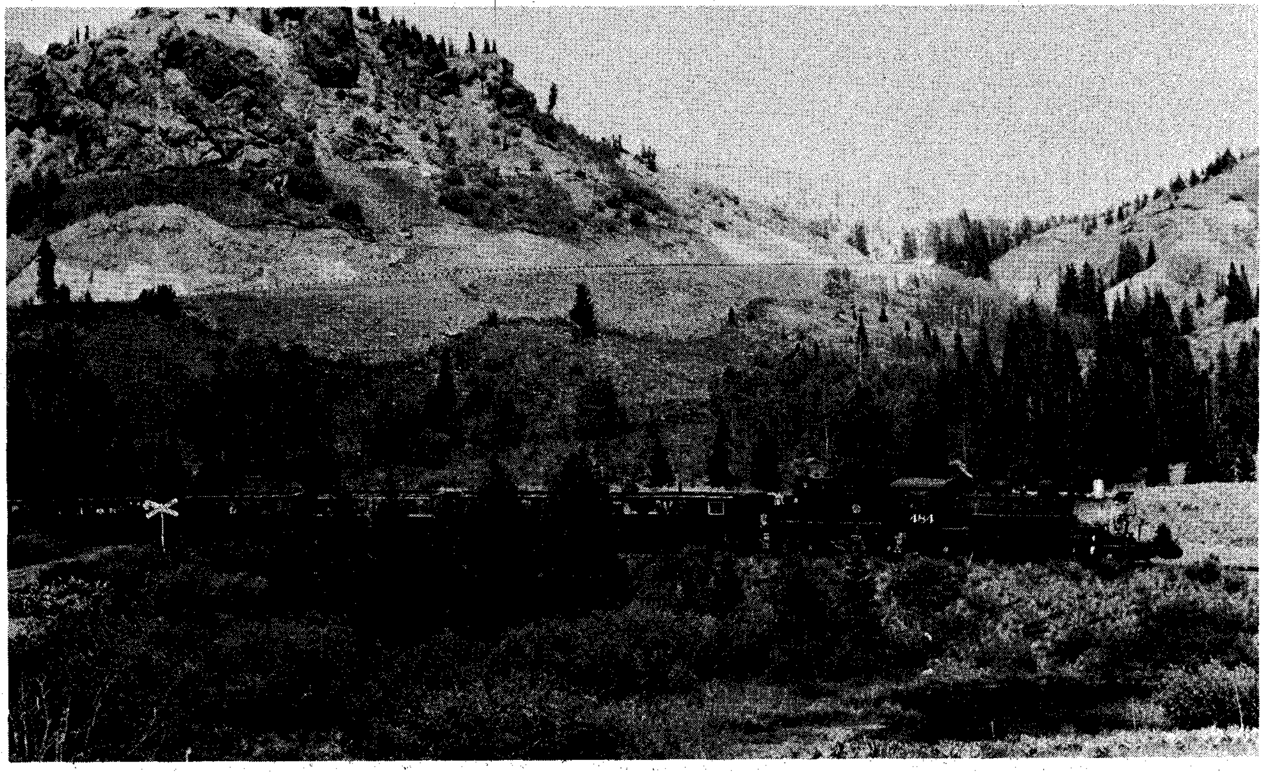
Gradually the terrain becomes more rugged and the climb steeper, with many curves and switchbacks necessary to achieve the pass. The route zigzags back and forth across the state line. There are no towns. One sees only a few old water towers, at rare intervals a homestead, occasional grazing sheep, and the deserted shacks that once were busy railroad stops. Especially impressive is the deep Toltec Gorge, where the train crosses a trestle 600 feet above the Los Pinos River. At Cumbres are the re-

Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection





Locomotive No. 484 of the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad pulls over the crest of 10,015-foot Cumbres Pass in the San Juan Mountains of southern Colorado (opposite page). In the winter keeping the tracks cleared during the railroad's earlier days was a problem, apparent in this March 1909 photograph (above) of the bunkhouse at Cumbres. The old weathered water tank at Cresco Siding in Colorado (right) with the train laboring up the 4% grade. With Windy Point in the background, the train begins the long descent from Cumbres Pass (below) to the western terminal at *Chama*, New Mexico.



mains of the only railroad wye still covered by a snowshed.

There are many scenic points, Tanglefoot Curve, Windy Point, the Whiplash Curve, Phantom Curve, the "mud tunnel" cut through soft volcanic Conejos formation, and Osier, where the train stops for lunch. Once a busy community, where livestock was loaded on the DR&G, Osier today has nothing but stone foundations and a few weathered stock pens to show the location of a town deserted and then destroyed by fire. It is a beautiful, quiet spot where passengers disembark, photographers get busy with their cameras, and an hour for lunch is enjoyed. For those who do not bring their own picnic lunches a catering outfit appears in trucks, and people form lines to buy hot meals. In the course of the day there are three or four other stops for the benefit of photographers.

The train pauses on a steep slope between Osier and the Toltec Gorge for passengers to observe an impressive stone memorial to President James A. Garfield. Its inscription tells that services were held at this spot when word came to the members of an excursion party of the National Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents that Garfield had been assassinated, September 26, 1881. Later the Association erected the monument in this same remote location to commemorate that sorrowful occasion.

DURING each of its first three full seasons the Cumbres and Toltec has added additional trips. The first year offered only weekend excursions, but now there's a daily trip except at the beginning and end of the season. The journey can commence at either end, with a connecting bus transporting passengers from or back to their parked cars. The train trip, starting at 10 a.m. takes about six and a half hours. The bus trip for the other leg, only one and a half hours. The train operates one way each day. There is an occasional round trip from Cumbres Pass eastbound to Toltec Gorge entirely by rail and in the summer of '73 there were six "Moonlight Specials."

When the San Juan Extension was built in 1880, it had plenty of business hauling ore, coal, oil, passengers, timber, and livestock from the San Juans to the junction at Alamosa and then on to the east. It was no easy matter keeping the tracks open during the winter snows,

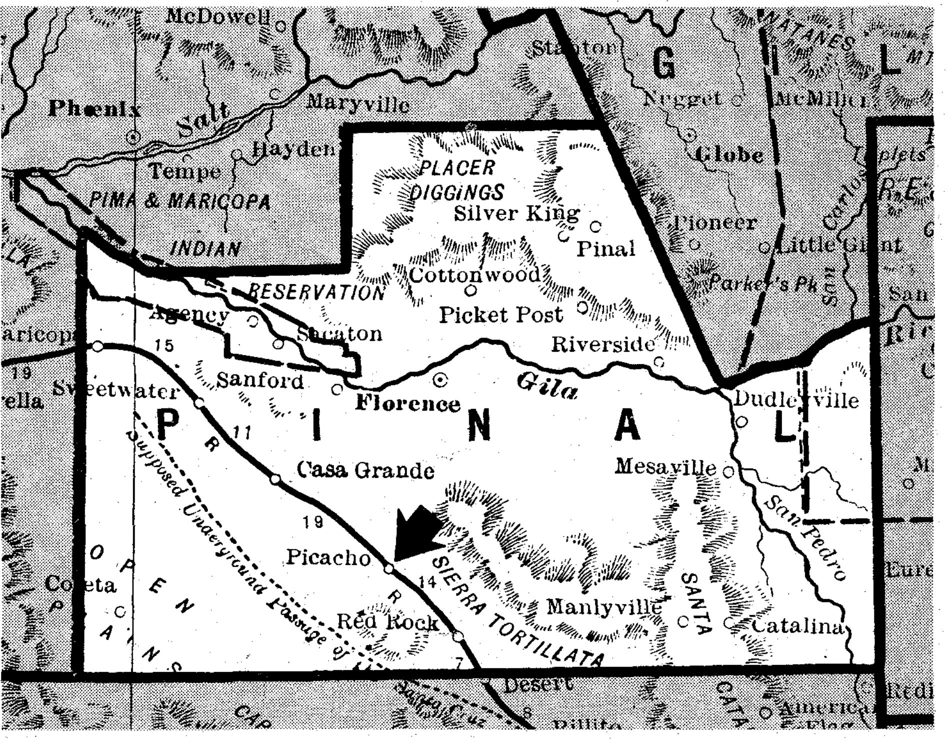
(Continued on page 38)

NUGGETS

BAKER'S HIDDEN GOLD

By Paul M. Adams

Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888


McDowell
Phœnix
Salt
Maryville
Hayden
Tempe
PIMA & MARICOPA
INDIAN
RESERVATION
Agency
Sacaton
Stanton
G
Nugget
Globe
PLACER
DIGGINGS
Silver King
Pinal
Cottonwood
Picket Post
Riverside
Pioneer
Little Giant
Parker's Pk
15
19
Sweetwater
Sanford
Florence
Gila
Dudleyville
P
I
N
A
L
11
Casa Grande
Mesaville
San Pedro
Supposed Underground Passage of
19
Picacho
Coyeta
OPEN
Red Rock
14
SIERRA TORTILLATA
SANTA
Manlyville
Catalina
7
Desert
8
Pillito

Pinal County, Arizona. Picacho, a few miles south of the Blue Water Station, is indicated with an arrow.

FOLLOWING his death, J. W. Baker was described by friends as an honest and industrious individual. Baker and his wife, along with their children, had come from New London, Iowa to the territory of Arizona to make a new start. He had worked for a stage line as a driver, with headquarters at the Blue Water Station close to Florence. Before that he had fought against the Indians with valor and had won a good reputation. Then he became keeper of the Blue Water Station, a big responsibility in those days. Baker and his family were brutally murdered at the station on December 21, 1871. That's where gold comes into the picture.

Because there were numerous murders throughout the Southwest in those years, local officials always conducted thorough investigations, hoping that if the killers were caught and punished, the brutal attacks would diminish. For the same reason local papers would run articles about the investigations for months afterward.

At that time it was normal for fugitives to flee to Sonora, Mexico and there be immune to capture or punishment. In the Baker case, the governor of Arizona threatened to enter Mexico for retribution.

Baker had recently hired three halfbreeds to do some work around the Blue Water Station. On the afternoon of December 21, hands filled with food for the workers, he left the house. He was shot and killed while carrying the food.

Hearing the shots and fearing the worst, Baker's wife ran from the kitchen to see what had happened. She carried her baby in her arms. Shot once, she dropped the child and lunged for the attacker's gun, whereupon she was shot a second time, in the hand. Before she was able to reach the assailant's gun, she was shot a third time with a shotgun, her arms and breasts being "riddled with buckshot."

The Baker's seven-year-old son then ran to the scene and was met by two pistol rounds. He staggered desperately toward his mother, leaned against the wall of the house, left bloody handprints where he had touched the wall, and died with his boots "full of blood." It was also reported that the attackers stole some food and the station horses as they fled. The infant was found the following day; he was without a scratch but had died during the night from exposure caused by a rainfall.

AFTER several days of investigation, it was concluded that nothing of value except the horses had been taken. It seems that the three bandits, Francisco, Serbantes, and Jose Monsez, searched the house, tore open some trunks, and not finding any valuables stole the horses and headed to Sonora in a hurry.

Later reports substantiated the fact that Baker had acquired some property in the area of the Blue Water Station and that he had money hidden on the property of the Blue Water Station itself, the corral of which was "adjacent to the house." The story of gold on the premises was not speculation, since Baker was preparing to quit the station and buy a farm with cold cash.

Soon after the turn of the year 1872, the newspapers forgot the part about the money owned and stashed by Baker, and simply used the Baker Massacre as a way to initiate a push for justice and law and order in the Territory. It is assumed that the Blue Water Station was used until the end of the stagecoach era and was then abandoned, along with Baker's gold.

Newspaper accounts stated that Baker was definitely known to have had "hundreds" in his possession at the time of his death, this money having been set aside for purchasing a farm. In addition it is likely that he would have had some company money on the premises also, but the amount would have to be pure conjecture. It is a matter of record that in those days people usually kept two money caches on their property—the "checking account" which contained working money or bread-and-butter money, and the "savings account" which was better concealed and rarely used. The reason for splitting up the caches was that people often would be tortured to reveal their caches, and under duress the owner could confess where the smaller cache was to be found, and perhaps save his larger hoard.

Gold coins are bringing lots of money these days. Recently an international wizard predicted that gold would soar to $400.00 per ounce within ten years. Baker died in 1871, and the guide books for coin prices reveal that any gold coin during that period is worth at least $100 today. The 1870CC double eagle is worth $20,000!

Baker's gold is still there on the property of the Blue Water Station in Arizona. Maps show Blue Water in Pinal County, a few miles north of Picacho. Someone with a good map and the ability to find the location of this station could put a metal detector to good use!

GOODWATER CEMETERY

By Frances Imon

FOUR WORDS may be read easily: "Here sleeps a missionary." The two oldest, thinnest and most eroded of the dozen stone gravemarkers stand starkly above the dark ground of old Goodwater Cemetery off Oklahoma Highway 109 near Frogville in southeast Oklahoma.

The stone tablets, about 30 inches high, lean very little though they have been buffeted by winds for more than 125 years, but rain and ice have washed almost to smoothness the names they carry —C. M. Belden and L. S. Downer.

Just as the names and death dates of these two pioneers in Indian Territory days are all but gone from human sight, so is knowledge of their background and of the circumstances which brought the two women from probably comfortable homes in the East to lonely graves in the wild new Indian country.

Fortunately a kind Providence has seen fit to retain in almost pristine clarity that intriguing four-word record: "Here sleeps a missionary." And so long as these words remain readable, undoubtedly they will continue to encourage historians to attempt to learn more about those who sleep in the bramble-covered, backwoods cemetery near the site of the former Goodwater Mission and its Indian school, the Kunsha Seminary for Girls.

The mission was established in 1837 by the Reverend Ebenezer Hotchkin. Five years later through the influence of the noted Choctaw tribal leader, Israel Folsom, Kunsha Seminary for Girls was opened at Goodwater as a Choctaw National school.

Kunsha, often spelled and pronounced as "Koonsha," took its name from the Kunsha clan of the old Mississippi Choctaw Nation. The Seminary had a top-recorded residence of forty-five children plus fifteen staff members and their families before it was closed for all time during the War Between the States. Now it is remembered only in sparse records of the Choctaw Nation and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions which operated it for the tribal general council.

OVERLAPPING and interweaving branches of lofty trees, draped with skeletons of long-dead grapevines, create an almost perpetual time of dusk at Goodwater Cemetery. As one approaches the hallowed spot from the surrounding woods, he notes that trees lie fallen and rotting on seemingly always-moist ground. Apparently currentless waters in meandering Goodwater Creek's dark bed give reminder that it reportedly has its source in what early-day Choctaw Indians knew as a "witch hole." Large rocks, slicked with green moss and jutting from the "weeping" banks of the streambed add another note of gloom.

Only careful and patient tracing, letter by letter, permits a visitor to "read" the names and death dates on the missionary markers. C. M. Belden died November 5, 1848; L. S. Downer died soon after on December 15.

Theirs may have been the first graves in Goodwater Cemetery, for their markers bear the earliest dates. Side by side they sleep among possibly forty other persons, most of whose unmarked graves are recognizable as such only by outlines and ground depressions.

It is known that few burials were made there before the Civil War, for on April 30, 1860, Miss Sue McBeth, a later missionary-teacher at Kunsha, wrote in her diary about the death of little Bella Ainslie, daughter of the Seminary's superintendent, George Ainslie. "We buried baby Bella today in the graveyard by the church," she wrote. "Two missionaries and a little band of Indian children sleep beside her until the resurrection. . . ."

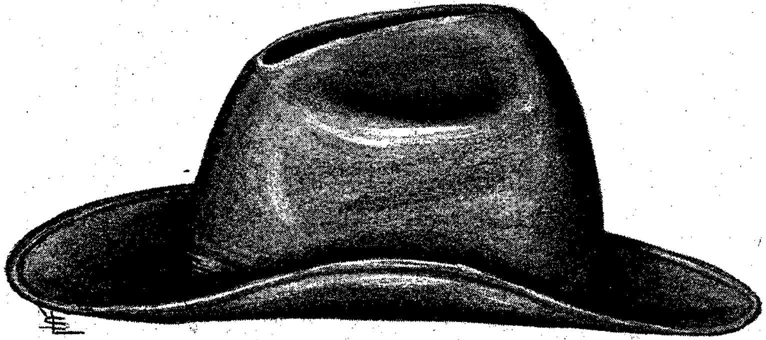
Baby Bella's grave apparently never was marked, but diligent search indicates outlines of an infant's burial place near

(Continued on page 72)

Headstones of L. S. Downer (left) and C. M. Belden in the Goodwater Cemetery, Oklahoma.

Photo Courtesy Author

STETSON



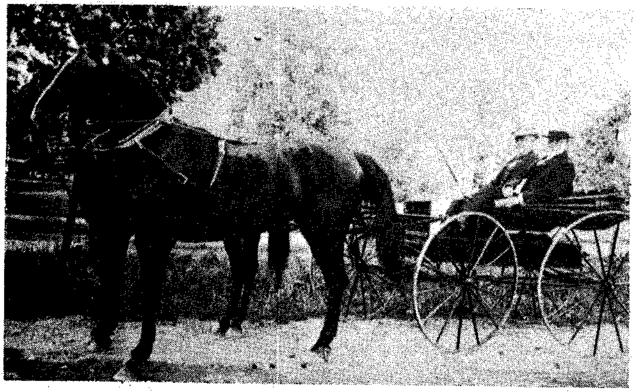
SCRAPBOOK

"... a rider is not a real cowboy unless he wears a Stetson." —*Bronco Bob Boone*

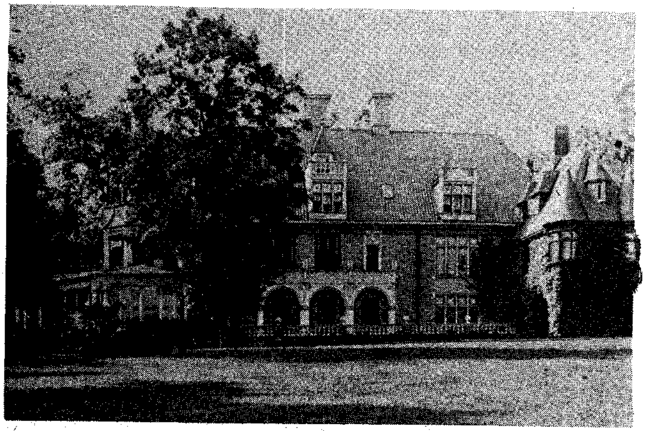
Submitted by PATRICK E. BOUSQUET

John B. Stetson went to Colorado in the 1860s for his health, and while there made his first Western hat. In time he recovered and returned to Philadelphia, carrying the picture of "a real man on a real mount, wearing a real man's hat." In 1865 he designed a hat which he called "The Boss of the Plains," but that name did not stick. Westerners simply called for a "Stetson," the name imprinted in gold leaf inside the sweat-band of each hat. Stetsons soon became popular in cities as well as the open country, so John B. designed more dressy hats. Also he listened to advice from wearers about shorter brims, lower crowns, wider crowns —and turned out hats in every color and shape a customer could desire. The Stetson factory in Philadelphia was making hats in the hundreds of thousands by 1906 when its founder, then seventy-six and wealthy, passed on.

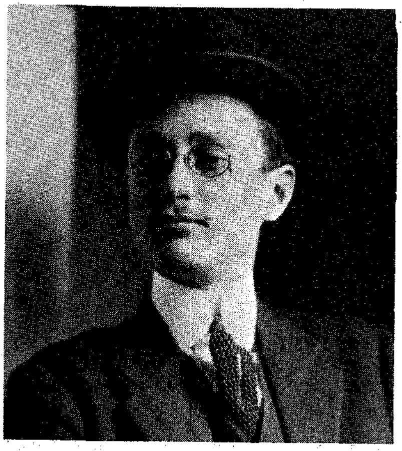
These pictures are from a scrapbook of the man who has carried on the great Western tradition. John B.'s son, G. Henry Stetson.



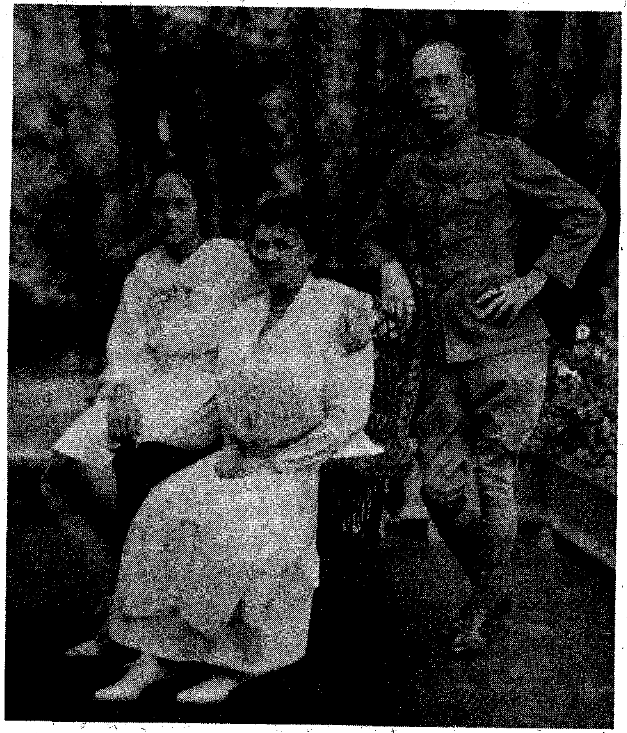
Above: John B. Stetson, right, in his buggy.



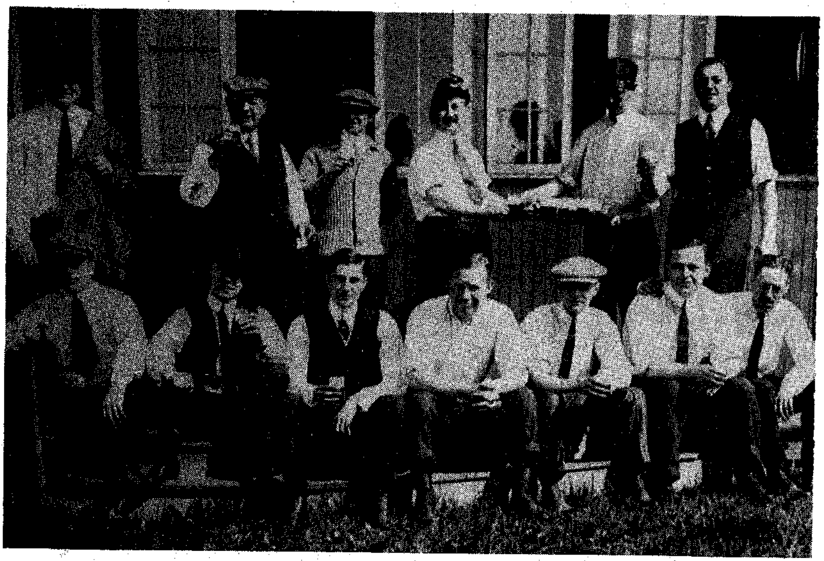
Above: Elkins Park, the Stetson home in Pennsylvania.



Above: Sporting a mustache.



In his National Guard uniform, G. Henry poses with his mother and sister.

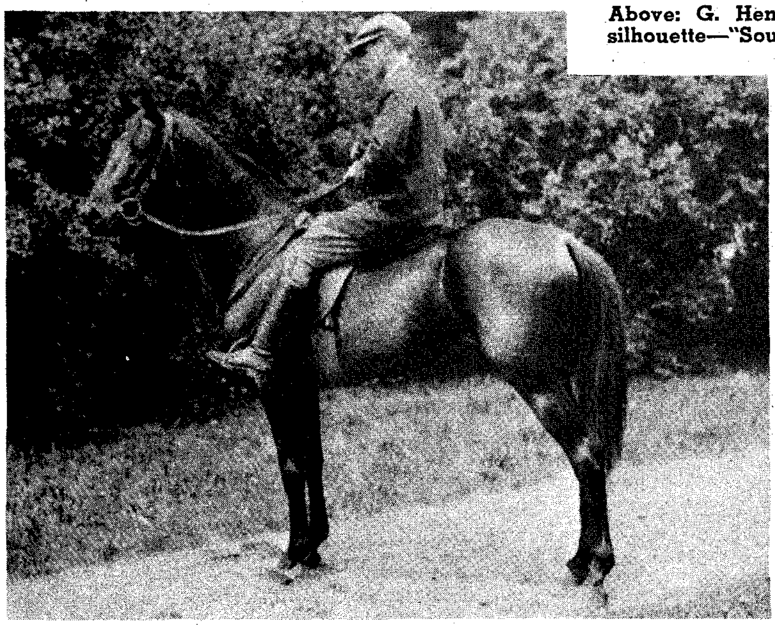


The baseball club takes time out for refreshments. Stetson is seated third from right.

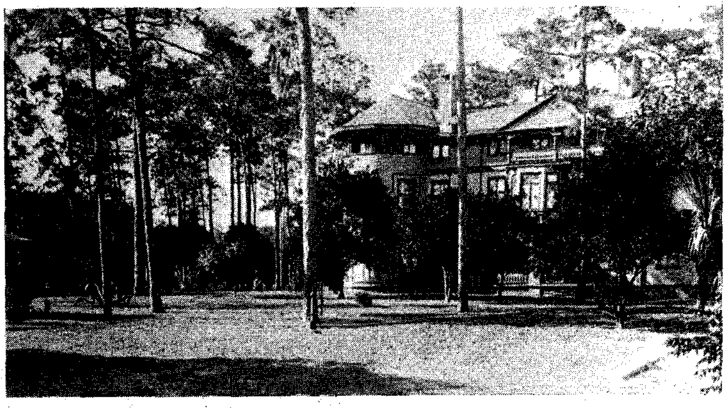
Above: Stetson children.

Souvenir de Baden-Baden
Charles Woodsen fec.

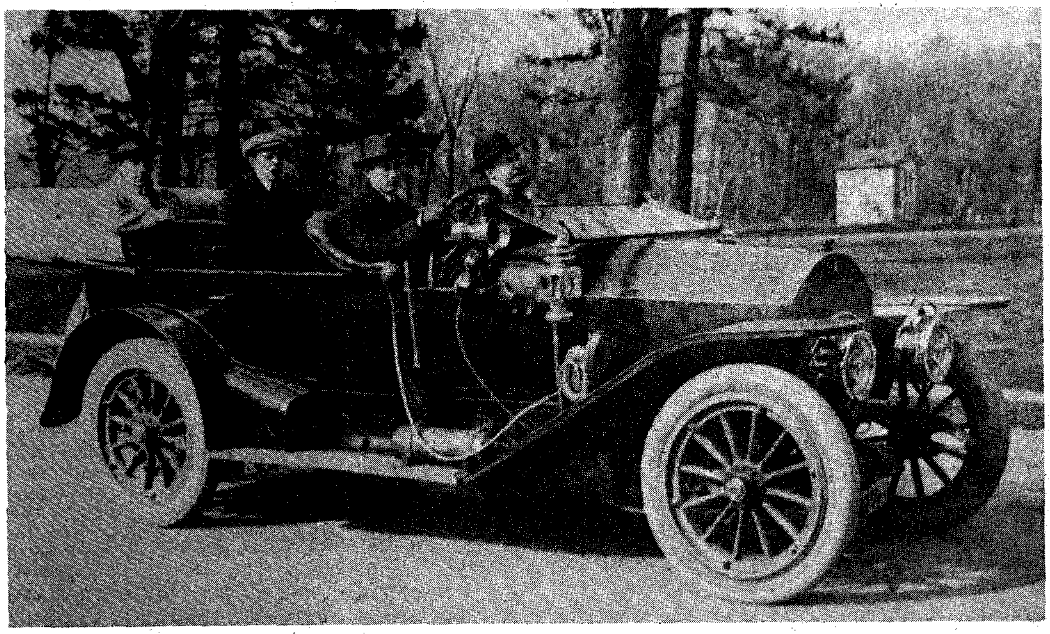
Above: G. Henry Stetson when a young man. Printing at the bottom of silhouette—"Souvenir de Baden-Baden—Charles Woodsen fec."



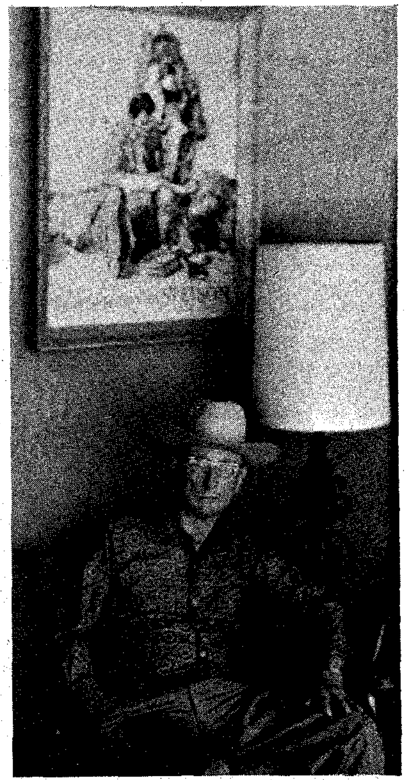
Above: A very young G. Henry on a favorite mount.



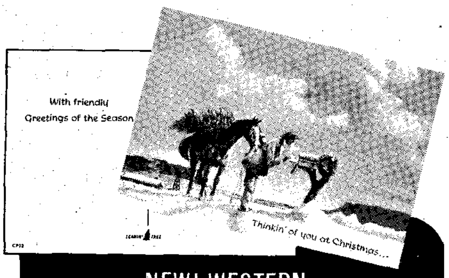
Above: Stetson home in Florida.



Stetson, driving, takes friends (unidentified) for a spin.



Stetson, 1970.



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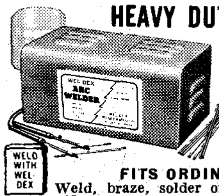

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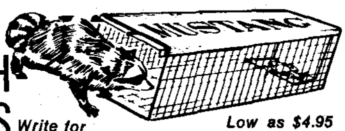

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MONTHLY AWARDS!

The Cumbres & Toltec Railroad

(Continued from page 33)

but daily freights managed to get through—most of the time—for seventy years.

Because of an oil boom in the San Juan basin, 1952 and 1953 were especially busy and many cars of pipe, drills, and machinery were carried from Alamosa to Farmington, New Mexico. Inevitably, though, with more automobiles and better roads, passengers bypassed the slow, roundabout train, and passenger service ended in 1951. At the same time, more freight was sent by truck, which meant less maintenance, better time, and less battling with the winter elements. With this drop in patronage maintenance of both right-of-way and equipment deteriorated. Only occasional autumn foliage excursions were run, and in all of 1966 only twenty freight trips—all at a loss.

In 1967 the Rio Grande filed an application with the interstate Commerce Commission to be allowed to abandon the narrow-gauge between Alamosa and Farmington. Then the protests began! They came from fourteen counties, railway men, individuals, Chambers of Commerce, and assorted organizations. With such strong support it was generally believed that the ICC's report would be favorable to the public, but in August 1968, the examiner's report called the line ". . . obsolete and a misfit facility which is wholly inadequate to the real needs of an important and lively area in the states of Colorado and New Mexico."

THE protesters refused to give up the fight. They arranged for the Rio Grande to run one last train for invited government, state, and local officials, the press, and members of the Colorado-New Mexico Citizens Committee to Save the Railroad. It was a two-day trip with stops to examine bridges, trestles, the roadbed, and to point out the scenic attractions. The general conclusion was that saving the whole line was impractical, but saving the most scenic part was not.

In 1969 each of the two states formed a Railroad Authority. The critical hour came the next year when the Rio Grande announced it would scrap its tracks if no firm offer was made to save the line. Just in time Colorado and New Mexico passed indentical bills, presented the Rio Grande with funds totaling $547,120, and found themselves with a railroad on their hands. They had purchased the right of way, track, buildings, rails, ties, locomotives, snowplows and a large assortment of rolling stock.

"I met an old, old Indian that remembered my great-grandpa!"

Enthusiasm ran high and offers of help poured in from railroad buffs, professional railroad men, engineers, retirees, and many strong-armed volunteers. It took weeks of intensive work to get the line in shape, but the first run was made in October with great celebrations along the way. It took, for example, a week of hard work to cut the two-year growth of sagebrush and rabbit brush from the roadbed between Antonito and Lava. The growth was too dense for the locomotive to push aside. (Volunteers, incidentally, are still used on the train to help the crews. They wear a distinctive uniform and obviously enjoy their activities.)

Because the officials of Colorado and New Mexico understandably lacked expertise in railroad management, they contracted with Scenic Railways, Inc. of Los Altos, California to operate the line on a twenty-year lease. Its new name, Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad, was promptly nicknamed CATS, and old locomotive 483 became known as the Chief Cat.

Passengers ride in remodeled boxcars that are remarkably comfortable. The sides are cut open from the top down to about four feet above the floor, finished with plywood siding, and the whole interior is painted white. In case of rain, glass panes from behind the siding are raised and hooked into place. Metal contoured chairs are bolted to the floor, and a wall heater in the front of each car takes off the chill on cool days. The first car is fitted with a snack and soft drink bar and there are toilet facilities on some of the cars.

As the train pulls out, often a carload of slightly belated passengers comes into sight, all waving frantically. The train whistles and goes on—but when it comes to a wide place in the road nearby it stops and the relieved customers climb aboard. Over the loud speaker the engineer comments, "Contrary to rumor about trains, we always start on time, but there are always latecomers—and we give them a chance to catch up."

Visibility is excellent and the atmosphere is one of holiday fun. Cinders accumulate on belongings and persons, but they are not greasy and brush off easily. However a hat, or scarf and warm clothing and jackets are important because the high altitude can be much colder than the starting point.

Antonito and Chama are small communities in areas which both states hope will benefit from increased tourism. It is well to have overnight accommodations reserved in advance. Alamosa has several good motels, but these fill up quickly in summer. In the busy season advance reservations for the train are advisable as well. Information on rates and schedules may be obtained by writing the Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad, P. O. Box 789, Chama, New Mexico 87520 or calling 505 756-2151. The energy crisis may well have affected the frequency of the runs since I was there.

Crossing the scenic Cumbres Pass by the old narrow-gauge leaves one with a memory of rugged, mountain beauty, and a new appreciation for the daring of the early railroad builders.

LITTLE JOE THE LONER

Some men don't roam the mountains solely for the gold they find

BY HATTIE E. JOHNSON

Photos Courtesy Author

OFTEN I had noticed a small, elderly man walking along the highway, far from town or any dwelling. He always carried a pack on his back and led a small dog on a leash. My curiosity was aroused. Who was this little old man? Why did he carry a large pack? Where was he going? Where did he live? Why would his family permit him to walk alone at such advanced years?

It was five days before Christmas when I drove into the town of Myrtle Point, Oregon to purchase last minute items for our Christmas dinner. As I was returning home, rain and hail came down so fast and thick it was hard to see very far ahead. There by the highway walked the little old man with his dog and large pack.

I rolled down the car window and asked, "Would you like a ride?"

He peered at me from beneath his dripping hat brim, eyes twinkling, and answered, "I'd like a ride, but I'm all wet and I have my dog."

I opened the car door and said, "Throw your pack in the back seat and get in."

Grinning broadly he did so, and sat there in his soaked clothing, the dog on his lap, beside me. "Why are you out in such weather?" I asked.

"Well, I'm used to being out in any kind of weather; been out in many an Oregon rainstorm. I've walked a thousand miles over highways, roads and mountain trails—some so steep nothing but a billy goat or I could climb over them."

Joe Knox, age 74, in 1971.

Left and below: Backpacking the cookstove to his cabin in 1965.

I told him how curious I'd been to know who he was and about his life in general, as I had taken him for an old-timer of Oregon and I sometimes asked old-timers questions and wrote short stories about them. He became interested and told me that his name was Joe Knox.

"Some call me 'Joe, the Pack Rat'—others, 'Little Joe.' I do have sort of a history and I have some pretty good pictures of myself with a stove on my back that you might use if you want to write about me. I'm a miner."

I asked if he had relatives where he intended to have Christmas dinner. He looked sad and said, 'No, I got nobody, just me and my little dog here. We'll eat hamburger on Christmas Day." I asked if he would like to come to our house and share Christmas dinner with us. I told him my husband Oscar was also an elderly man and was totally blind and would be glad for company. Joe Knox seemed almost overcome by happiness, saying, "Ma'am, do you believe in prayer? I prayed that God would make me happy on Christmas!"

As I drove up to the small cabin he lived in, I couldn't help feeling depressed. The cabin sat in a low, swampy place surrounded by a virtual lake. Water came up on the sidewalk at the back of his cabin. "Is water inside your cabin?" I asked.

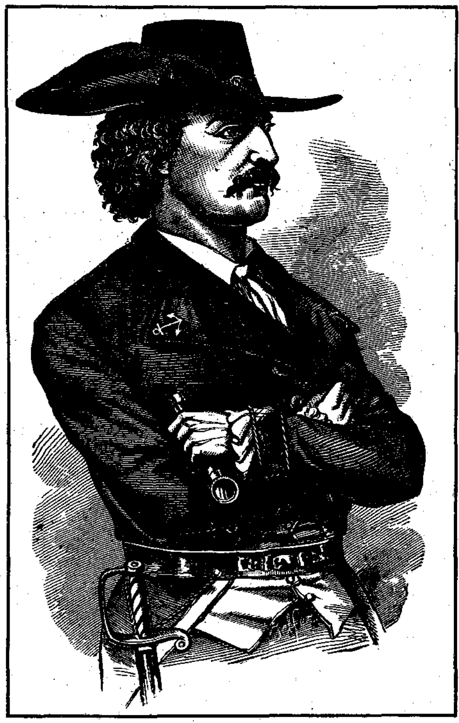
(Continued on page 43)

LaFitte's Lost Galleon

(Continued from page 8)

ish and carrying among other things two million Spanish dollars; that she was sailed to Matagorda Bay and looted and the loot carried overland to Hendricks Lake in Harrison County, Texas. There it was sunk, with the wagons, in this swampy lake. Could this be possible?

A more incredible tale could hardly be imagined. Lafitte's men were not teamsters, and that they would scuttle a perfectly good ship and transfer the goods to wagons is hard to believe. That load would have been 117,920 pounds, not counting the containers needed to hold whatever coinage there was. Bars of course would have needed no packing.



An etching of Jean Lafitte, the pirate, from *Conquering The Wilderness.*

Now let us look at the route. It entailed crossing the Colorado and Brazos Rivers, a complex of rivers and swamps in the Houston area; then the Big Thicket area and Trinity Bottom—to say nothing of the Neches and Angelina complex of rivers. Remember that in those days not a single road existed. Nor was there any means of crossing any of these waterways except that supplied by the traveler. Almost 600 airline miles across six major river systems, as well as numerous local swamps—and for what? Any one of the streams crossed would have made as good a hiding place as Hendricks Lake.

One thing that nobody has ever brought up, that is as marvelous to me as the treasure—where did all those wagons and teams and their drivers come from? Thirty-five wagons at least would have been needed. Then at least two hundred guards, together with all the feed for the teams and food for the men for a trip of sixty days—plus time for all the river crossings, and time stuck in the mud. The physical facilities for such an operation simply did not exist in those days. Jean Lafitte at this time controlled Galveston Island, and it would have been no trick at all to have sailed there to unload, or even sail on closer to the target up the Sabine River. These men were sailors, not wagoners.

People in Louisiana and particularly scholars at Louisiana State University have been meticulous in their research and documentation of the Lafitte Legend. When we go to them for the true details, we find that there actually was a *Santa Rosa*, and that it was captured by a Baratarian, Renato Beluche, apparently under the eye of Simon Bolivar, but certainly with his commission, on January 5, 1816. There the resemblance ends.

She was a Spanish ship that had taken on a merchant cargo from Kingston, Jamaica and had cleared that day for Spain. After capture she was sailed to the Haiti coast, in company with two privateers, and her cargo was sold to a French businessman in the Haitian port of Haquien. He paid $30,000 for a cargo that the Spanish had paid $40,000 for in Jamaica.

Then Beluche shifted his guns to better arm his prize, and *The Santa Rosa* became a pirate ship whose new name we are not told.

The epilogue of any tale is always sad, for it is not usually the tale we came to hear. What became of these men? Renato Beluche, one of the real heroes of the Battle of New Orleans, and truly one of the Lafittes, continued long and loyally in the service of Venezuela. In Puerto Cabello, Colombia we find the marker: "General Renato Beluche, Octubre 4, 1860, 79 Anos."

Dominique You became a real American patriot. After a few privateering trips he settled in New Orleans. Though he had a lingering death from old injuries and was living in squalor when he died November 14, 1830, all officialdom turned out with a formal military funeral that was finished by a large group of Masons in a unique service. He was buried in St. Louis Cemetery in New Orleans and his tomb can still be seen.

Pierre Lafitte settled down in the interior of the United States, where he died in 1844 in the small Missouri town of Crevecouer. He is buried in the Wesleyan Cemetery in St. Louis.

The last is the most incongruous. If Jean Lafitte could only hear the tales the romancers tell about him! He had heard many of them by the time of his death, while he lived around St. Louis under the unprepossessing name of John Lafflin. He heard many a tale before, on May 5, 1854, his son wrote in Alton, Illinois in the family Bible: "Our father died. Will be with our brother Glenn Henri. Will be with our Uncle Pierre in Heaven."

So rests Jean Lafitte—Man of Legend.

Fifty-six Miles from a Doctor

(Continued from page 28)

When I arrived at Silver and boarded the stage, the temperature was below zero. I stayed overnight at the Canyon Creek station and the next morning I was the only passenger. At 7 o'clock when we left, it was pitch dark and bitterly cold. There was no thermometer at the station, so we didn't know how cold it was. Soon the bridge of my nose was frozen under my glasses and the rims of my nostrils would freeze and require thawing every few minutes.

We arrived at Billy Gregor's little ranch, the Wilborn Post Office, about 10 o'clock and I was so cold I could hardly get off the sled. The sun was shining weakly through air filled with twinkling frost. The driver and I went into the warm kitchen, and Mrs. Gregor put my feet on the open oven door and my mittens on a stick of wood in the oven. Billy went out to look at his thermometer and found the temperature to be 38 below zero. No wonder we were cold!

At that time the stage used Flesher Pass, the longer of the two roads to Lincoln, and Gregor's place was about two miles up the Stemple road. We had to go up there, sort the mail, come back to the forks and the Flesher road, which added four miles to the trip. From Canyon Creek to Lincoln was thirty-eight miles. The halfway station was the old Morrison cabin about two miles from the forks. Here we ate dinner, changed teams and headed over the Divide. The next stop was the Flesher Post Office at the Tucker place, another mile off the road.

By the time we pulled in to the store at Lincoln it was dark and I was unable to get off the sled alone. I was helped into the store where I finally thawed out. Babe was waiting there with the team and sled and we were soon at home recounting our experiences. My injury bothered me for years, causing much pain below my stomach, especially when digging or pitching hay.

THE BIG SCARE for all of us was the epidemic of influenza that struck the entire world in the fall of 1918. It hit our valley, and Babe and I caught it at the same time. Father had bought the store and post office at Lincoln and we were caring for it, as Mother was sick in Great Falls. We stayed at the store, which had living quarters attached, and I rode to the ranch each day to care for the stock. When we took sick, Babe's relatives spread themselves enough to care for their own affairs, our ranch, and the store. Babe's brother Al helped at the store and ran his stage line by hiring a driver. Her sister's family went to our ranch. They caught the flu also.

We nearly died, but managed to make it through with the help of relatives and friends. Father returned from Great Falls about the time we were able to get around, and Babe and I went back to the ranch. The disease affected my heart and it was some time before I could do the chores. Guy and Maude Muchmore stayed with us for about a month to help out. The only person in our valley who died was a man at Flesher. They took him out on a sled and he died in Helena.

Babe developed a toothache and had to go out to Helena for a dentist. Her sister had moved there to put her two girls in school, and her husband, Ira Tuck, had secured a job there. The girls were down with the measles. Babe stayed with them

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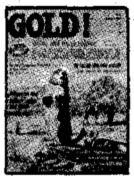
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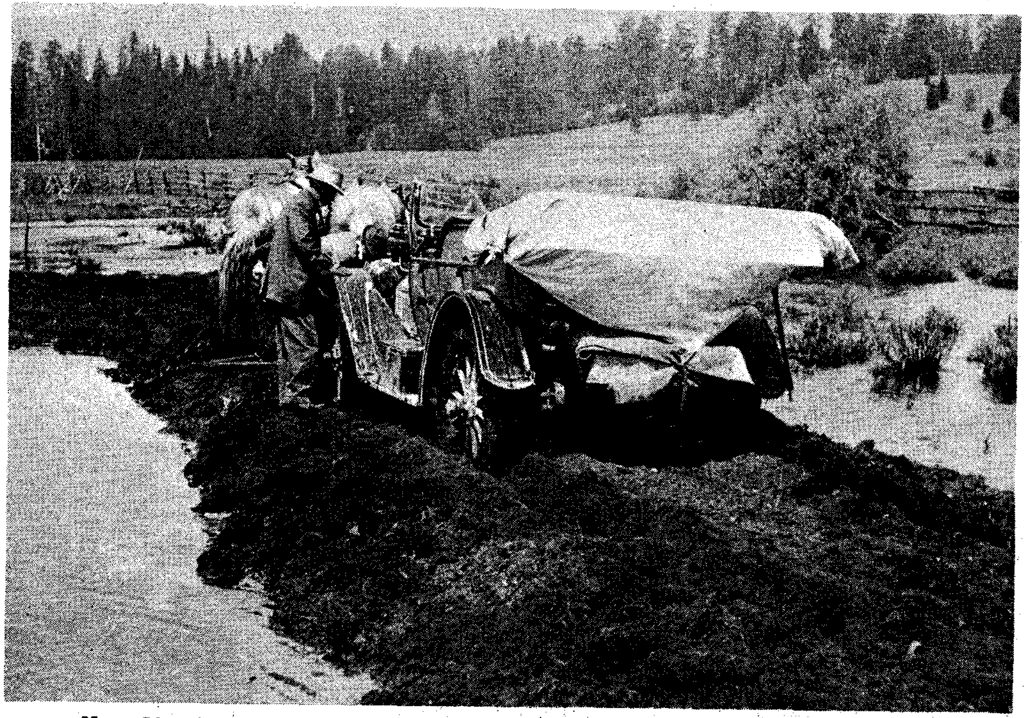
and when she got back home, she came down with the disease. It hit her hard. I undertook to nurse her, but when she began to talk funny and fight me, I had to ask for help.

Her brother Al's wife, Evida, came to lend a hand. We had to hold Babe in bed and keep the covers on. I would sleep a few hours and then Evida would take her turn. We had to keep the stoves going full blast, as it was in the winter. I cut wood and drove to Lincoln for mail and supplies. I was worried, but there was no use trying to get a doctor to come from Helena. We did a good job of nursing, I guess, or Babe was tough, for she pulled through with no apparent after-effects.

In the spring of 1922, I was having some trouble with my teeth, and in late March I made a trip to Great Falls to have work done on them. The snow was very deep and the stage was a sled from Lincoln over the divide at Stemple and down nearly to Canyon Creek, where they transferred passengers to a wheeled vehicle. The stage route had been shifted from Flesher Pass to Stemple.



Near Lincoln, June 1913, the author's father in a muddy situation with the Buick used in the mercy trip for Jim Roberts.

The weather was fair when I left and we had a fine ride to the top of the Divide, although the snow road was softening a little. As we dropped down the east slope, the snow road was built up quite high by the many trips over it, and along the grade above a stamp mill it was five or six feet above the dirt and hung out over the edge a little. As we were going along this grade, the horse on the lower side slipped off the track and fell over the edge, with his back down the hill, and hanging by the harness.

The driver got the traces loose and unhooked Doc. He rolled over and landed in the snow on the steep slope, right side up but in snow over his back. Next we unhooked Bob, who was standing patiently beside the sleigh pole, and hitched him to the end of the pole. The sled had slipped to the right and straddled the right-hand horse track.

The road made a hairpin turn across a gulch and doubled back below us. I led Bob and pulled the sled down the hill and around the curve while the driver, Clarence Poor, worked Doc down through the deep snow, logs and brush across the buried creek to the road, where we met. Doc would plunge ahead and disappear into the snow. But up would come his head as he blew the snow from his nose. He soon spotted his mate coming with the sled and fought the snow and whinnied until he landed on the hard road, blowing hard but unharmed. We hitched up and went on our way.

WHILE I was in Great Falls a Northeaster blew up again and caught Babe in another and worse mess. She rode into Lincoln one day about noon to see her mother and found that the old lady had been bleeding heavily from the nose for several days and was growing weak from loss of blood. Babe's sister Effie was there too, and they worked with every remedy they knew to check the bleeding, but without success. They finally decided that the only thing to do was to start for Helena and medical help. The stage had gone out that morning and wouldn't be leaving again for two more days.

About 3:30 p.m. they were ready to start. The party consisted of Effie and Babe; Ira Tuck, Effie's husband; and their father, Everett Ford, who had his team and hay-filled sled. They laid the old lady on the hay, snugly wrapped in a warm bedding. The weather was warm, the snow was melting, and a light rain was falling. Effie was not dressed for such a trip, but they didn't want to lose the time necessary for her to go home and change. Babe was wearing her riding outfit, luckily for her.

The snow road was breaking up, which made it hard for the horses. By the time they reached the foot of the Divide, about twelve miles from home, the weather had changed and snow was falling. The temperature was dropping rapidly. Near the top of the last steep climb, the snow road had been built up quite high by the passing of teams, and it was so soft that the horses broke through and had to flounder along.

They played out about 200 yards from the top. It was midnight, pitch-dark, and the storm was increasing in violence. It was about a mile over the top and down to the stage station, but the horses could not pull the sled any farther, even though the folks walked. Mother Ford was bleeding badly and they were afraid she would not live through it. The team was unhooked from the sled and Ira wallowed through the snow over to the station and got one of the stage horses that had made the trip over that morning. He worked his horse over to the sled, but the old fellow was about all in and wouldn't pull anything. They finally spread the canvas on the snow, lifted Mother Ford, bed and all, out of the sled and laid her on the canvas.

Tying a rope to the canvas, they all tugged on the rope and, with the horse pulling a little, made it to the top. Going down the hill was easier and Effie and Ira dragged her to the station while Babe and Dad went back after the team. They worked the horses to the top, which took over an hour. First they tried to drive them hooked together, but couldn't make it. The horses broke through the softened sled road. Then they turned Billy loose and led the mare, expecting Billy to follow, but as soon as they gained the top and started down, he dived off the road and tried a short-cut down the bottom of the gulch to the barn. He got into snow so deep that only his head stuck out. Babe and Dad led the mare on down the road to the barn, then Ira and Dad took shovels and bucked the snow back up the gulch to the stranded horse. While they were gone, Babe and Effie lay down on the floor of the cabin behind the stove and slept awhile.

On the way back with the horse, the men got lost in the darkness. They yelled and Babe went out with a lantern. She struggled through waist-deep snow until the men could see the light through the trees and get safely back to the station. By that time it was around 3 a.m. and they thankfully sat down to a meal prepared by the old station tender, Frank Taylor.

They had placed the old lady on a cot by the heater and she slept so soundly it made everyone uneasy. Dad and Ira crawled into one bunk; Babe and Effie, into another. Dad's legs cramped so bad that his groaning and swearing kept Babe awake most of the night. She rubbed his legs the best she could and kept the heater stoked with wood.

They ate breakfast about 8 o'clock but were advised not to leave until the in-

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coming stage arrived, as there was no place to pass in Virginia Creek Canyon. People at the lower station had phoned advising that they wait. The stage pulled in at 2 p.m., two hours late.

Fortunately, the patient's bleeding had checked. The folks started out and when they got to the grade just below Stemple, where we had had trouble the day I went out they had to unhook the team and hook onto the end of the pole as we had done with the one horse. Then Ira drove while the others rode the upper side of the sled until they passed the bad spot. They struggled on down to Glenn Miller's place, arriving about 5 o'clock. Glenn took the entire party to Helena in his little touring car, as the road was bare of snow from there on.

The doctor was able to stop the nosebleed, so Dad, Effie, and Ira returned to Miller's that night, while Babe and her mother stayed in town. The doctor wanted to watch the results of his treatment. Babe wrote me a letter telling of her terrible experience, and I left Great Falls at once to join them in Helena. We made the return trip to Lincoln with no trouble, as the weather had remained cold enough to freeze the old snow, and new snow had fallen making a good sled road.

Babe's mother had no further trouble. It had been a hard trip for a seventy-year-old woman, but she lived to be eighty-seven.

Little Joe, The Loner

(Continued from page 39)

"Well, a little at the back—but I've moved all my belongings up front in the room I sleep in."

As he climbed from the car I told him to be ready around 11 o'clock, December 25, that I would drive down to pick him up.

When I came for him on Christmas Day, he was ready. His white hair glistened. I remarked on it and he told me he had dipped up and heated rain water for a bath and shampoo, and that he also had bathed his dog.

Joe Knox and my husband were talking a mile a minute when our daughter and her husband, our son and his family arrived for dinner. Everyone seemed to think little Joe Knox was something very special, and to see him so happy made our holiday get-together more enjoyable. After that Christmas, Joe often was a visitor at our home.

DURING our deep snowstorm in '68 most Oregonians were snowed in—and not prepared to be, as we seldom have snow that deep. The highways were opened to one-way traffic of supply trucks and jeeps—just emergency travel.

One day our dog barked. I looked out and there between the gate and our house was Little Joe with snow to his waist. He came wallowing through very slowly. I helped him in, scolded, and asked why he was foolish enough to get out in such a storm. At first he couldn't answer. His face was pale and his hands blue.

We took off his shoes and rubbed his feet, ankles and arms. After a hot cup of coffee with a shot of brandy in it, he explained, "Folks, I was so worried about you I had to come find out how you was and if there was anything I could do to help you." That was "Big" Joe talking. He had flagged a supply truck, ridden to within half a mile of our house, and from there fought his way through the drifts. Had it been much farther, I'm certain he never would have made it.

Off and on, Joe told me many happenings of his past life, of places and names, and I took notes. But due to sickness, death, and moving twice I've lost those notes, so I can tell only incidents I now remember. Little Joe is no longer well enough for me to disturb him with questions. The last time I visited him in the hospital, I took him some candy and a new pair of flannel pajamas, gift wrapped. From his pillow he looked up at me, a twinkle still in his eyes, and smiled as he asked, "How did you know I needed all this?"

He is well known as Little Joe. I call him Little Big Joe, for he is so big in many ways. He has a big, kind heart, a compassion for all mankind, a great sense of humor, respectability, honesty, and a solid belief in Christianity. He served in World War I. After being discharged he drifted from state to state and did work of various kinds.

It was in Montana that he found a gold nugget among creek gravel. Joe

Traffic jam in downtown Seminole during the oil boom, from a picture postcard.

promptly got gold fever and, since that time, has carried a bundle on his back with a pick, shovel and mining pan.

He has prospected in Nevada, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, California, and later the Black Sands along our Oregon Coast. From there he made his way to the old mining settlement located far above Powers, Oregon on a branch off Johnson Creek called Poverty Creek, where he staked some mining claims.

He told me the story of old-time miners who abandoned prospecting at Whiskey Run and Randolph and tried mining the nugget gold or flake gold then found along Johnson Creek. They worked hard, long hours under difficult circumstances. The miners labored with horse, fresno, shovels, pick, rocker and pan, only to discover their efforts did not pay off. Most were so discouraged they abandoned their diggings, claims and split-cedar cabins.

Later the Salmon Mountain Mining Company moved in, transporting machinery by pack mules over almost impassable mountain trails such as Roadway. But even with machinery, not enough gold was recovered to pay off. The company moved out, leaving its equipment behind, which to this day sits abandoned and rusty on a flat where miners once lived in shingle and shake cabins.

There was a small 4′ 5″ woman called Little Mary, who lived in the area and worked her claims. She lived up Poverty Creek above the mining setlement. Down the creek below her lived Slim, a tall, thin man of over six feet. Slim and Mary were companions and often mined together. They made a strange looking couple. Both stayed in the mountains and continued to mine after all the others had abandoned the territory—except Joe Knox who lived on his claims a distance from them. But after one particularly stormy, cold winter, Little Mary and Slim also abandoned their holdings.

JOE continued to live in the mountains alone. He mined only enough to enable him to produce the food he needed. I asked why he subjected himself to such solitude when he found such a small amount of gold. He informed me that once in a while he struck it lucky—say, like the time he picked up a handful of nuggets beneath one flat rock in Johnson Creek, or the time he discovered flake gold beneath a house-size boulder on the side hill above the road that led in. Joe said he scraped around it and as far back beneath the big boulder as possible with a shovel. He panned out around $200 worth of gold. He then used dynamite to blow the boulder apart, believing there might be gold within. There was not.

"I didn't stay in those mountains just for what I mined," Joe explained. "I loved it there. Trees seemed the tallest and greenest there. The ripple and splash of water rushing by in the nearby creek seemed to lull me to sleep. The coons came each evening to visit and eat the little scraps I gave them. Elk and deer would come close as I panned in the creek, and the sweetest music of all was the song of the birds. The deep hole of clear water near my cabin held speckled trout. I often stood watching them as they lay motionless. Only a slight movement of fin or tail could be seen. I fed them bugs or ground worms."

I asked if he supplemented his diet with wild game. He gazed at me, then said, "Oh, no. No, I never would harm any wild animals. I wouldn't eat their meat if I was starving. All or them were my friends and they seemed to know it. They were put there by God to live as Nature intended."

A gentleman I know visited the territory around Barklow Mountain a few years back. Barklow Mountain was named for his grandfather. He told me of a tragedy which happened long ago to two men and one woman, their two jacks and a dog. The mishap occurred up Sucker Creek, a branch of Johnson Creek.

Joe Knox said they packed in the jacks, then built a lean-to shelter and fixed a camping place below a high mountain on which part of their claim was staked. They began mining and were using blasting powder, when all of a sudden part of the mountain started sliding. Boulders, trees, dirt and debris came down so suddenly it entirely covered the miners' camp, and every living thing it it.

"Those people were buried alive by a sliding mountain," Joe said, "and they still are buried there. In later years there has been little mining done above the forks at Johnson Creek."

Joe Knox when seventy-six years of age carried a stove from the town of Powers to his cabin. "My old stove went to pieces," he said. "I bought a second-hand one and had it hauled to Powers. There I tied my new shovel, pick and gold pan to it and got it on my back. I was heading out of Powers with it when a man saw me. He came running out and bade me stop. He wanted to take my picture. Soon others came out and there was quite a crowd. They seemed to think I was fooling when I told them I was packing that heavy stove over the steep mountain trail nine miles to my cabin."

Shaking his head he chuckled. "That stove was the heaviest load I ever carried in." Finally he was forced to carry it in relays. After the first three miles it was left beside the trail. Joe went on to his cabin and came back the next day. He carried it another three miles and again left it. On the third day he got it home. Joe said he suffered with a sore back for almost a week.

I asked him why didn't he use a horse, jacks or a mule to carry supplies. He laughed and said, "I tried it once. A farmer loaned me his mule. I loaded a pack on it at Powers and started out. All went well and I made good time until we came to the up-hill trail. There the mule refused to be led farther. He just stopped and stood there.

"I got behind and slapped him on the rump, but he refused to budge. Finally he lay down right across the trail. When I unfastened and took off the pack, he stood up. I figured he was tired and wanted to rest, so I let him stand awhile. Then I tried leading. He led fine for a few feet—so I again tied fast the pack on his back. He then refused to lead and lay down again.

"Well, time was wasting. I removed the pack and when he stood up I turned him facing downhill. I beat him over the rump with my hat and that mule took off in high for home. No, I found out if I had supplies to carry in, I'd better carry them on my back. It might take a day or so but I always got them there. And I kinda liked it. It was sort of a challenge, you know?"

Well, no, I didn't know. But I do know there never was before or ever will be again a little *big* man like Joe Knox.

The Wildcatters

(Continued from page 17)

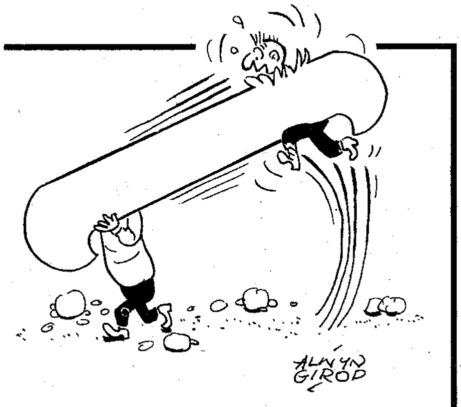
probably come nearer doing the persuading job than I could. That was probably a mistake, but I will never know for sure.

We failed to get the renewals. For one thing, my dad knew almost nothing about the oil business. He would never talk much about the trip, but did say the landowners were a bunch of Yankees who didn't like the Lodge ring he was wearing, and they just wouldn't budge. I didn't have a Lodge ring of any kind, and the politics and background and ancestry of the farmers wouldn't have bothered me one little bit, and I did know more about the oil business. I will never know—but will always wonder—if I could have swung the deal.

Also I will never know—but will always wonder—how much difference it would have made in my life if I had turned the other way on the street that day and not run into the promoter. Anyway, I dropped the whole deal, got a job, and later went back to school, another college in another town.

I heard later that the lease we had was drilled, and a good well was hit, but it was only hearsay. I have never been in the county where we had the leases till this day. I have been close enough to have investigated, but somehow or other I never really had the desire to know for sure—and I never did get involved in another wildcat oil well.

Nor have I ever got rich, out of oil or anything else, but I have had a very good life, and have never regretted the venture.



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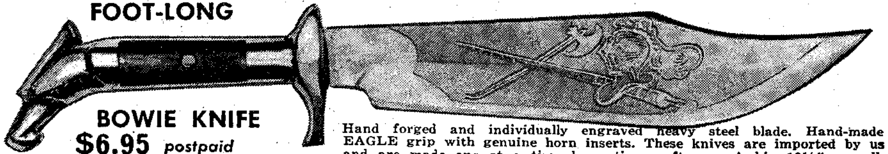

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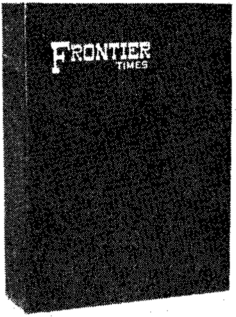

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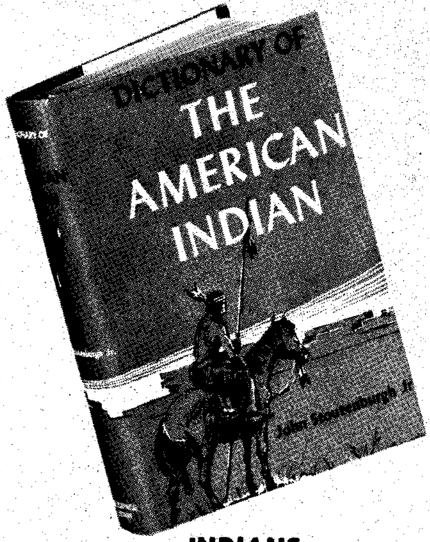

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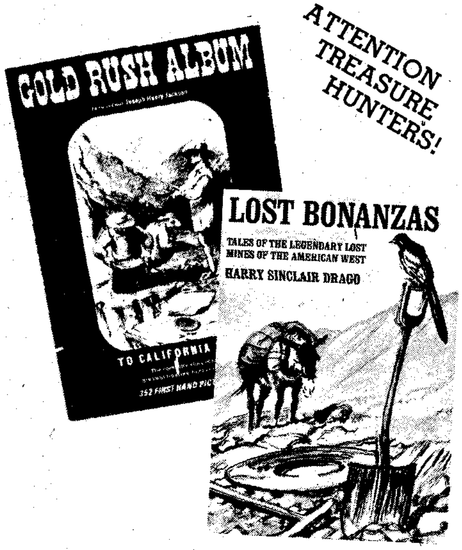

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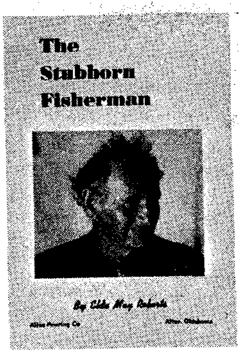

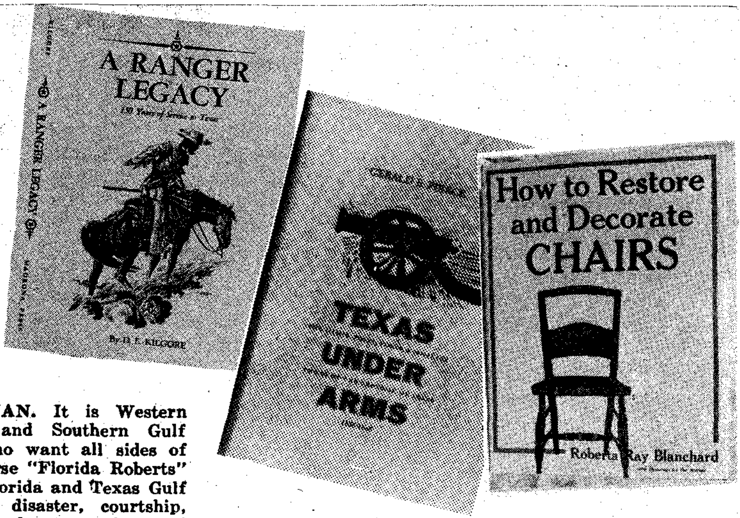

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Recapture Creek's Mystery Gold

(Continued from page 25)

The newcomers staked off claims along the stream, guarding them with shotguns and rifles. The cowboys were warned to make themselves scarce. Pulling out to the north Andy and Blaine made camp, waiting around to see what would happen. Some of the toughs staked off claims close around their camp. One night a delegation called to demand locations where they had found gold.

Blaine laughed loudly. "Who gave you such bum dope? We haven't found a gold placer or it would of been claimed regular-like."

"We could form a miners' court and pass judgment on you!" the spokesman threatened angrily.

Blaine raised a six-gun into view. "Try kangarooing this spread and you're going to be mighty sorry," he warned quietly.

Toward morning a dozen bullets were fired into camp near where they slept. Crawling out armed, the boys stole through the shadows to fort up in some big rocks. With the first break of day, when the toughs began stirring out, they were shot at as fast as they were seen. All bullets were close, but as a warning only. As a result of the gunfire, other prospectors were attracted to the scene. By afternoon they began moving closer to the cowboys from below.

When no return fire came at them they grew bolder. The cowboys' camp was occupied. Then Andy and Blaine opened up, aiming to kill. In short order two of the interlopers were wounded. That forced the withdrawal of the entire bunch, and during the night most of them slipped away.

However, not all had gone from the creek. The diehards hung around, sure that they would find where the cowboys had struck gold. Disgusted, Andy and Blaine circled west and returned to the creek where the bar of gold had been found. While one hunted or panned, the other kept watch with a rifle at ready.

Andy had the guard when Blaine found two bars similar in shape to the first one recovered. These two were much heavier and were dug out of the sand well off the stream. The gold was buried in camp under the firebed. The next day Andy came onto two more bars not a dozen feet from where the others had been picked up.

Greatly encouraged, expecting any minute to run into an immense cache, the cowboys worked very hard for several days. Blaine found a fist-size chunk of gold. He always thought it came from the mysterious treasure because it had been melted into a lump. Soon afterwards Andy picked up a large nugget lying in plain sight on the sand. This discovery sent them back to panning, especially since no more bars were found.

One morning they awoke to find a horde of prospectors around. Busy as bees these men panned all up and down the stream. Patently someone had spied on them and reported that they were finding gold. One sundown two bearded, experienced Colorado prospectors stalked into their camp.

Snarled one of them, "What in tarnation are you boys looking for? You been feeding us. There ain't no gold on this creek!"

"Who said there was?" Blaine retorted. "How come you varmints are in here?"

"We heard tell you found plenty. That's the report. All right, where is it?"

"Well, we been trying our hardest. Maybe we like the exercise."

"I'll tell you what you're doing," the prospector snapped back. "It's them Mexicans' gold you're after. They was bushwhacked on the trail taking it to California. Aimed to buy goods over there with it. But the Utes hit them. They was scattered all to hell and gone. Only two of them Mexicans got back to Santa Fe alive.

"Well, I don't figure that gold they lost is anywhere near here. Anyhow, it's been found a long time ago."

Since the burly prospector had turned slightly friendly and informative Blaine tried to draw the story from him. Maybe he knew how the gold bars came to be on Recapture Creek. But the instant he showed interest in that direction the prospector refused to answer any questions. The cowboys never did know whether or not his hint explained the mystery gold.

They feared most that one of the prospectors would stumble onto a gold bar. If that happened a stampede would be underway on the creek in a matter of hours. Fortunately for them, this did not occur. As days passed men began leaving the canyon. Finally the cowboys were once more alone in its solitude. They worked the creek until late winter snowfall put an end to all activity.

ONCE MORE in Durango they shipped their gold to Denver for sale. When payment was received they moved on to Trinidad on the New Mexico border. One night they stood idly in a saloon. An argument broke out between several men up the bar. Suddenly it turned into shooting trouble. A wild bullet hit Blaine in the head, killing him instantly.

Footloose after that, Andy wandered around aimlessly for several years. Eventually he went again to Recapture Creek but found nothing worthwhile. Still, he always believed more gold reposed somewhere in the creek sands. Some day it would be dug up. Or it might be uncovered when the spring run-off of heavy water washed away covering material. The first man along would own it.

The lure of prospecting, the peacefulness of far places had bitten him for keeps. In between periods of working for cattle outfits to obtain grubstake money, he continued hunting gold. The principal areas he plodded over were in the southern Utah ranges he knew so well and in northern Arizona on the Navajo Reservation. Now and then he found a little gold but never in any appreciable quantity.

He happened to be in Bluff in 1923 when Old Posey engaged in his final defiance of the law. Two Piutes were arrested for robbing a sheep camp. They were being escorted north to jail in Monticello when Old Posey appeared dramatically out of nowhere. Surrounding and attacking the sheriff's party with his men, he released the prisoners.

Posses of cowboys were organized quickly and U. S. marshals entered the case. Andy went along with the main posse. The Piutes were brought to bay and surrounded short of the Abajos. Several Indians were killed before they were forced to give up.

Knowing he would surely be hanged for numerous murders, Old Posey refused to surrender. Attempting escape, he was fatally wounded by a bullet fired at long range. He did, however, reach a cave in Comb Ridge before he died.

The man who inflicted Old Posey's death wound was a crack shot. Andy was widely known as an expert with a rifle. Although a deputy sheriff gave the old renegade the business, for some reason the Piutes accused Andy. They believed that he had fired the fatal shot and nothing would change their minds. Time after time Andy was warned that the Piutes would kill him because of their conviction he had ended the old renegade's infamous career.

Indians may indeed have brought about Andy's death but no one actually knows. After this brief and final "Utah Indian War" Andy gave Recapture Creek a last try and failed to raise so much as a single color. Reluctantly he departed the canyon never to return.

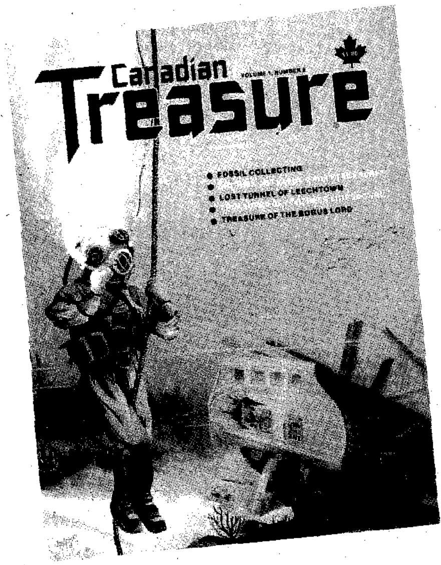
Al Scorup took in a partner. The biggest spread in southeastern Utah was the Scorup-Somerville Cattle Company. The outfit's headquarters was on Indian Creek amidst miles of verdant farmland west of Monticello, the county seat. Along in 1932 Andy went to work for Scorup again, being stationed in a range camp south of Devils Canyon.

For awhile he appeared to have forgotten the lure of gold. But it remained in him, so the spring of 1935 he took time off to go looking once more. Outfitting in Bluff he crossed the San Juan River at Mexican Hat. Unhurriedly he prospected through the wild, untamed and rocky canyons to Oljeto trading post. Leaving there he continued west to Piute Canyon. Known to the Navajos from many previous visits he felt at home and safe among them. Sometimes he stayed at their hogans.

Turning south he prospected up Piute Canyon to the very beginning, then came out and stopped at Inscription House trading post south of Navajo Mountain in Arizona. The trader there was a friend whom he had visited other times while wandering the big Indian country. For a week he laid over. At night, resting on the store counter under hanging gas lights, he reminisced of the long dead days when he had looked for gold, of Blaine's tragic end, and the mysteries of Recapture Creek.

Replenishing his supplies, he struck north into the Tseghi Canyon country, going from there through Marsh Pass and Kayenta, heading leisurely back to Utah. Tourists traveling the very sandy road saw his winking campfire near El Capitan. This great volcanic plug of purple, green and velvety black reaches 1,250 feet into the turquoise sky.

From that night beside his flickering blaze Andy Laney was never seen or heard of again. Searches were made in the Navajo country for him but nothing of his arms, equipment or stock (a horse



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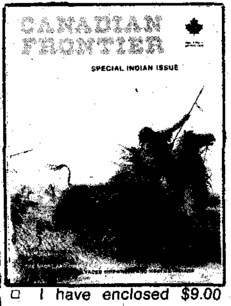

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and a mule) came to light. He vanished completely into nowhere, and how he met his end was never known. In Utah quiet whispers persisted that the Piutes finally got him.

How the gold found on Recapture Creek got there has always been a mystery. Rumors that more has been found in recent years cannot be traced to any particular party. In 1964 a man and his wife appeared briefly in Monticello, who had picked up a hunk of gold that had been chopped from another piece, and a bar ten inches long. Supposedly they found it with metal detectors.

This story spread widely, drawing other hunters onto the creek which hermit Peter Shirts had named almost a hundred years ago. Since some gold is known to have been recovered, chances are that more awaits finding.

Traversing the area is paved Utah State Highway 47. From Bluff to ten miles north of Blanding, where the road crosses Recapture Creek, the canyon is sometimes visible. All along this length it can be reached directly but the treasure hunter should remember that this is uninhabited desert country.

DON'T MISS WANDERLUST, GOLD! & HORSE TALES —THEY'RE ON SALE NOW

Comanche Trail

(Continued from page 29)

military garrison at Presidio to form a sort of funnel through which the Comanches passed. Earlier they had used a much more easterly route but the growing settlement of Texas during the 1830s suggested the advisability of another, less contested, route into Mexico.

A nomadic, warlike people, and of all North American Indians the tribe which adapted best to the horse, the Comanches roamed at will and looked up to no one. They were accustomed to looking south for new supplies of horses. Spaniards exploring from Mexican bases had introduced the first horses into the Comanches' home territory and the spacious haciendas of northern Mexico afforded excellent opportunities for raiding in the mid-nineteenth century.

George F. Ruxton, the Britisher who wrote two classic accounts of the West before dying at the age of twenty-eight, was traveling through Durango and Chihuahua in the summer of 1846. He reported that Comanche raids were especially fierce that year, and he reasoned that the Comanches were taking advantage of Mexico's war with the United States to conduct their bloody business on a more lavish scale than usual.

According to Ruxton, Comanches were "overrunning the whole department of Durango and Chihuahua" and had already stolen "upwards of ten thousand head of horses and mules." He found that travel had been entirely halted in the area and that in virtually every respect, life in northern Mexico had come to a standstill.

One can hardly accept Ruxton's account at face value. Although he describes the region between Durango and Chihuahua as being hard-pressed by Comanches in September 1846, he traveled between those cities himself, taking only a guide for company, and saw only one band of Indians, a group of eleven braves. He heard plenty of spine-tingling accounts of Comanche exploits, saw many graves of victims of "los Indios," and saw considerable evidence of military preparations against the Comanches, or so the natives claimed. Even so, he saw only eleven Indians himself and it is not clear how he knew those to be Comanches.

Moreover, one finds it very difficult to conceive of moving a herd of ten thousand horses and mules from the Durango-Chihuahua area to the Rio Grande, as he described. That region today is one of the most arid, desolate places in North America. Even if one allowed for considerable losses along the way—and Ruxton points out that many of the stolen mounts died before reaching Texas—the survivors might well exhaust the skimpy supplies of grass and water along the trail.

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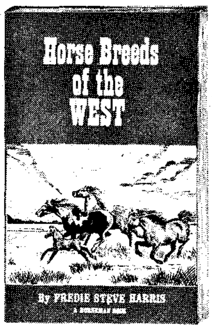

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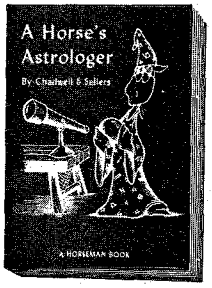

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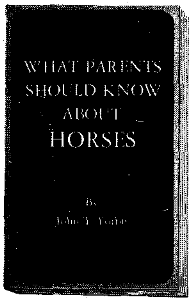

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Please send me the books checked in the quantity ordered. I enclose $ ______ in check or money order. (Texas orders, include 5% state tax.) WP huahua and Horsehead Crossing is more forbidding today than in Ruxton's time. Accounts of the trans-Pecos part of Texas written by the military explorers of the 1850s depict a land considerably richer in grass than the one we know; post-Civil War ranchers in the area overgrazed it mercilessly and contributed largely to its present denuded look. Still, one cannot easily imagine thousands of horses finding enough food and water to get more than part way across that stretch. One must suspect that George Ruxton, like many another in a strange country, accepted too many yarns at face value.

This is not to say, of course, that Comanches and other Indians did not harass the Mexicans. Too much evidence to the contrary exists for such a denial to stand. Those same military explorers —the men who mapped the region, built roads for travelers to the West, and then defended them—found ample reason to believe that mounted raiders passed through that part of Texas, moving on a roughly north-south axis. Lieutenant William H. C. Whiting, part of a road surveying party, has left a description of finding Comanche pictographs on cottonwood trees near what is now Fort Davis.

Major William H. Emory, escorting the Mexican-United States Boundary Commission, found a band of thirty to forty Comanches camped at Comanche Springs in 1851. The Indians had three herds of horses and mules, totaling about one thousand head, and claimed to be an advance party for a group of about four hundred raiders on their way north from Mexico. On the following day Emory saw what he took to be the dust of the main party; he said that the dust was visible "as far as the eye could reach."

THESE and other accounts leave no doubt that Indians, especially Comanches, knew and used a particular route into Mexico that took them through the Big Bend country of Texas and into Mexico. Did they do so entirely of their own volition, or did their raids fit into a larger, non-Comanche scheme of events?

The question is not an idle one. A Mexican government commission appointed to investigate these raids concluded, first, that incursions from north of the Rio Grande increased sharply after 1836 and, second, that the perfidious Texans were the cause of that unhappy development. Sam Houston's newly independent constituents, the argument ran, reasoned that Mexico would find it more difficult to undo the results of the Texas Revolution if the Mexicans were given other worries. Thus Houston and the Texans somehow "cajoled" the Indians into raiding northern Mexico rather than Texas, and the Comanche Trail came into being.

This argument has a certain plausibility. Apparently the Comanches were indeed shifting the focus of their raids from Texas to Mexico at about this time. The Texans certainly had no love for their former masters and no doubt welcomed the Comanche transfer of attention.

Objections to this argument, however, appear to be stronger. First, no one has ever turned up any evidence of a deal between the Texans and the Comanches. If there really was such a bargain struck, our knowledge of human loquacity and of man's penchant for indiscretions makes it difficult to believe that no records or mention of the transaction now exists.

There were good reasons, quite apart from any secret deal, for the Comanches to transfer their attention to Mexico. With independence, Texans pursued a policy of frontier defense with more vigor than Mexico had ever shown. Population grew rapidly and pushed the young republic's frontier westward; in the long run this influx of population made raiding against Texans too hazardous for most Comanches' tastes.

If Indian raids into Mexico became more frequent after 1836, which may well have been the case, it seems likely it was in response to vague, impersonal tribal patterns of living. The notion of a Texan conspiracy being at the root of forces which dictated basic changes in the Comanches' new source of equine wealth looks reasonable for a moment but ought to be set aside as an unlikely explanation. Conceivably the raids merely offered an opportunity for proving one's self in the face of danger, a very important consideration for Comanche males.

Whatever the value of these speculations, the presence of military observers in the trans-Pecos region and American expansion proceeding along the traditional east-west lines conflicted directly with the Comanche route into Mexico. This conflict became more marked after 1848, when the discovery of gold in California heightened traffic enormously. One of the routes to the gold fields, the San Antonio-El Paso segment of the southern route, exactly paralleled a portion of the Comanche Trail, that part extending from Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos to Comanche Springs. The Butterfield Overland Stage line also covered ground familiar to Comanches.

Once Easterners had decided that it was worth their while to get to California and that the San Antonio-El Paso road was one way to do so, the days of the Comanche Trail were numbered. A string of forts soon appeared along the route. These were to be abandoned during the Civil War but the Comanches gained only a temporary respite; most of the forts reappeared after 1865. Within a decade after Appomattox the Comanche raids were over for all practical purposes. Never again were the tribesmen to ride into Mexico at the end of a summer.

The Trail lives today only as a legend. A recent first-hand investigation conducted by a pair of researchers from Austin, Texas failed to discover any physical evidence of it in any part of the trans-Pecos region, though we should not expect the smooth-shod ponies of the Comanches to have left deep, lasting scars on the earth. There was a time, however, when the Comanche Trail was very visible, not the least in its effects upon life in northern Mexico.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Fullerton

I would like to hear from Hal B. Fullerton who went overseas in 1917 as a member of the 29th Division during World War I. He was from around Los Angeles and I met him at the Army Base Hospital in Waco, Texas.—L. L. Bougie, 6052 1st Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55419

Hill-Hanks

I am searching for information as to the parents of Reubin Hill, born June 17, 1761, died January 16, 1833. Reubin was said to have been born in Virginia or possibly Pennsylvania. The difference of opinion is in the 1880 census records of his two youngest sons. He was a Baptist minister and hatter by trade. He married Joyce Hanks in 1785. She was the daughter of Moses Hanks and Aggatha Dodson. She died at the home of her brother, Elijah Hanks.

His father was said to have been Thomas Hill, a minister in Virginia and Kentucky. But I have been unable to prove this. Would appreciate hearing from anyone who might help me in my search. I would also appreciate hearing from any descendants of Reubin Hill and Moses Hanks.—Reuben Hill, Box 1152, Kimball, Nebraska 69145

Cole-Hopper-Prewett

I am interested in information concerning these names. John D. Prewett was born in France September 29, 1859. He came to America when he was thirteen with his father, also named John D. Prewett. After three years John, Sr. returned to France. Does anyone know anything about the Prewett family in France?

Am interested in hearing from anyone on the name Hopper. Does anyone know the parents of James Cole born in 1808 in Virginia. He died in 1867 or 1868 in Osceola, Missouri. He married Hannah Raymond in 1833. I have no dates on Hannah. Their children: Daniel Raymond, Samuel, Charlie, Albert and John Bateman Cole (my great-great-grandfather).

Also another James Cole, a Baptist preacher. Born in 1802 in Virginia. He married Ruth ----- who was born in Kentucky. Their children: William, Edna, Hugh B., Elizabeth, Mary, Marion, Robert, Thomas, and Sarah.—Mrs. Marilyn J. Schaefer, 1851 West Archer, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127

Patrick-Griffith-Ramsey

Our great-great-great-grandfather was John Patrick born in 1756. His father was named John and all we know about his mother is that her last name was Wilmouth. John Patrick, Jr., married Sarah Kendrick (born 1761) and they lived in Greene County, Kentucky and later moved on a farm five miles west of north Bowling Green, Kentucky. This was about 1800. John Patrick died there in 1817. Sarah moved to Monroe County, Missouri with her daughter Mrs. Levi Turner, and died there in 1834.

John Patrick's son, Wiley Jones Patrick (born in 1802) married Rayanna Cox, but she died soon after and he then entered the Army in 1825 and served in Baltimore, Maryland. While there he married Margaret Shortle Reynolds, (born 1808) of Friendship, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, in 1829. They later moved to the West and settled on Ten-Mile Creek, Macon County, Missouri. As far as we know they only had two sons, James Henry Patrick and Wiley Jones Patrick, Jr. James Henry married Mary J. Schelhorst.

Wiley Jones Patrick, Jr., born January 3, 1840 after his father's death, lived for a time with an uncle, Ludson Greene Patrick in Monroe County, Missouri. Wiley later became an ordained minister (Baptist) at Salem Church, Monroe County, Missouri. He married Elizabeth Ann Withers (died December 1, 1872) and they had two children, Pryor Claye Patrick and Bower Reynolds Patrick.

Also, I would like to hear from anyone knowing anything about Amos Griffith, whose wife's name was Mary. They had a son Joel who was born in 1782 and married a Margaret Breadth. Joel and Margaret's daughter Elizabeth married William Schelhorst. They lived in Kentucky and then moved to Missouri in 1819.

Also would like information on Larkin Ramsey who was married to Hannah Maynard.—Mrs. Gordon Wallace, 110 Scott Street, Salida, Colorado 81201

McLean-Armstrong-Shipley-Sullivan-Weddle

I would appreciate information on the mother, father, brothers and sisters and other relatives of Thomas Ashton McLean, my great-grandfather. He was born June 6, 1836 in Ohio, but I do not know the county. He first married Sarah Jane Armstrong, on January 13, 1859 Houston County, Minnesota. There was one son by this union and when Sarah died, Thomas married her sister, Nancy Ann Armstrong. They had seven children, the oldest Samuel Martin McLean who was my grandfather. The two Armstrong girls were daughters of Samuel and Catherine (Bartlett) Armstrong, all from Pennsylvania. Thomas was in Caledonia, Houston County, Minnesota with the Armstrongs in the 1850s and was also there in the census of 1860. He came to Clark County, Washington, Territory in November of 1865, in the Goodwin wagontrain. The majority of the people on this wagontrain were from Illinois.

Thomas left Washington Territory in 1871 and went to Cowley County, Kansas but in what part of the county I do not know. He then went to Colorado in 1875 or 1876, then returned to Clark County in 1886. He then moved to Cowiche, Yakima County, Washington in the early 1900s to be near his sons. He died on July 12, 1918 in Cowiche and is buried in the cemetery there.

I am also looking for the descendants or relatives of Ezekiel and Margaret (Shipley) Sullivan, my great-great-grandparents. They were living in Brown County, Indiana in the 1840s and 1850s. Their daughter, Martha M. Sullivan married Francis Marion Weddle, who settled "on the Cowiche" in Tieton, Yakima County, Washington Territory in 1880. They are both buried in the Cowiche Cemetery. Francis Marion Weddle was the son of David Dollen and Mary Ann (Sullivan) Weddle. I will exchange information.—Joyce E. McLean Lord, 1312 McKinley Avenue, Yakima, Washington 98902

Taylor-Mays

My great-grandfather was William (Bill) Taylor. He was born January 11, 1821 in Kentucky or Georgia. He married Delilah Mays in 1854 and their children were born in Atascosa County, Texas. Their names were Mariah Elizabeth; Emma; J. Constance—moved from Dimmit County, Texas to New Mexico; Andrew Mays, born June 20, 1859, died June 6, 1938; Margaret (Midge) married Hudgins and lived in Searchlight, Nevada in 1900; Mary Ann (Molly); Bill, lived in New Mexico.

The 1880 census of Dimmit County lists a grandson, William P. Taylor, seven months old, in William's home.

Was William the son of Josiah Taylor and Epsebeth Looker, who married September 29, 1807 at Mars Hill Church, Clarke County, Georgia?

I would like to hear from the descendants of any of these people and exchange information. Also, information on the Theodore Terry family. Theodore was born in New York in 1831. His daughter, Annie Louise, was born in Illinois in 1863 and married my grandfather, Andrew Taylor, in Maverick County, Texas in 1879. Theodore was an attorney, judge and rancher in Maverick County. He died in 1898.—Mrs. O. L. Grelle, 211 Vista Avenue, Round Rock, Texas 78664

Lincoln

Peleg Lincoln was born October 22, 1770 and his wife, Betty Piper, March 17, 1772. To this union there were born three children: James M. (1809-1874); Sibbil P. (1812-?); and Joshua S. (1814-?).

James M. and Qulielma Dewees Lincoln and children Hannah, Enos, George P. and Betty, lived in or near Canton, Illinois during the 1850s and went West.

(Continued on page 63)

Legends of Gulf Coast Treasure

(Continued from page 9)

among other bricks. He took the brick home. It was solid silver. He never again found the other bricks. Strangely, it was a man from Hallettsville who found a silver ingot in the marsh near Red Fish Lake in the 1920s!

Lafitte abandoned the *Pride*, damaged in a sea battle, in the Lavaca River, and went overland to seek refuge in the home of his sister who resided near the Tres-Palacios River close to the present Francitas, Texas.

Lafitte's sister is buried in the Deming's Bridge cemetery which is now known as Hawley's and where "Shanghai" Pierce, years later, had a statue erected to himself.

The town at Cox's Point where Alcoa stands, which once numbered hundreds of people, was a pyromaniac's dream and is still a hot place to work. It was repeatedly burned by the Indians, by the Texans, and by the Mexicans. After 1836 few ships called at Cox's to have cargo lightered up the river, as in Philip Dimmit's time, but instead passed through a channel in Prairie Chicken Reef into the mouth of the Lavaca, and on to the docks at Texana on the Navidad River. These rivers became an artery for commerce; roads radiated from Texana to Victoria, Port Lavaca, Goliad, San Antonio, Columbus, and Brazoria.

The earliest ship to founder at the mouth of a river on Lavaca Bay was La Salle's last ship, the *Belle*, in 1687. Loss of the *Belle* ended the only hope for the French at Fort St. Louis to escape from Matagorda Bay by sea.

In 1836 Silvanus Hatch scuttled his schooner, the *Mary*, in the Lavaca River to prevent its falling into the hands of Urrea's army marching from Goliad to Matagorda. For years after, the *Mary* was an obstacle despite repeated attempts to float it.

Six weeks after Linnville was destroyed by the Indians in 1840, weekly passenger service was started between Decros Point and Texana by the Ferguson and Harrell Company with the steamer *Swan*. It was also later lost.

The Texana newspaper *Clarion* boasted in 1880 that fifteen to twenty-three ships called weekly at the Texana docks. Commerce was brisk, and ships from the exotic ports of the world occasionally appeared.

In 1960 Robert Meyer of Six Mile related how he once found the wreck of a boat or ship following a flood in the Lavaca River near a motte on the east bank. Meyer crawled over the ribs and planking which were protruding above the mud and water of the river. He removed some of the wood containing square nails. Some nails were spikes and appeared to have a design imprinted upon the head. Meyer presumed this to be the area of the ship's cabin.

Meyer had the wood sent off for analysis to determine if the wood came from certain areas of France. The nails, like dull copper, showed large amounts of gold content. The nails with designs on their heads could have been used as decoration for the cabin of the ship's captain.

Some of the nails recovered from the

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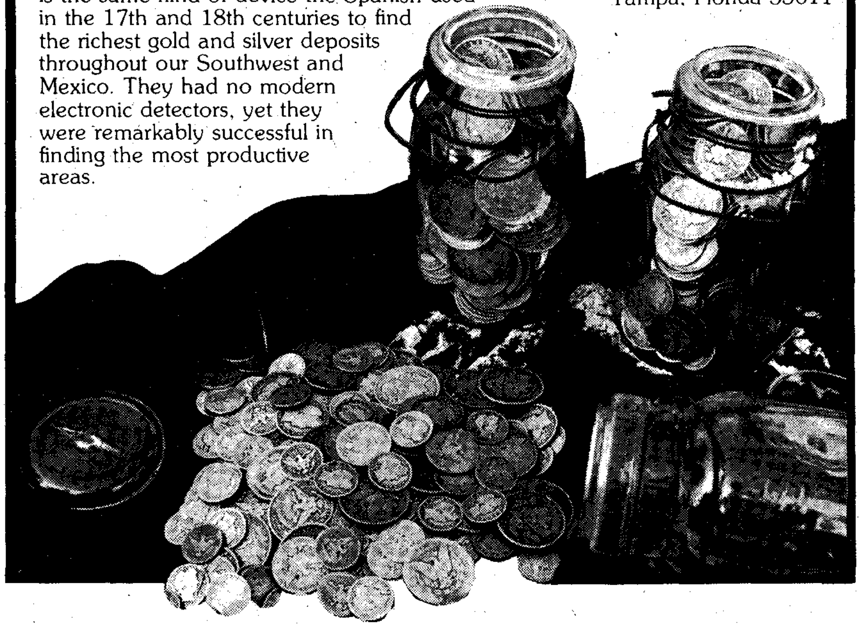

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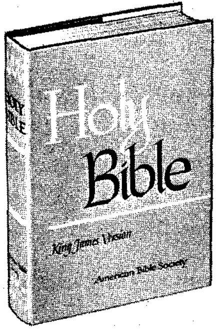

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wreck were later lost or stolen. The wreck was never found again by later searchers because either the river ran higher or the hulk slipped into a deeper channel. Fishermen reported bumping into it, and there were reports it could be seen just beneath the surface of the water from the air.

MRS. Gladys Meyer in an interview November 13, 1972, remembered when Robert Meyer discovered the ship's wreck in the Lavaca River in company with Lloyd N. Ross, a rubber company executive from Houston, Texas. Mr. Ross possessed old maps, and while a guest in the Meyer home he and his host would explore Lavaca Bay. From the shipwreck they found, the men brought home boards, planks, and nails. Mrs. Meyer still possesses some of the nails which were recovered.

Mrs. Meyer said, "I think it was Mr. Alton White, a teacher at that time, who had the wood and nails analyzed for my husband. The nails were square, of copper, with some gold content. I am sure this was in 1937 because our boy Bobby was two years old at the time. Robert and Mr. Ross made numerous searches, but they never again found the wreck. I am positive they said it was at the first motte upriver."

In a short conversation I had with Mrs. Alton White (November 1972) she said she remembered something about a sunken boat from Mr. White who sent material from it off for analysis. Mr. White was always doing things like this to help people, she said. "I do not know where he sent it or where any reports on it are at this late date. I do not know what the reports were. There are many wrecked boats littering the bottom of this bay: there is nothing novel about it."

On November 22, 1972, Leon Tanner of Port Lavaca reported that he remembered the incident because of his own interest in discoveries on the bay. He said, "Mr. Alton White attended to having the wood and nails analyzed which were recovered from the hulk by my uncle. The nails showed from 14 to 30 percent gold content, but some of the larger spikes—up to 14 inches long are missing. Decoration on the heads of them were damaged by corrosion.

"Analysis of the wood showed it to be teakwood, a costly product of the East Indies valuable in shipbuilding. Teakwood paneling is used on ocean liners today.

"Some of the planking from the wreck was thickly encrusted with paint. Analysis proved it to be a pigmentation produced from the whey of milk and from eggs, a practice abandoned since the introduction of oil and lead paints.

"My uncle described the ship as a brigantine, which is a two- or three-master with higher decks fore and aft. On the riverbank my uncle stepped off its length; it was 110 feet from stem to stern. The ship had a copper plate, but it could not be removed."

Mr. Tanner who is acquainted with the river said that the derelict was washed up on the bank straight across from Red Fish Lake at the Mauldin motte during the flood of 1937 or 1939. (Actually, the Navidad flood was in 1936, and the Hallettsville flood in 1940.)

"With a few ropes and lines my uncle had," Mr. Tanner continued, "the timbers of the ship were tied to the roots and trees on the bank, but when he returned later he found the lines torn and the wreckage gone. The rising of the river must have washed it back into the stream of the channel.

"I know where it is, approximately. If we had enough money we could seal off the river, pump out the area, and recover the ship from the mud and muck, and establish its identity. I know it can be done."

Fifty years of commerce, storms, wars, and floods have added to the number of derelicts in the rivers and in the bay, including LaSalle's *Belle* and Silvanus Hatch's schooner *Mary*. But what registry of lost ships will reveal the identity of the vessel found by Mr. Meyer which was finished in teakwood and decorated with nails of gold?

This was not an ordinary Texas trading schooner with cargo of stinking hides, squawking turkeys, oyster shell, or beeswax. In the history of the decorative arts the analysis of the ship's paint alone betrays its age to be nearer the Middle Ages than to our own time.

The derelict's size and the evidence of its luxury encourages one to think of it as a galleon from the Spanish treasure fleet, or an East India vessel, or LaFitte's *Pride* reputedly sunk in the river. LaFitte's lieutenants settled up and down this coast, and some of them left their mark on the history of Calhoun County. The children and grandchildren of Martin DeLeon in Victoria remembered the French pirate "La Fou" who was their father's friend, and who had once brought them dainties and lace from New Orleans.

Mrs. Julia Sturm of Port Lavaca remembers that her husband Dick and his brother, who now lives in Houston, hunted in the river bottoms at the head of the bay when they were boys living in Edna. More than once they stumbled upon scattered bricks with which they played, never dreaming they might be treasure from lost ships. Because the bricks were dirty and very, very heavy they never bothered to bring any of them home.

MATAGORDA and St. Joseph Island, divided by Cedar Bayou in Calhoun County, abound in tales about sunken, wrecked, and foundered ships which were looted and plundered by the Indians. George Miller of Port Lavaca says that during low tide, when flying over Vince's Slough, Ayres Dug-Out, or Buccaneer Pass near Cedar Bayou, signs of numerous wrecks are visible to this day.

White and Indian "wreckers" learned early to lure ships with false beacon lights, or to mislead them with bonfires on shore. When the ship ran aground, the crews were often massacred and the ship plundered.

Mrs. Alpha Kennedy Wood of Refugio County said that False Live Oak Point in San Antonio Bay was often mistaken by mariners for the Live Oak Point on Copano Bay which it closely resembled. Ships foundered on this account, and

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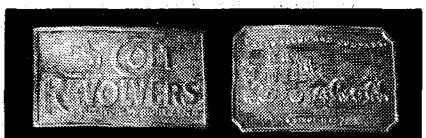

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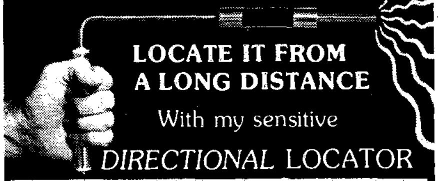

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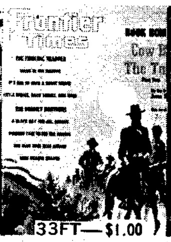
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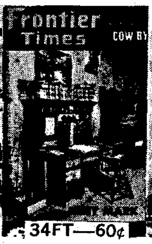
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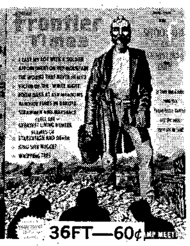
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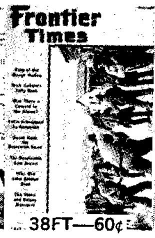
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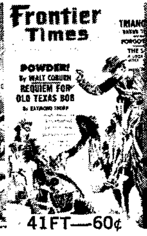
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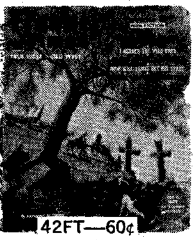
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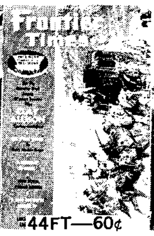
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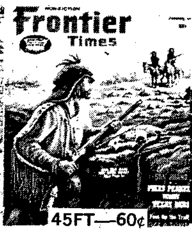
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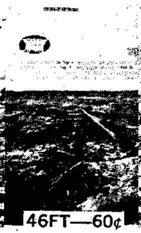
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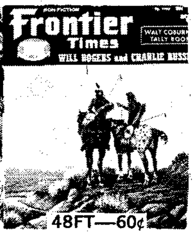
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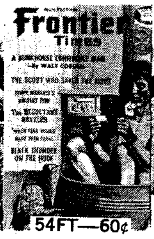
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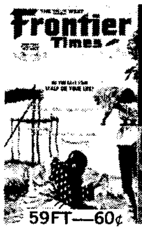
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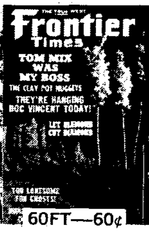
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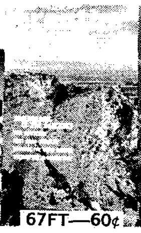
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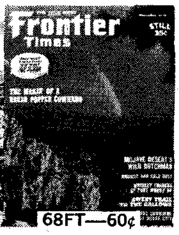
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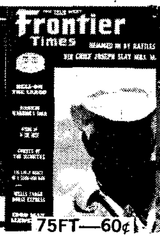
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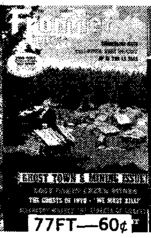
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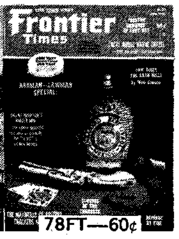
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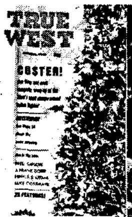
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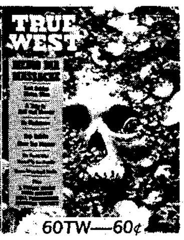
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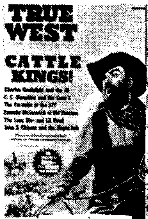
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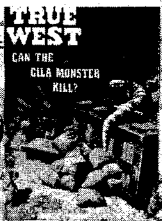
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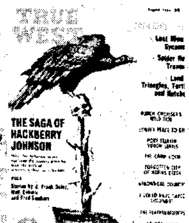
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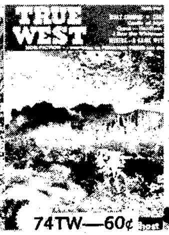
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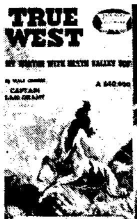
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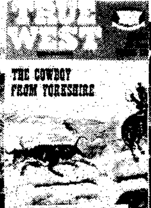
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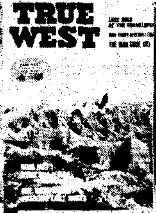
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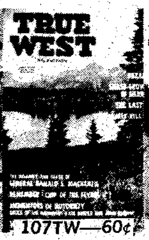
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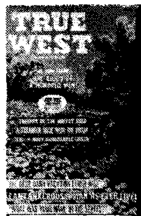
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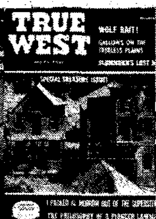
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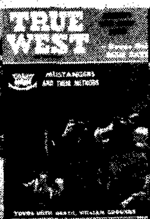
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settlers bound for the Irish colonies who landed after losing their wordly goods had to proceed to Mosquitoes, or to the Fagan Ranch on the Guadalupe. LaFitte reputedly also used the area as a hideout for his ships and treasures.

White men left written records of wrecks on the Texas coast, but Indians handed down their tales of treasure and sunken ships by word of mouth from one generation to another. The Indians knew that nothing foiled or frustrated the white man more than to steal his treasure and hide it. The "Frenchman" (the Texas Indians called all white men Frenchmen) valued his treasure more than life itself.

Ed Kilman in his book, *Canniba Coast*, reported that a French ship from Mobile with crew and treasure was lost in Cedar Bayou to the Indians in 1712 Another French ship *Marechal d'Estree* was run aground on Matagorda Peninsula in 1719, and only Simon de Belle Isle survived. He lived with the Indians for two years—until Captain Bernard de la Harpe visited Lavaca Bay with the ship *Subtile* in 1721, and dickered with Indians "in a great camp," possibly on Cox's Point. He kidnapped seven of them when he departed.

In 1724 a Spanish ship loaded with specie and provisions for the garrison at Presidio La Bahia was attacked and looted in Garcitas Creek after its sailors were killed by the Indians. In the winter of 1766-67 an English ship was plundered and its crew massacred in Cedar Bayou. Only one little boy survived to grow to manhood in Goliad. A Spanish ship was lured aground on St. Joseph's Island and its crew killed in 1821.

The *Lively*, a supply ship for the Austin colony, lost its second cargo and two young men on Matagorda Bay in 1822 to the Indians. According to Hobart Huson, a lawyer-historian in Refugio Texas, a Spanish ship with bullion washed up in Refugio County in 1822 The ship was looted by the Comanches Treasure hunters have since dug up all the pasture lands between Tivoli and Refugio looking for the buried bullion.

J. Frank Dobie told a similar tale about "The Pirate Ship of the San Bernard" which may have brought the beautiful Theodosia Burr Allston, daughter of Aaron Burr, to Texas.

AS TOLD BY John Schlebeck, when he was seven or eight years old an Indian appeared near his father's home on Placedo Creek in Calhoun County. This was about 1922. The Indian called for someone to come for him with a boat to cross the creek. John and his father, Charles Schlebeck, brought the Indian over in a skiff. He had digging tools and a bedroll pack with him. He had been searching for something.

John Schlebeck said, "This Indian was the real McCoy. This was the first real Indian that I had ever seen, and I could not keep my eyes off of him, although I was half afraid. Besides a bedroll and digging tools he had a coffee pot, kettle, frying pan, and what looked like a small bow.

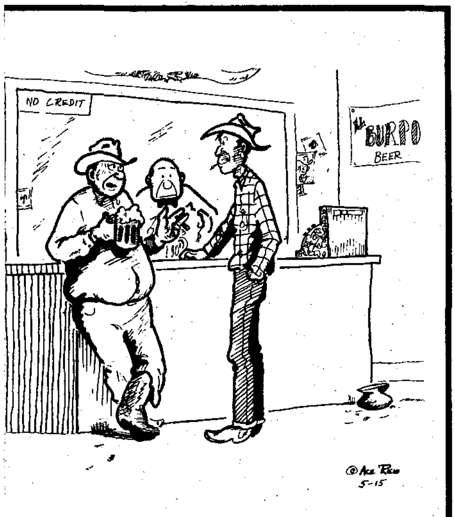
"When you are a little boy the first Indian you see leaves a lasting impression. This Indian looked exactly like an Indian is supposed to look, with long braided hair and moccasins on his feet. He smelled of wood smoke from many campfires. He even spoke like an Indian when he said, 'Me go-um Port Lavaca.' I watched him until he disappeared down the road loaded with his camping equipment and tools."

Over a cup of coffee on November 7, 1972, a Calhoun County old-timer related to me a tale from Captain Frank Bauer, father of Dr. J. E. Bauer of Refugio and grandfather to Billy Bauer. Captain Bauer and a companion were oystering at the mouth of Carancahua bay during the winter of 1922 when they were called ashore by the foreman of the Sand Point Ranch in Calhoun County.

In the first motte on the west bank the ranch foreman introduced the fishermen to an Indian camping in a tent in the brush. Digging tools were lying about, and a coffee pot was on the campfire. The Indian said he was from Oklahoma, that he was looking for a fortune described to him by his people among whom the story had been passed down over several generations.

The following winter Captain Bauer and his companion again oystered off the Carancahua. This time the lady owning the Sand Point ranch appeared and waved the fishermen ashore. She took them into the brush, and showed them the remains of the Indian's camp, a bare tent site, a campfire long dead, and an old rotted wooden box which had been strapped with rusted iron, now containing nothing.

Pirate and Indian and immigrant treasure—these tales abound on this mysterious, ancient coast.



"Yep, I steal a few cows, whup my wife, drink and lie, but then I guess nobody's perfect!"

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 30)

third league in Waterloo. My mother, Jenny Lott, grabbed her broom; and Grandpa, Captain Martin V. Lott, got his sword from the wall. Grandma was not armed with anything. Her only weapon was her mouth. She could build anyone up or cut him down if they could understand her. She gave them Indians hell in their own language, for she was Dutch and Iroquois, and could speak both very well. Celia (Snydier) Lott was born in Pennsylvania. Captain Lott came from New York and had many brothers.

When a brave stuck his head in the window, Martin and I would hit him with the darning blocks. We soon ran out of our missiles, and had to use whatever else was at hand. Dad and Mom's shoes were handy, so they were minus a pair the next day. I tried to find them the next day; I could not, so the Indians got two pair of shoes for their efforts.

Our home was located on the corner of South and Mullen Streets; 102 South Street and was a two-story house with a limestone foundation. It is still there, but has changed owners many times over the last sixty-odd years.

Each time I go to Waterloo, I drive by the old homestead. I think of those good old days and would like to find my grandpa's pistol hidden inside of a limestone wall in the basement. He had carried it in the Civil War, through twenty-nine battles. His saber is gone—someone in Waterloo had it. Engraved on the blade is his rank, name and unit: Captain Martin Van Buren Lott, Co. A 16th Iowa Inf. Div. It should be a collector's item and lucky for the present owner.

I used to play with Blackhawk Allen, a very tall lad. He was a great-grandson of chief Blackhawk, after whom the county is named. I wish I could see him now. We used to hunt, fish and swim in Blackhawk woods and Blackhawk Creek not far from Blackhawk Road. You see, the chief lived there at one time. Its first name was Parrie Rapids. It was split by the Cedar River, which was the best bass-fishing water in the state.

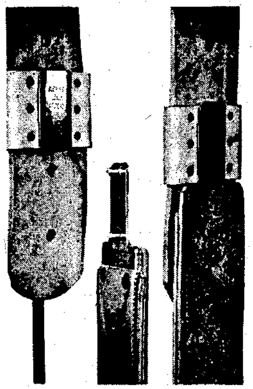
Chief Red Fox worked at Rath's Packing Co. in the old days. I had seen him a few times, but never got to know him. He was a very busy man and still is.

For afternoon snacks, my grandma fed us hot cocoa and hardtack smeared with good old homemade butter. And on hunting trips in the woods it was beef jerky, hardtack and creek water. Sure was good, but one cannot find either on the counters of food stores.

I hope Chief Red Fox reads this. Maybe I can get in touch with him and other old-timers.—Robert M. Lott, 2317 Bruland Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana 46234

Treasure Info

In J. Frank Dobie's book *Coronado's Children*, the story of Harp Perry's mine on the Little Llano and a man by the name of Medlin finding the evidence of it, is true. Several years ago a man who told me he had corresponded with Medlin in South America, took me to the place. We camped at the spring. He showed me the mound of dirt where the skeleton and the miner's spoon was uncovered. The gashes were still in the rock where the washing of gold was done. Near this place was the name "Perry" spelled by placing rocks to make the name. To my knowledge it is as Medlin left it. I was there about fifteen years ago.—Bob Markum, 4509 Vermont, Fort Worth, Texas 76115



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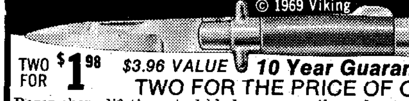

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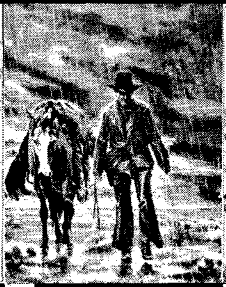
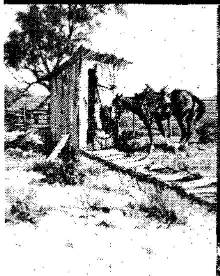

11 Lightning Got Him

12 No Time To Lose


3 Cowboy Chores

14 Spanish Treasure

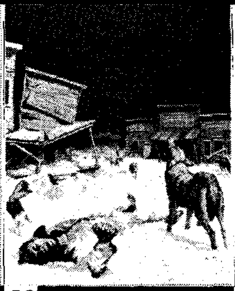
15 Spring's Drama In The Desert

16 Old Memories

17 Flathead Indian

18 Autumn In Colorad

9 Buffalo Hunter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(Continued from page 5)

The Postal Reorganization Act of 1970 s this generation’s equivalent of the pre-Revolutionary War’s Sugar and Stamp Acts. “A heavy blow” is how the usually optimistic *Reader’s Digest* magazine referred to the postal act in its January 1974 issue. “It makes our future—and that of many other magazines—uncertain.”

Even a giant like *Reader’s Digest* This is unofficial but there is a statement to the effect that their postage rates will go up from around $7,000,000 per year to $16,000,000 in two years and up to $40,000,000 by the time the “plan” ends. And you can be mighty sure that another plan will begin when it ends.

“Postage rates will be at least 242% higher by 1976 than they were in 1971.” And this cost will have to be passed on to the public unless a publishing company flat locks its doors and calls it quits.

One authority is quoted as saying, “Magazines of the future will be for the elite only—$1.00, $2.00, and even $3.00 per copy. . . .” That cuts out a lot of people who would like to read stuff like we put out and that of thousands of other publications. (I’ll agree that there is a lot of trash in the mails but there has never been anything to my knowledge that was *all* good.)

This man E. T. Klassen, Postmaster General, must be some dictator! Reporters, senators, and everyone else who has had direct contact with him says that he is bound and be damned to make the postal service a going and paying concern. If he does, it is the only part of our United States Government (semi-independent now) that has ever made a *profit!* But Mr. Klassen’s general attitude seems to be “to heck with the people—I’ll do what I durn please.” If we and our representatives are going to let that type thing go on in this country, we have a dictatorship in more places than one. Hitler will go down in history as a mild benevolent character and the Russian dictators will be put under the historical classification of something like “spoiled boys can be mischievous.”

You see, what is sad about the whole thing, is that the American people do not have to put up with any of this stuff. We dearly love to gripe and that’s about as far as it goes. I have been active and many of our readers have been active and if all of us will get up off our lazy hunkuses and write, write, write—maybe send telegrams or make phone calls if the budget allows—and then when that friendly politician comes by to shake your hand, give him a few words in return—things will change.

Folks, we are really in for it! “American tradition,” wrote historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., “has been what our founding forefathers meant it to be—to transmit *second class* mail at a lower rate because the circulation of newspapers and magazines has been deemed essential to the enlightenment of the Republic and to the strengthening of American democracy.” Can’t you see old Benjamin Franklin scratching his head now, if he saw what was happening to his dreams of free enterprise and a subsidized postal department which could bring “enlightening articles and information to the American public.”

Congress set up the present U. S. Postal Service as a semi-independent body with more autonomy than the old Post Office had ever enjoyed. Congress directed its new creation to see that all classes of mail were made to pay their own way. This is all very fine if all other branches of government would pay their own way.

EVERY business in the country depends on the movement of the mail. Every *person* in this country depends on the movement of the mail and we’re dealing with a monopoly. I can’t walk to your house and deliver your magazine. You can’t walk across two states to the home office of an insurance company when your premium is due—not even if the rate goes to $5.00 a stamp. You’d just have to pay the five bucks or throw in the sponge. A weekly business letter I subscribe to states: “Good idea to keep tabs on your mail service [delivery] over the next year if it’s a factor in your business. Postal Service continues in a bind. May try to trim service now and then, and if so, you may want to squawk. Higher postal rates are in the cards . . . possibly from 10¢ to 12¢ for first class, drop the airmail stamp, send all letters first class. Maybe in 1976, maybe before. And other rates up too . . . 20% the average. New wage contracts coming make this sure . . . middle of next year. A big jump in pay is likely. Congress may absorb some part of the rise but not enough to limit rates . . . or stop service cuts, such as Saturday mail.”

As of now, it reportedly would take about a $40,000,000 subsidy a year to get the post office out of the red. Cripes, the government accidentally *loses* that much money in transferring certain political funds from one pocket to another (or other pockets to several) or in lending arms to a weak country so it can grow up to be strong and shoot the hell out of its neighbor! This is about what the rice farmers receive as a subsidy each year. Rice is great and the rice farmers certainly have their cause, but is it a greater cause than an efficient mail service to the whole nation at a reasonable rate?

If we had those old trails intact, we could sure get that Pony Express started again! Recently it took twenty-eight days to get a first-class parcel from our office to New York City and that delay cost us several thousand dollars. And I don’t especially blame the postal employes between here and there—especially the old-timers who are as sick as we are about the degeneration of what was once a first-class operation. You can’t keep cutting personnel, cutting services, and letting the railroad system die mile by mile, and still get the job done. We receive *thousands* of gripes per year relative to not receiving magazines ordered by our subscribers after three to six weeks have gone by. Don’t worry about us not filling your order—we’ve got a lot of magazines (a whole lot more than we’ve got money!)—but what happens after we

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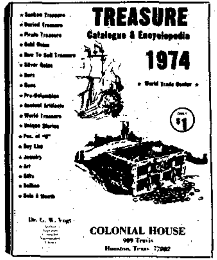

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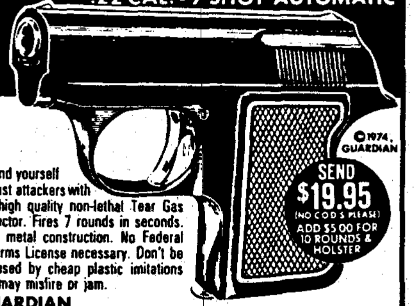

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ıt them in the mail is out of our hands. e have had an irate letter come in, for stance, asking for an order to be filled the matter would be referred to postal ıthorities (brother!) and then about e time we'd get ready to send out the cond mailing, here would come a nice tter saying "Stop! Stop! Stop! It me!" That would be something like ve weeks after we had mailed the parcel at was to travel about 1,200 miles.

The only remedy lies with Congress. ırrently before that body is a bill that ould spread out postal increases over a n-year period. "Currently" means as write this just before I go into the spital for some eye surgery. I'd better t get into that because I still have aders asking me about my bursitis in at old right shoulder. It came out ay—they "broke" my arm and ground e stuff all up and I can do everything ıt pick apples—just can't get that old m clean full mast up! Anyhow, this ll would spread out postal increases er a ten-year period (as the magazine ıdustry has urged) and that would reuce by a third the proposed increases n the first 150,000 copies of a magaine's circulation. As the New York *Times* bserved in a recent editorial, "This bill vould at least relieve the immediate ressure on all periodicals and . . . would escue hundreds of valuable sources of lucation and healthy controversy from ertain extinction."

The extent of public concern over the ffect of rising postal rates on periodials is such that the bill's two sponsors re Senator Edward M. Kennedy and enator Barry Goldwater, who rarely e eye to eye on anything. This bill will passed or killed by the time you read is perhaps, but there will be other bills. he names and addresses of your sentors and representatives can be obıined from any government employee—ur mayor, county agent, county courtuse, fire and police departments; your adio station or your newspaper. If you ave any difficulty, let us know and e'll get the information for you! They'll ever know how you feel if you don't ll them.

H well, I'll just go on and have that cataract removed and be back ith you real soon. Dadgum, there ere a couple of things I didn't want any octor whittling on in my lifetime and ne of those things was my eyes. I lways thought cataracts formed on *old* eople—no smart comments, please! My octor tells me that he has performed perations lately on people in their 20s, 0s, 40s, etc. Do you suppose we're wearıg out our eyes looking over our shoulers to see what's gaining on us?

By golly, when I can see good again, 'll pick up the old dented shield and low-share sword and give 'em heck gain. The only way we can make it day is to take up for ourselves and ight right on down the line. I'll never rget what an old-timer told me one ot day in August when I asked him the ecret of his longevity.

"Well, son," he replied, meditating, we just pegged on down the road and hen trouble showed its ugly face, we ed into it like a biting sow, didn't worry about yesterday, didn't worry about tomorrow, just took care of what was going on *today*."

That old man has been a source of inspiration to me ever since. He was eighty-four years old at the time and was making a bus trip from Los Angeles to his daughter's home in Miami, Florida. He was dressed in his winter clothing, long-handles showing under his sleeves, and he had on a wool suit—I'm not kidding! I was sweating like the dickens in a pair of shorts, sitting out under the shade trees in the breeze, and he was calm and collected, no sweat—though he wiped constantly at an eye that was running. When I asked what had happened to it he told me that, twenty years before, he had stuck a tree into it while brush-poppin' in the brasada. Doctor? "Never will go to no dad-burned doctor," he said. "All they want is your money!"

See you later if I can afford the postage. —Hosstail

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 52)

James M. died at Garden Grove, Iowa in 1874 and apparently the rest of the family moved to Kansas. Enos lived at Salina; Hannah at Bazine; and George P. at Ness City. Betty married William E. Frint and they settled near Grinnell, Kansas.

Timothy Frint (1795-1864) and his wife, Mabel (1797-1853) came from Germany about 1823 and settled in Illinois. The youngest of his twelve children was my great-grandfather, William E. Frint, a G.A.R. veteran who served in the Illinois 45th Regiment. He had no sons who reached maturity but perhaps other descendants maintained the family name?

Any information on Peleg Lincoln or Joshua S. Lincoln's descendants will be appreciated.—Robert O. Douglass, 737 East Spring Street, Aurora, Illinois 60505

Miller-Hargis-Boatman-Allen-Lighter

My great-grandfather was James Holman Miller. He married Eliza Boatman and they lived around Hooker, Missouri. Were they born there or did they move there later? They had the following children: Ira, George, Ed or Edward, William, Thomas, Rosa or Rose. William was my grandfather. He married Eloise Lighter. They had two boys, Harry and William Roy, who was known as Roy around Rolla where he lived and died. He married Onetta Hargis. Onetta's father was Ethan A. Hargis and her mother was Lula Alice Allen.

I am looking for anyone related to any of these people who might tell me where they were born, and who their parents were. All of these people lived and died in Pulaski or Phelps Counties, Missouri. The Waynesville courthouse burned around 1900 and records were destroyed.—Mrs. Clara E. Barker, R.F.D. 2, Box 84, Cle Elum, Washington 98922

Freeman-McDermett-Hadden-Snell-Yeargan

I am trying to locate the ancestors of Andrew Freeman, born May 3, 1820 in South Carolina, died May 13, 1894, probably in Alabama. Joseph Brinkley Mc-

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Dermett born June 23, 1793 in Pennsylvania and died July 15, 1854. Margretta Hadden born February 24, 1802, died October 24, 1846, places unknown. Samuel Wintermoot Snell born September 12, 1829 in Ohio and died January 22, 1913 in Mountain Park, Oklahoma. Lou Tishie Yeargan born September 8, 1857 in Georgia and died February 24, 1933 in Oklahoma.

If any readers know of these people, their spouses, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, I would appreciate any information you might have and will be willing to exchange what I have.

Also, would like to hear from anyone who is interested in the families of Kelly, Reed, Smith (from Illinois), Wintermoot, Vickers, Cowan, Blassingame, Womack, Allen, Wingo, Inman, Kerr, Roberts, Goss, and Lee (cousin to Robert E. Lee).—Joe Loyd Freeman, Box 1004, Lamesa, Texas 79331

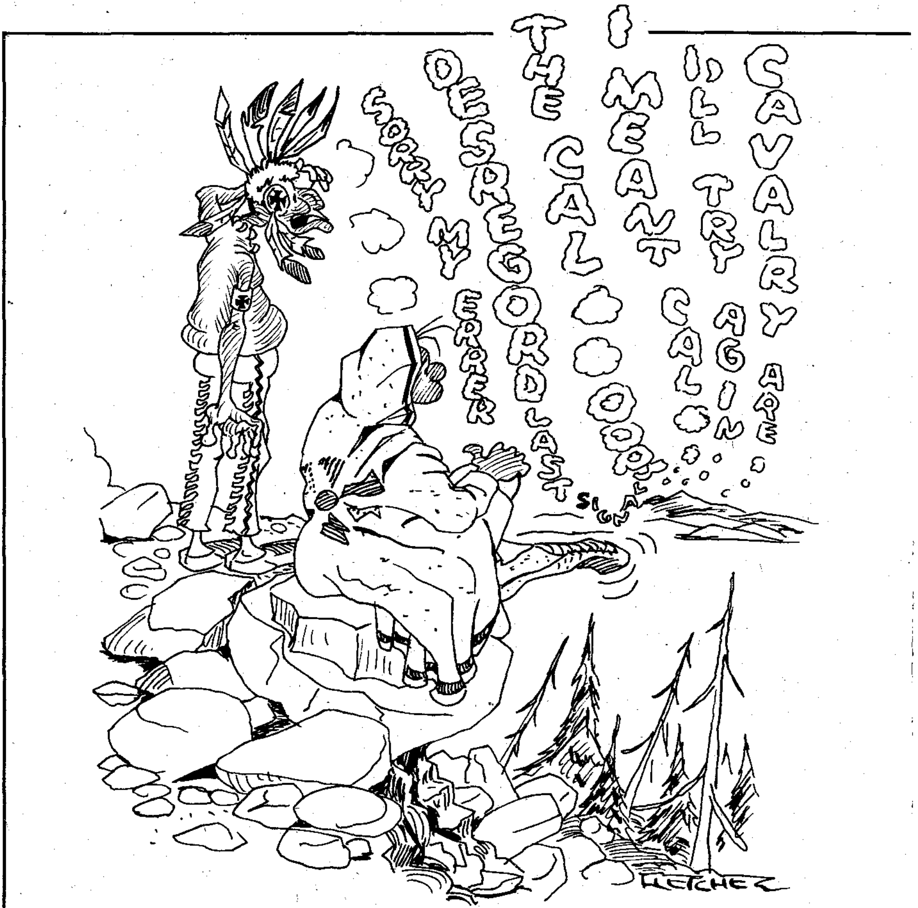
Carson

Who was my Great-great-grandfather Carson? In 1878 my great-grandfather, Charles Carson, born 1840, got married at Garrard County, Kentucky to Mattie Oder, born 1854. At that time he was a resident of Texas and had three children by a previous marriage: William, born 1868; Cynthia, born 1870; and James, born 1875. Charles and Mattie had two children; Lee born 1880; and Annie. In 1884 Charles married a third time to Margaret Elizabeth (Rogers) Powell and had Clarence (my grandfather), born 1885 at Red Rock, Texas; Arch born 1888; Mayme born 1892 and Gipson, born 1896. The last three wer born in Somerset, Kentucky and grew u there. Charles died in Kentucky abou 1900. I want to know more about th life of Charles and who his parents wer Would like to hear from descendant of any of his children or others wh might have a clue. Probably descendant of the first three children would be i Texas. There was a deed of trust fro Thos. Hawkins to Charles Carson date March 20, 1839, conveying slaves recorded in Bastrop County, Texas. Coul this be the father of my great-grandfather Charles?—Mrs. Lewis Neill, 2 Loomis Street, Montpelier, Vermon 05602

Johnson

In the 1850s Dennis C. Johnson move his family to Texas from Georgia. H taught school, preached and farmed. Hi sister was Narcissa Johnson Small, m great-great-grandmother. I have a lette that Dennis Johnson wrote to her in 185 from Beaver, Anderson County, Texa He mentions his wife, mother and children living with him, but not by name The only other clue I have to this Johnson family is that my great aunt, Ida Taylor, corresponded with Dennis' son, Harvey Small Johnson, probably in the 1880s or 1890s.

I would greatly appreciate help in locating any descendants of Dennis Johnson, or any clues that might help me fin out what happened to this family.—Margaret Taylor Behnke, 200 East Ashland Lane, Ashland, Oregon 97520



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SOILS FOR THE LAYMEN

Once in a while a book comes along that serves a common good. Such a one is Kermit C. Berger's *Sun, Soil, and Survival, An Introduction to Soils* (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95). Written for laymen without a scientific soils background, it places earth science within the grasp of farmers, teachers, environmentalists, and true nature lovers. It is especially recommended for the rash of ecologists who have sprouted up like Johnson grass in a cotton patch the last few years. Among this new crop are many well-grounded ecologists who are contributing to the welfare of nature and humans with practical scientific programs. But too many of this new breed are pseudo-ecologists and nature-fakirs whose ideas and programs are often impractical and damaging. The author points out that life and soil have evolved together and neither can exist without the other. Well known is the indispensible role of soil in production of food for man, but often overlooked is the capability of the earth in absorbing material wastes without changing it. The latter is especially significant now with the increasing pile-up of garbage and other forms of waste from the human community. Also covered are soil fertility, plant nutrition, soil classification, land management and other important features. Highly recommended.

INDIAN HISTORY

A beautifully illustrated large book, *Dog Soldiers, Bear Men and Buffalo Women* (Prentice-Hall, Inc., $20.00), is a study of the societies and cults of the Plains Indians by Thomas E. Mails. A minister, the author also did the excellent paintings and drawings that illustrate the text. An Indian authority of renown, Mails has also drawn on the researches of many other scholars. Models for his art were clothing and artifacts used by the various tribes, hence designs are remarkably accurate. His plump horses are not true in form with the real lank Indian ponies so well portrayed by Russell and Remington. Mails claims the hey-day of the Plains Indians was from 1750 to 1850 prior to the white invasion and decimation of the buffalo. The bison was his portable commissary which supplied most of his needs. During the century, 1750 to 1850, the horse mobilized the Indian who then moved easily and effectively after the buffalo. "During this period, "The Plains Indian nations achieved a way of life that was replete with sophistication and richness in its every dimension; religion, heritage, tradition, family life, soical life, crafts, hunting skills and warfare." Paralleling these advancements came the manufacture of a variety of costumes and regalia used in religious and military ceremonies. Here is an important reference book for libraries, professional societies, and educational institutions. The writing can be easily understood by non-professional Indian buffs. Recommended.

WESTERN ART

Gus Shafer's West (Trail West Publishers, 816 Locust, Kansas City, Mo. 64106, $20.00) is primarily a picture book of Gus Shafer's art. L. E. "Gus" Shafer spent most of his adult life as a commercial artist in Kansas City. He spent his vacations sketching and painting the ghost towns of the Rocky Mountain West—since 1968 he has devoted full-time to his art. Gus is best known for his sculpture, and about sixty percent of the illustrations in the book are photos of his bronzes. However, he is a well rounded artist and his watercolors and watercolor sketches are particularly appealing to this reviewer, who first admired his work at the home of Dr. John M. Christloeb of Omaha some years ago. It was pleasant to find an informative foreword in the book by the good Doctor. Gus grew up in Western Kansas and his art is typically realistic and Western. Very good.

SPECTACULAR DESERT

Our Historic Desert (Copley Books, $9.50) by Diana Elaine Lindsay and edited by Richard F. Pourade, is a handsomely illustrated story of the Anza-Borrego Desert, the largest state park in the United States. The Borrego part of the name is from the Spanish word for bighorn sheep, native to the area. The park is located on a part of the trail where the early Spanish explorer, Juan Bautista de Anza, led a ragged group of pioneers with their hungry, weary and freezing wives and children on their way to settle California. Located in eastern San Diego County near the Salton Sea, the park possesses spectacular desert scenery, plus a rare collection of hardy animals and plants that have become adapted to the harsh arid climate. The area lay in the pathway used by the Spanish explorers, padres, Indian warriors, Spanish and U. S. military expeditions, freighters, cattle drovers, miners and Anglo-Saxon settlers en route to California. We were struck with the book's beautiful colored paintings, excellent drawings and sharp photographs of desert landscapes, plants, animals and habitations plus several good maps. Desert lovers will find it instructive and entertaining.

WESTERN LAWMAN

Pat Garrett: The Story of a Western Lawman (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) is a thorough study of the killer of Billy the Kid by Leon C. Metz, archivist of the University of Texas at El Paso Library. The range war buffs have waited a long time for this one—most have been aware of Metz's research for some years. The results are gratifying—the patient digging uncovered much on the Garrett family in Louisiana, the buffalo hide-hunting years, and on the Treasury Department's involvement in the Lincoln County War. The years that Pat spent in Dallas County are accorded one paragraph and yet it was during that period that he learned much about the cow business; became a good rider and roper and developed considerable skill with the revolver and the rifle. Much of the story after Pat reached New Mexico has been told and retold but, even so, the author has added details that eluded other authors. Those who expected that Metz's research would provide a sensational solution to the killings of Pat will be disappointed. After much study the author concludes that Pat really was killed by Wayne Brazel—the tenant who surrendered immediately and confessed the crime. This reviewer is still a mite skeptical of this simple solution. There are a number of previously unpublished photos of Pat, his family and friends and there is a fine pictorial map, "Pat Garrett's Country," by Jose Cisneros. Very good indeed.

PANHANDLE HISTORY

The Texas Panhandle Frontier (University of Texas Press, $9.95) was written by Frederick W. Rathjen who ties together the loose ends of history about this segment of the High Plains. Lying west of the Caprock, this large tableland is composed of consolidated sediments outwashed from the Rocky Mountains and it served as the graveyard for prehistoric horses, elephants, bison, pigs, camels and many other animals. Apache, Kiowa and Comanche Indians preyed on the ample buffalo herds and followed wherever they grazed. Coronado and his entourage crossed there in 1541 on the way to Kansas in search of illusive treasure. After 1800 the U. S. Army explored the area, the first two leaders being Major Stephen Long and James Abert. Panhandle-based Indians raided the nearest Texas settlements to the east and south, captured women and children and stole many horses and cattle until U. S. military forces came in to neutralize the marauders. General Sherman appointed the aggressive Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie to head the campaign. He captured and demoralized the Comanches at Palo Duro Canyon. Cattle and sheepmen monopolized the land and warred until the cowboys won out with the help of a blizzard. Charles Goodnight, Palo Duro Canyon rancher, became the successful prototype of the pioneer Panhandle cattle-

(Continued on page 69)

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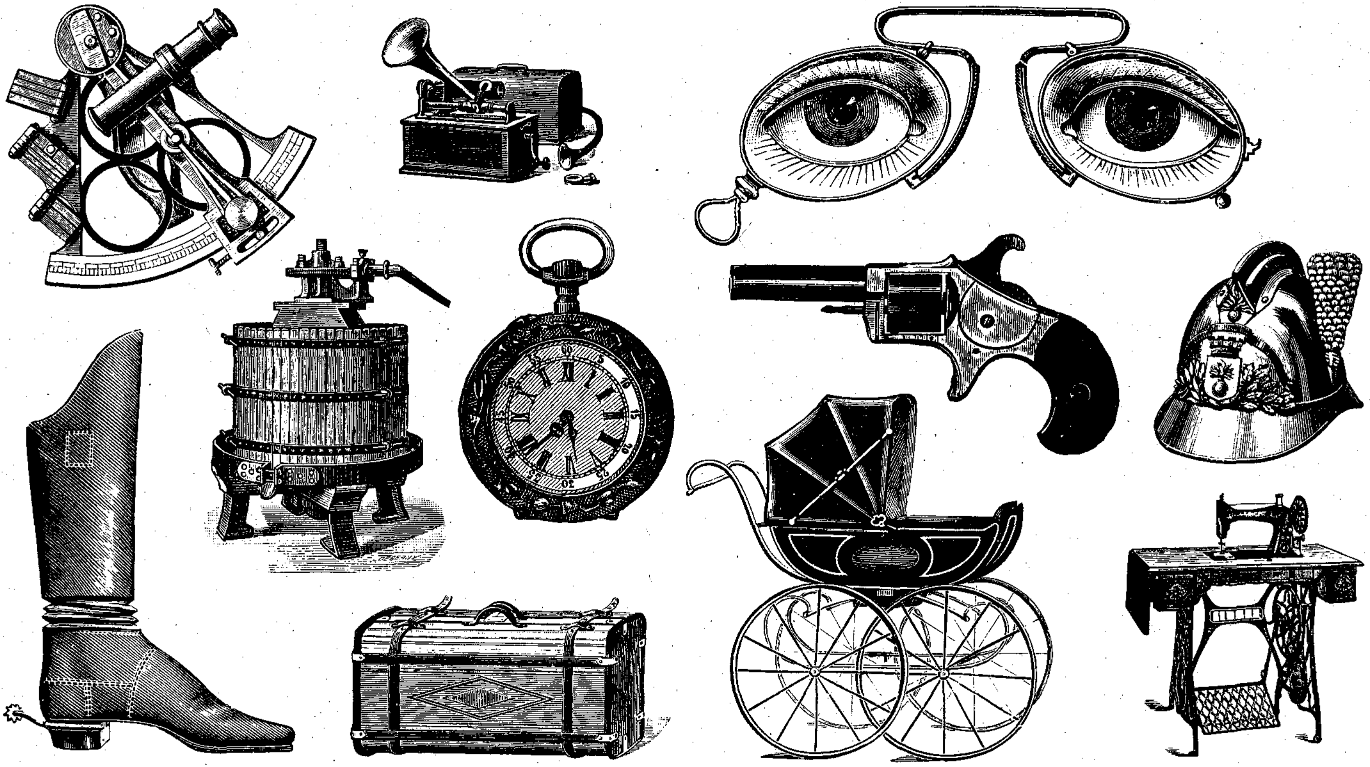

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Playground For Earthquakes

(Continued from page 31)

the earthquake. She lived about six miles south of Independence but on the night of the quake she had sneaked away from home to stay with two of her friends at the Rogers ranch about a mile away. The three little girls were asleep in the same bed with a heavy quilt pulled up over their heads to ward off the chill, when the quake began.

Eva's first recollection was a "sensation of being smothered. Then someone seemed to be walking over us." Someone was; a Piute Indian who worked for Mr. Rogers was desperately searching through the adobe blocks for the people he knew were there. He soon freed the girls who had been saved from serious harm by the heavy quilt.

The whole Rogers family escaped with little more than minor injuries. They built a big fire and Eva joined them in its warmth to wait for dawn. All through the early hours the ground rumbled and heaved with new shocks. When it became light enough, Eva ran home expecting to be punished for staying at the Rogers ranch without telling her parents.

When Eva's mother saw her she gave a scream of joy and hugged her little daughter, crying happily. The Shepherds' house was built of wood except for the front room which was of adobe. It had collapsed while the rest of the house remained standing. When Eva was discovered missing, everyone thought she was buried in the debris of that room. Her father had searched through the ruins and, finding nothing, had given up in despair. Eva had returned from the dead, in her family's eyes.

Antonia Montoya was not as fortunate. She was, as the papers said, "a misguided young Mexican woman" who had been sharing her bed in a small adobe house in Lone Pine with one of her many lovers on the night of the quake. The man, a young Mexican also of Lone Pine, leaped clear of the falling adobe walls and roof but Antonia was trapped underneath. Her lover, frightened out of his wits and thinking that God was bringing punishment for his living in sin with Antonia, fled into the night, leaving the unfortunate girl to perish in the ruins.

The Meysan family also suffered a tragic loss in the quake. Charles Meysan ran a general store in Lone Pine and lived in the rear with his wife, one son, and six daughters. When the quake began, his store began to fall apart, as did most other buildings. Charles and his family rushed into the street just before the building collapsed completely.

The elder Meysan was breathing fervent prayers of relief and gratitude for their escape when his wife screamed and fell sobbing to the ground. Mr. Meysan whirled and in a glance saw that only five of his daughters were with him in the cold night air. All he could do was stand and stare in horror at the ruins that covered the body of Alice, age eleven.

OWENS VALLEY is a prime region for earthquakes. The great mountains of the Sierra Nevada that tower above the valley on the west were formed over millions of years by the tilting of a massive block of the earth's crust to the west, leaving a mountain range gentle on the western slope and with an abrupt eastern face. The range is particularly magnificent in the region between Lone Pine and Independence for here rises one of the greatest concentrations of high mountains in the contiguous United States. A great wall of peaks rises without foothills into the sky, nearly all over 13,000 feet and culminating in Mount Whitney at 14,496 feet.

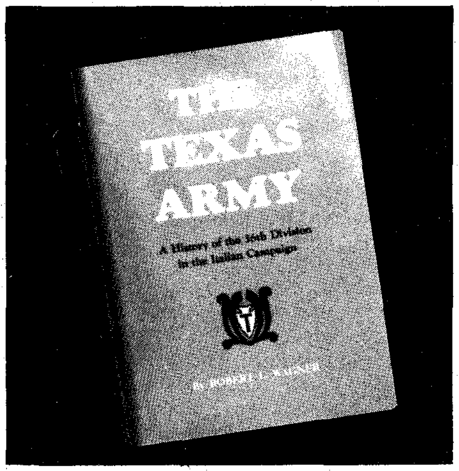
In winter the range is clad in a white mantle of snow and in summer it shines with sunlight reflected from the granite faces. It is a range of such spectacular beauty that John Muir, the great naturalist who spent most of his days in the Sierra and lived in Yosemite Valley at the time of the quake, referred to it as the "Range of Light."

In that beauty, however, were subtle warnings undetected by by those who could not read the geological signs. The mountains that tower to the west were formed by faulting of the earth's surface, as were the White and Inyo Ranges to the east. Owens Valley is the block of the earth's crust that sank between them. It is riddled by faults, the lines of weakness along which the earth ruptures and causes an earthquake, and the most extensive of these vulnerable areas lie around the base of the Sierra. It was one of these that gave way in the pre-dawn darkness of March 26, 1872.

While the quake brought only death and hardship to the citizens of Owens Valley, it attracted the attention of several notable scientists, including Josiah D. Whitney of the State Geological Survey of California, one of the most respected men in his field. Whitney traveled to the valley to study the effects of the quake, and located its center about a mile west of Lone Pine at the base of the low Alabama Hills. He noted that the force of the temblor there was great enough to raise a fault scarp twenty feet high. He also reported on the numerous fissures and slumps that had occurred.

Whitney was not the only scientist whose interest was aroused by the quake. One hundred and fifty miles north of Lone Pine in the Yosemite Valley, John Muir was awakened by the violent shaking of the earth. He rushed from his sod cabin shouting, "A noble earthquake! A noble earthquake!" By then the ground was rolling and shaking so hard he had to brace himself as one might on a ship breasting a heavy swell.

Muir was out exulting in the violence of the quake and marveling at how the limbs of the trees rustled and rattled so hard that birds flew from them in fright when "out of the strange silence . . . came a tremendous roar. The Eagle Rock of the South Wall . . .gave way and I saw it falling in thousands of great boulders . . . pouring to the valley floor in a free curve, luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime spectacle—an arc of glowing, passionate fire, a fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as serene in beauty as a rainbow in the



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midst of the stupendous, roaring rock storm." In typical fashion Muir rushed off to the newly formed talus and began exploring it to discover its secrets even while it was still settling.

THOUGH Muir may have enjoyed the thrilling display of the natural forces of the earth unleashed, and Whitney the challenge of a scientific investigation, few others outside the valley were affected by the quake to any extent. In Marysville, for instance, a couple of billiard players engaged in a brawl after the shocks had moved the balls in favor of one. There were no deaths outside the valley and little property damage except for cracked chimneys and the like.

In Owens Valley things were vastly different. There never was an accurate accounting of the injured. The Town of Lone Pine, a mile east of the quake's center, was the hardest hit. Twenty-three people were killed there, almost ten percent of the population. Of the fifty-nine buildings in the town fifty-two were damaged beyond repair, and here lies the key to the tragic loss of life. The seven buildings left standing were of frame construction. Only one frame building collapsed in the entire valley, and it had been abandoned for several years.

The adobe buildings fell left and right, trapping their occupants under the blocks and smothering them. With accurate hindsight the citizens observed that many deaths would have been avoided if adobe construction had not been used. (When the towns were rebuilt frame construction predominated.)

In Independence, the county seat fourteen miles north of Lone Pine, the courthouse of two-story, fired-brick construction collapsed and almost caught the county clerk and undersheriff in the debris. Camp Independence, an Army post, was damaged so badly that it had to be totally rebuilt.

Probably only one person in the entire valley had good words for the quake. He was a young man from Bishop Creek who had been "setting up" with his girl when the temblor began. The young lady immediately fainted and he was forced to hold her in his arms until she recovered. The following day he swore he "would give twenty dollars a shot for earthquakes when setting up with an offish gal."

His feelings were not shared by many, as the citizens of Owens Valley went about burying their dead during the following week. In Lone Pine, sixteen were lowered into a common grave about a mile north of town. After last words were said over the grave, it was sealed and the people left, the majority returning to what John McCall summed up in his letter: "Everything lost."

Pool Rooms and Horse Races

(Continued from page 21)

THE POOL-ROOM is usually connected with or adjacent to a saloon. If the bettor is lucky enough to win a bet, the proprietor will immediately send a capper to the bar with the lucky bettor and purchase him drinks, and the capper will endeavor to have him re-bet the money he has won, with the result that he loses it.

The earnings of the pool-room are something enormous. The amount they take away from the gambling public is appalling. This money, though, is not all profit, for the pool-room proprietor is required to give a good portion of his revenue to the main politician, or some official or policeman in the town or community where he is operating, for his protection.

Pool-rooms are illegal and are only permitted to thrive and run through lack of activity on the part of the police department or the prosecuting attorney in the city where they are operated. A good, vigorous prosecuting attorney or police board, or sheriff, can close any pool-room in the United States in twenty-four hours if he wants to do it; particularly the pool-rooms which run wide open and cater to the public in general. It would not be such an easy matter to close the pool-rooms which run under cover, as it would require more evidence, which evidence it would be harder to obtain than against the wide-open rooms.

In any community where a pool-room is operated wide open, you can safely say that the proprietor of the room is doing business with the main politician in that community; as without his support and cooperation the room could not exist.

The bettor in a pool-room bets the bookmaker one hundred dollars that "Jack Atkin" will win the third race. The bookmaker therefore bets that "Jack Atkin" will not win the race. Races are closed at post time, meaning the time that the horses go to the post or starting gate to run the race.

The bookmaker has in his favor the following advantages: The bettor does not know the condition of the horse or the race track. He does not know whether the horse's work has put him in condition for the race. He does not know whether the blacksmith has intentionally mis-shod the horse. He does not know but that the blacksmith has schemed with some bookmaker to make a winning on this race. He does not know whether the owner has bet against his own horse. He does not know whether his horse is a dead one or not. These are facts that he does not know and the bookmaker in the pool-room does know.

THE BETTING in a pool-room commences when the odds are received from the race track on the first race, by telegraph, which in New York is about 2 o'clock. The prices that are sent from the race track are posted on a small piece of cardboard; the names of the horses, the jockeys, the weights, and the conditions of the track, whether fast or muddy. Then in about ten minutes, the second betting comes in.

The news is sent from the race-track by race-track correspondents. I have been a race-track correspondent. The correspondent acts only in favor of the pool-rooms and bookmakers, and never favors the player. The track correspondent protects the pool-rooms instantly by making a cut in the price of the horses, if there is a change in that direction at the track, or if there has been a play on him at the track; but he does not hurry to protect the pool-room player when a horse goes up in the betting. I mean if a horse has been two to one, and perhaps in a preliminary warm-up on the track has shown a little soreness or lameness, then his betting goes from two to one to six to one. The track correspondent, before sending this change, waits until the second betting. He does not flash it as he does in the case of a well-backed horse. Consequently the pool-room player is not protected and is cheated out of the proper odds.

About ten minutes after the second betting comes to the operator—either by telephone or telegraph—he says they are at the post. Then he will say they are off, continuing to call: "King Barleycorn leads at the quarter; Tartan second; Pan d'Oro third."

At the half mile post, the horses may reverse their positions: "Tartan" first, "King Barleycorn" second, "Pan d'Oro" third. Again at the three-quarter post they may change positions and then enter the stretch.

At this point everyone in the pool-room is wrought up to the highest tension: everyone shouting for his horse to win.

The pool-room bettors are one hundred or three thousand miles away from the race track, but they have become inoculated with the gambling germ to such an extent that they almost believe that they are on the race track and can see the horses.

I have seen men and women, boys and girls, yell and call for their horses to win, scream out in their excitement, snap their fingers and jump up and down, and the race was being run a thousand miles or more away. They seem to think that they are on the track.

Then the winner is announced, and also the second and third horses. The lucky ones that bet on the winners are all smiles, patting each other on the back, laughing, roaring, and all talking at once. They think they have made a killing. They begin to inflate as would a blower pigeon. They count themselves smart, for they have beaten the bookmaker.

Yes, they have beaten the bookmaker, once, perhaps, out of twenty-five times. These are the winners.

Now look at the loser. He presents a very different picture. His is the other side of the story. It may be his last dollar. He may be the head of a family, and he wonders about the rent, the grocery bill, the many other expenses that he cannot now meet. What is he going to do? He tries to smile. He tries to be game and laugh it off; but it is a laugh without any mirth, a laugh full of bitterness. He gasps, bites his lips, and the contortion of his face evidences the terrible struggles within.

I will not dwell on this longer, as it brings to me many a sad memory. I can see these things too vividly.

In a few minutes the official announcement is made. The jockeys are weighed out; that is, certain officials of the track take the weights of the boys who rode the horses to see that they are of the right weight. Everything is announced s being right, and the bets will now be aid off. Then commences the next race, vith a repetition of what I have described.

There is only one way to put the poolooms, the hand-books and the handook makers out of business—and that s by prohibiting the transmisson of dds over the telegraph or telephone lines rom state to state.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 65)

nen. In the more arable areas, wheat armers put ranchers out of business, but mall grain farming, cattle ranching and attle feeding have long been complenenting businesses. Amarillo has beome the bustling business center of the rea. This fine history of the High Plains s No. 12 of the M. K. Brown Range Life eries.

ONLY IN NEW MEXICO

The Great Taos Bank Robbery and)ther Indian Country Affairs, (University of New Mexico Press, $5.95) by Tony Hillerman. This is an entertaining group of slices of New Mexican life by the chairman of the Journalism Department at the University of New Mexico.

The range is from absurd (The Great Taos Bank Robbery) to deadly serious (We All Fall Down). There is the story f George McJunkin, the black ranch forenan and the Folsam diggings, and Reies ijerina and his Pueblo Republic of an Joaquin, and a couple of delightful ignettes. Good.

TREASURE GUIDES

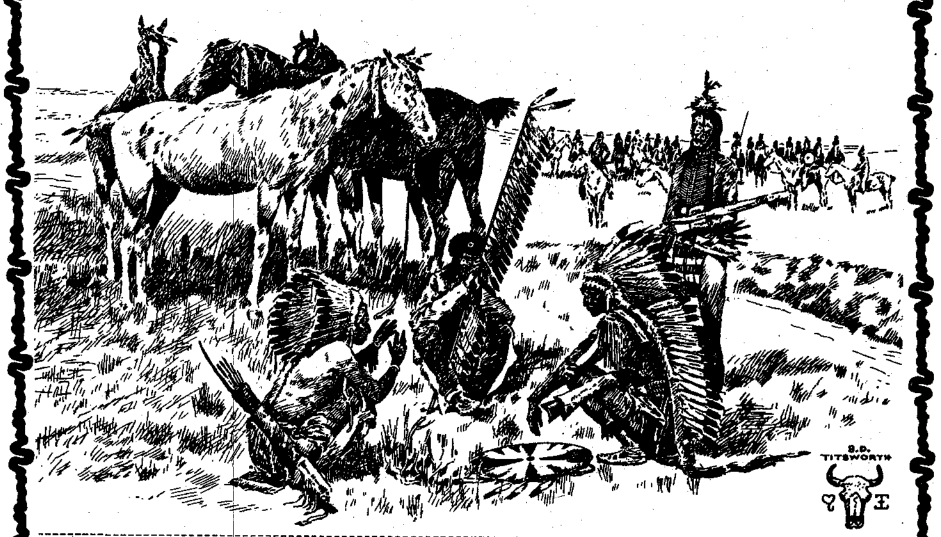
Those with wispy dreams of Eldorado will find stimulating reading in *Volume of Treasure Anthology, Stories of Lost Mines & Buried Treasure* (Western Heritage Press, $6.00) by E. S. "Rocky" LeGaye. In his Western Heritage Series, LeGaye will specialize on stories of resources, people, and events which compose the stone and mortar of Western history. Many have already found buried treasure, and one lucky discovery was made at the corner of the log stockade t Fort Bridger, Wyoming. Possible loations of other buried loot make up he subject matter of Volume I. Lost Spanish mines and hidden treasure are favorites as potential bonanzas in sevral states. Much money has been put into searching and digging for such wealth, and one of our uncles went broke grubstaking prospectors hunting the Lost Josephine Mine in the Henry Mountains of Utah. Some have gone dizzy and broke snooping for Montezuma's treasure, believed by a few to have been buried near Kanab, Utah. Nearly every state has legendary lost mines and buried treasure which have kept seekers hunting, probing and digging. A number of them are: Cheyenne-Black Hills State Robbery Loot, The Lost Mormon Mine, Outlaw Loot of the Wichita Mountains, John Dillinger's Little Bonanza Treasure, and Lost Treasure of the Donner Brothers. There are suggestions here to keep zealous searchers busy for decades.

SEE PAGE 46!

WE'RE GOING UP . . . WE HAVE TO!

HURRY! SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW AT PRESENT RATES NOW!

Chief Hosstall and his tribal advisors have been pondering for many a moon on how to stretch the wampum. (Those horsemen in the background are creditors!) This drawing of the final parley was sketched just before they ran out of patience and rode up to say "The question isn't HOW, it's NOW!"



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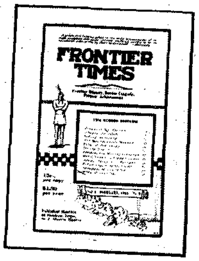

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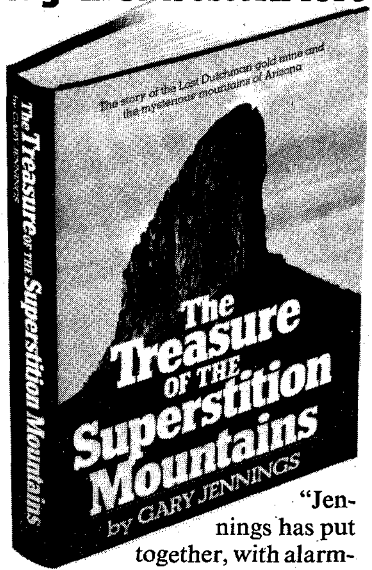
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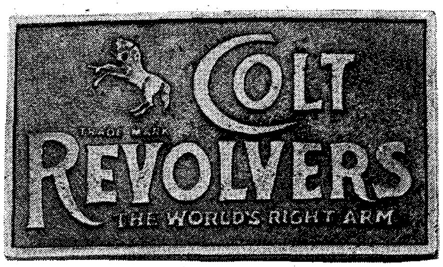

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Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

those of C. M. Belden and L. S. Downer.

Old records show that both Miss Belden and Miss Downer entered service of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions in 1845 at Kunsha, remaining until their deaths three years later. Whether the women were friends before coming there—where they came from other than the Eastern Seaboard—what inspired them to enter the Indian wilderness for the $100 annual salary paid missionaries along with room and board—these are only a few of many questions apparently destined to remain unanswered.

Interestingly, in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Interior for 1857, Ebenezer Hotchkin (age fifty-four) described conditions in Living Land, another small Choctaw school. It is not known when he moved on from Goodwater.

The report from the latter place (Kunsha Seminary) read in part: "The school is professedly a manual labor institution, but the laboring department has not been conducted with as much efficiency during the past year as the best interests of the pupils would seem to demand. This was owing to the want of a sufficient number of qualified persons to take charge of this department.

"In addition to the boarding scholars, three day scholars have attended the school wih great regularity, and quite a number more might have been brought into the school as day scholars if our accommodations and force of teachers had admitted of our doing so. In the department of study the girls have been trained in the following branches: Fifteen have read in Lovell's Second Reader, Goodrich's Third Reader, Willard's History of the United States, and the Old Testament. Eleven have read McGuffey's First Reader, Lovell's Second Reader, and the New Testament. Eight began with the alphabet, and went carefully through the Gradual Primer and McGuffey's First Reader, and were reading in the New Testament at the close of the session. One is still in the simplest primer.

"Seventeen have studied Mitchell's Geography and Atlas; of this number, one class of seven has gone through and reviewed, and the remainder have gone about halfway through and reviewed. Seven have studied Smith's Primary Geography, and have also recited from the outline maps in connection with another class of five.

"A class of six has studied Davies' Arithmetic for academies and schools, as far as the reduction of denominate fractions; another class of six has used the same book, and has gone as far as the addition of denominate numbers; and a class of seven has studied Chase as far as multiplication; nine have studied Greenleaf's Mental Arithmetic, in connexion with exercises on the blackboard; twenty-eight have had regular daily exercise in the art of writing.

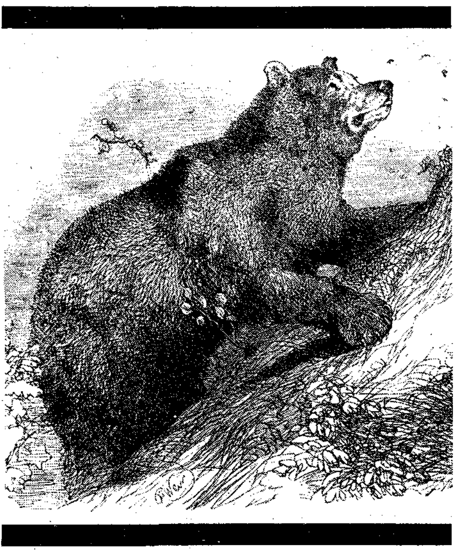
"A class of four has gone through Wells' English Grammer, and another class of four has gone as far the rules of syntax, but neither of these classes has made progress proportionate to the time and labor expended. Particular attention has been given to spelling, both in connexion with the regular reading exercises and as a separate class exercise.

"The religious instruction has consisted of lessons on Saturday afternoon, and Sunday, in the Bible and Catechism, in addition to the ordinary devotion of the family and the sanctuary.

"A kind Providence has protected the school during the year, and has bestowed upon it a more than ordinary measure of health and happiness, and has not at any time forsaken His servants.—H. Balentine, Superintendent Female Seminary."

The simple line, "Here sleeps a missionary"—what an intriguing picture it evokes of our past.

Courtesy **Wood's New Illustrated Natural History**



American Black Bear.

A BEAR AT THE MILLER PLACE

By D. Stuart McCoy

THE BEAR reached for some of the baby pigs in the pen, but the old sow fought back and got in between them. The bear picked her up in his arms, much like you would hold a baby. He then sat down, holding this 400-pound sow on his lap, and proceeded to eat her alive.

You old bear men, sit back and relax, because I believe this is a story you haven't heard before.

The day I heard this story was a beautiful one and Harry Miller and I were walking over his place, admiring the fish ponds and the view of the mighty Mission Mountains. Harry told of living twenty-seven years on this place, located just a short way from the town of St. Ignatius, Montana.

We moved along slowly until we came to a small A-frame building with a fence running back from it to the stream. I asked Harry what he had kept in that building.

That's when he laughed and said, "I really hate to tell you, because you're going to think I'm a terrible liar. But I can prove this story. That is, most of it. There are enough people living around here yet who know how it was that night."

I looked at Harry Miller and thought to myself, "If he's told any lies it has been a long time ago." Finally I said, "Go ahead, Harry, and let's hear what happened."

"IT WAS late one night," Harry said "when I heard a terrible squealing coming from the pig pen. I thought probably one of the sow's new litter had gotten caught in the woven wire fence, so I grabbed a flashlight and ran down there. I shined the light into the pen, right into the eyes of a big bear, sitting there calmly eating on my sow.

"I beamed that light directly in the bear's eyes and he didn't pay any attention, just went right on taking bites out of the sow's neck. She seemed incapable of struggling; just lay in the bear's arms and squealed. I assumed she was paralyzed with fear.

"I turned and ran back to the house for my rifle. As I was coming back to the pen, the bear decided to leave. Somehow he sensed that this time I was dangerous. I heard a crashing through the brush and when I got to the pen, he was gone. The sow was in a bad way, and I figured the best thing to do was to put her out of her misery.

"Suddenly I felt the cold of the rifle against my leg, and discovered that I had been doing all that running around with no pants on! I went back to the house and my wife and I decided to wait until morning to dispose of the old sow.

"The next morning, she acted a little better, so I went into town and got some sulfa-powder to put in the wound. Some neighbors had come by and we looked at the sow and decided the bear had eaten about fifteen pounds out of her neck; that fatty part didn't bleed much. The bear had eaten down to her backbone and it looked bad, but she didn't appear to be suffering too badly.

"The next night I kept a lookout for the bear, thinking that he might return for the rest of his meal, but he was at my neighbor's killing two of their sheep.

"We all knew we had a problem on our hands, so we neighbors organized and set out the next day on a bear hunt, spreading out along both sides of the creek.

"Along in the middle of the morning a young boy about twelve years old stumbled through some brush and met the bear face to face. I guess the young man didn't have time to aim, just shot from the hip, but down went Mr. Bear. That was a miracle, and a good one.

"My neighbor over to the west was good at outdoor cooking, so he took the bear, and a big one it was, over to his farm and invited everyone over for a barbecue. My wife and I went as late as we could, hoping the bear meat would be all gone, but no such luck.

"I took a bite and it seemed to grow and grow in my mouth. I don't know, I just never could eat bear meat. Well, that's about it, except that the next spring I sold the old sow. She healed up and raised a nice litter of pigs."

Harry stopped talking for a minute and rubbed his hands over the old pole that went along the top of the fence. Then he said, "I never tried to raise any more pigs in this pen." Harry smiled and walked slowly past the fish ponds to the house.

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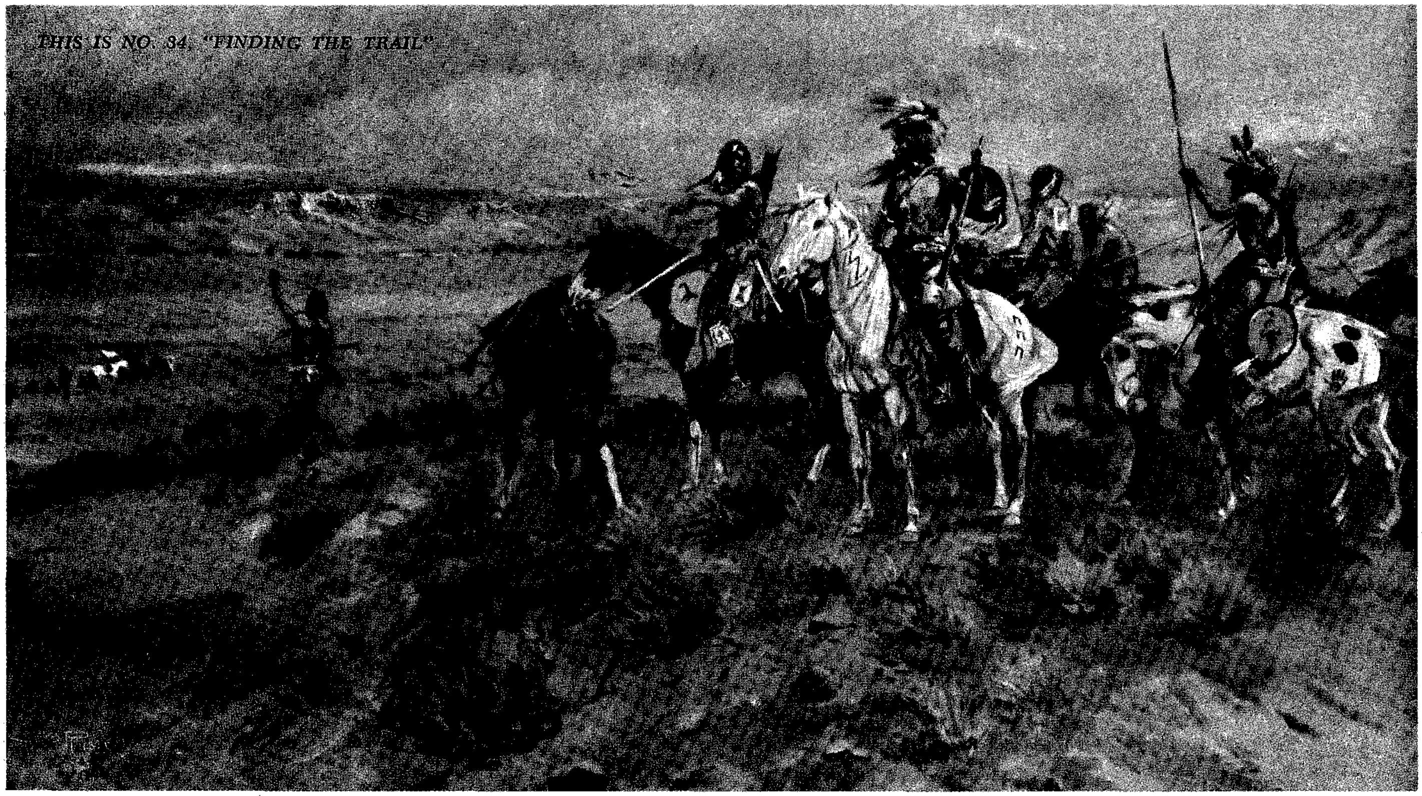

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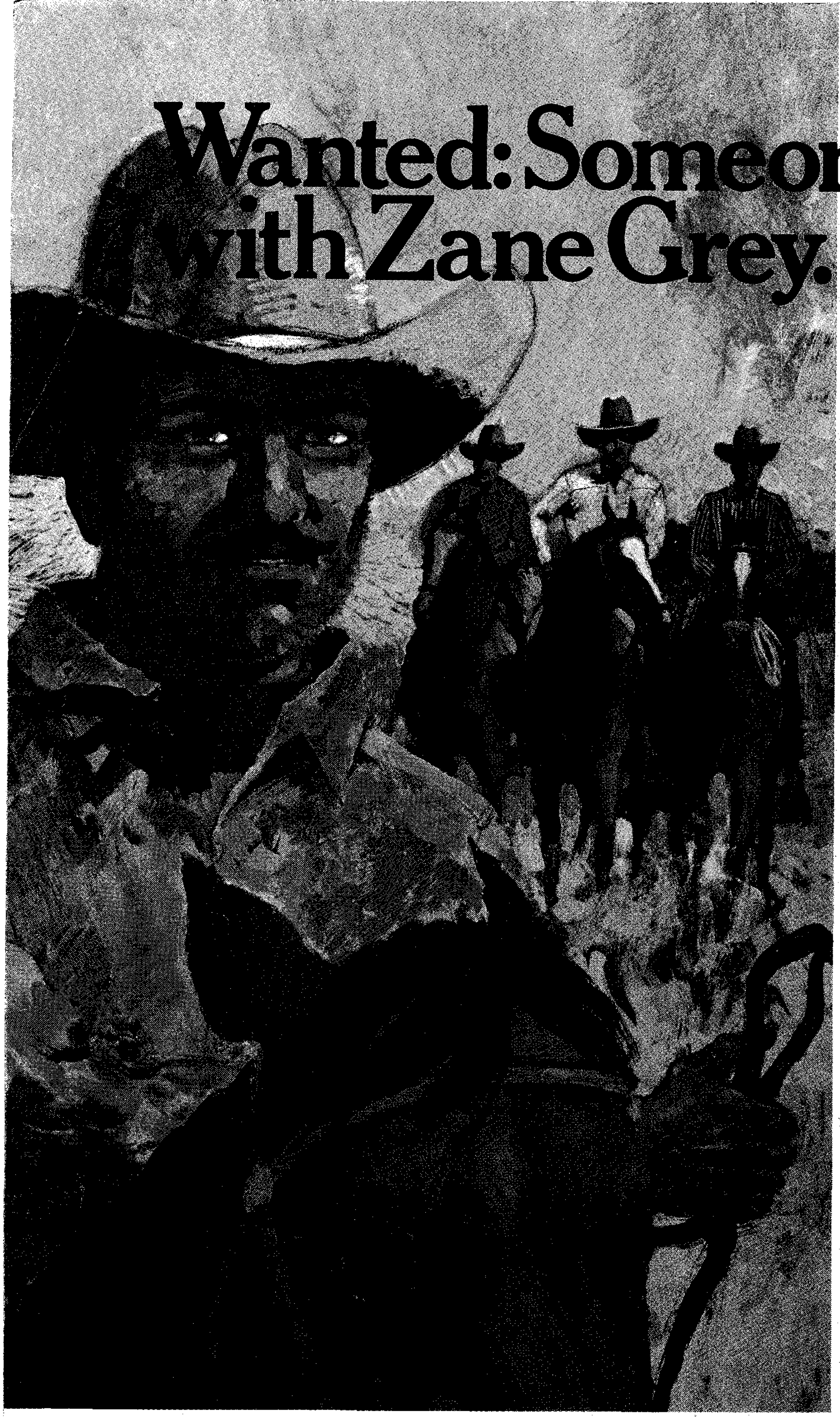

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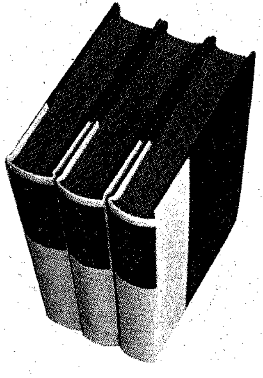

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